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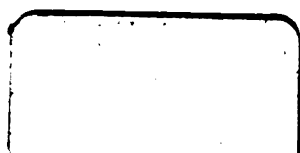
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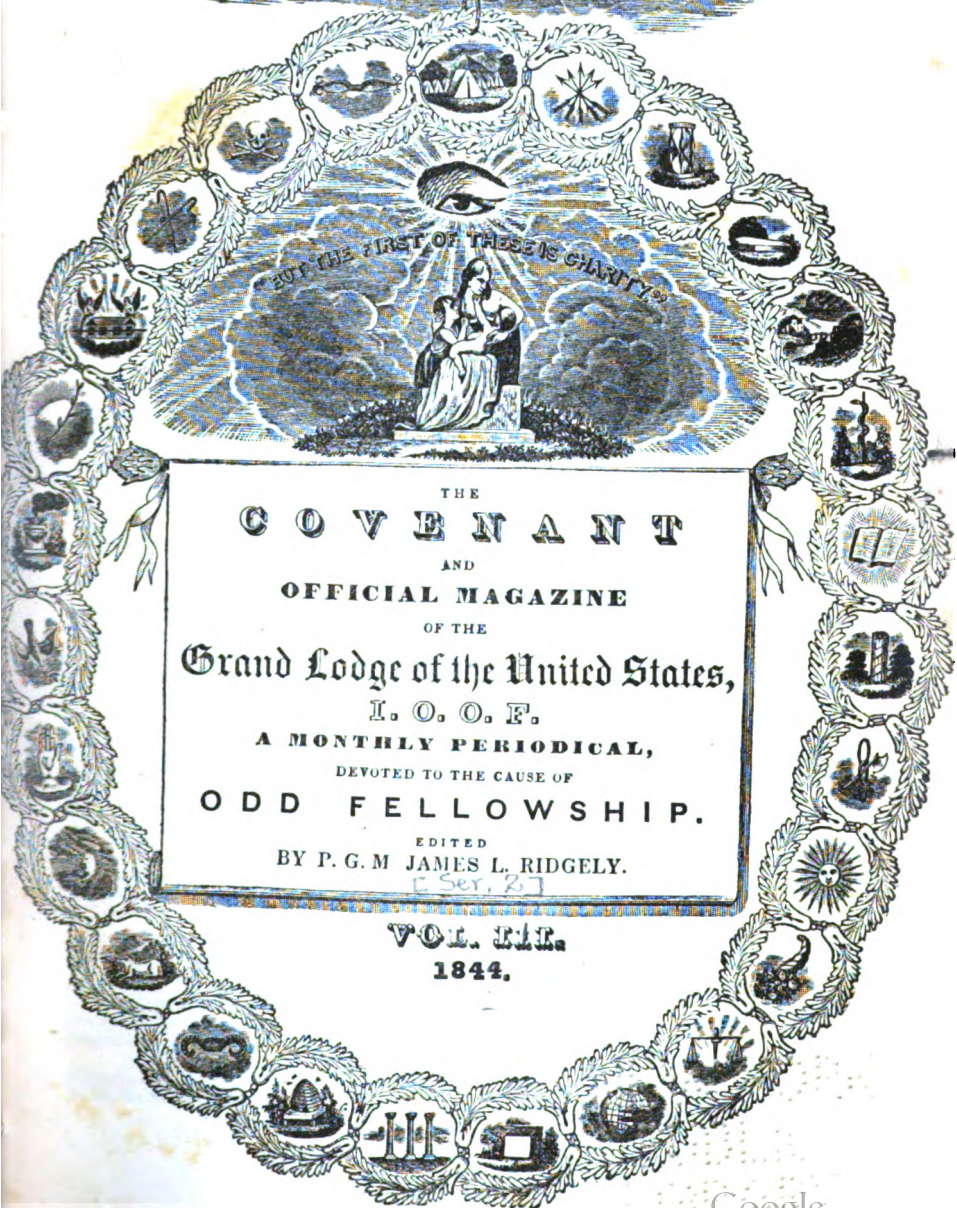


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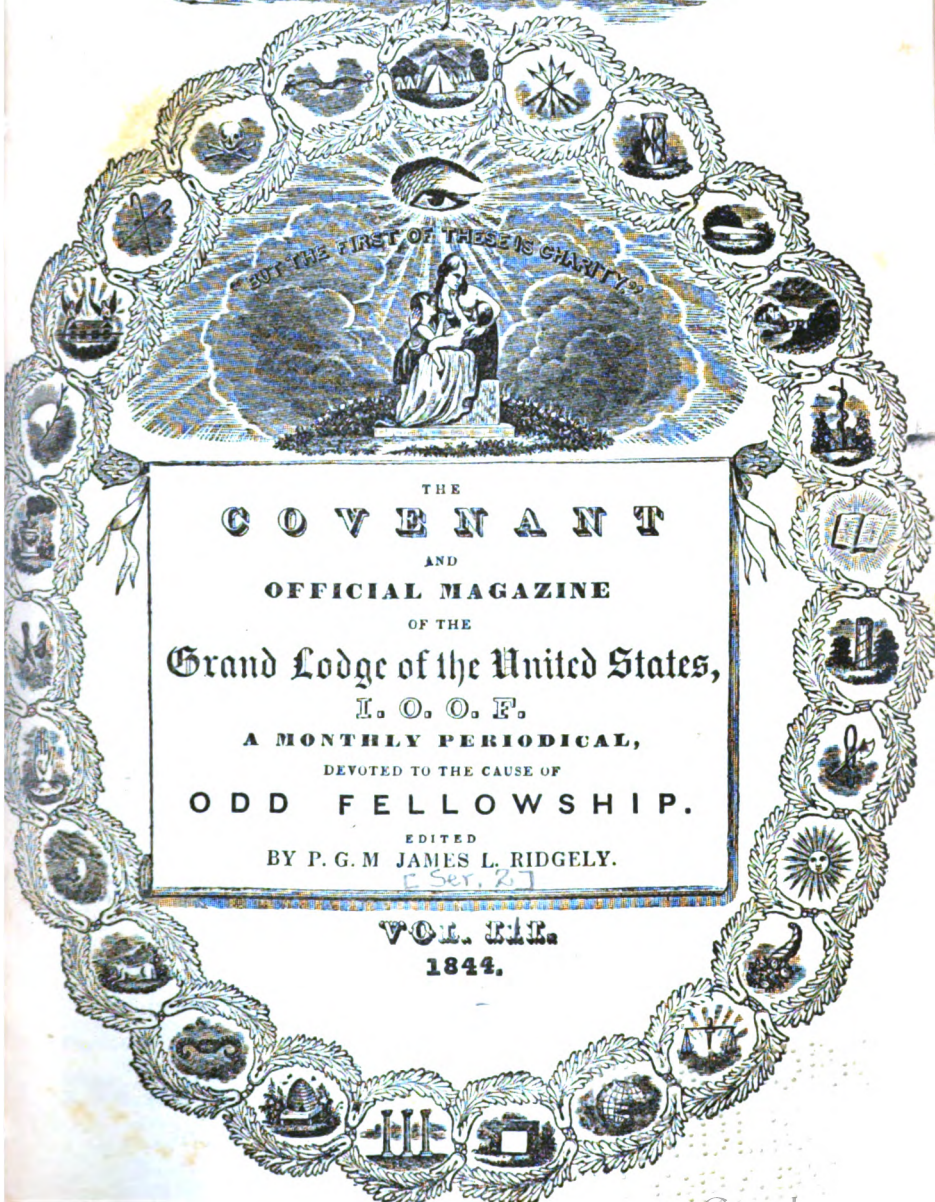
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THE
COVENANT
AND
OFFICIAL MAGAZINE
OF THE
Grand Lodge of the United States,
I. O. O. F.
A MONTHLY PERIODICAL,
DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF
ODD FELLOWSHIP.

EDITED
BY P. G. M JAMES L. RIDGELY.

VOL. III.
1844.



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TO
THAT ODD-FELLOW,
In the true sense and meaning of the character,
WHO IS NOT MORE DISTINGUISHED
For the zeal and moral courage evinced in planting in this Country
THE TREE OF
ODD-FELLOWSHIP,
Than for his earnest support of the principles of
FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH—
TO PAST GRAND SIRE
THOMAS WILDEY,
The Father and Founder of Odd-Fellowship in America,
"THE COVENANT AND OFFICIAL MAGAZINE,"
IS AFFECTIONATELY,
DEDICATED.

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THE COVENANT

AND OFFICIAL MAGAZINE

OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1844.

No. 1.

AN ADDRESS.

BY REV. CHARLES B. PARSONS.*

BRETHREN OF THE ORDER AND FRIENDS OF BENEVOLENCE—

IN being called to the honor of addressing you on the present occasion, it will not be expected of me that I shall enter upon a detailed history of the rise of Odd-Fellowship, which at this day is unnecessary, nor pronounce an *inflated* eulogium upon the graces of the Order, which is uncalled for, and would be altogether unjust.

The great and paramount object that should be entertained, in connection with occasions like the present, is neither to build upon the romantic interest, which *mystery* is so well calculated to inspire in the breasts of the curious, a false superstructure, nor at the expense of sacred *truth*, laud society's acts.

All of essential *good* that belongs to earth, may be said emphatically, to be rather *relative* than *positive* in its nature, and is but the borrowed reflection of a superior principle which, emanating from the Throne of Deity, governs us below.

The queen of night, arrayed in silver splendor, rejoices to run her course and light up nature's gloomy hour with her peculiar beauty; yet, is there no polished ray that glances from her majestic brow, that is not the golden reflex of the God of day. As in the natural, so in the moral universe. In the power, and in the person of the Son of God, lives and breathes all of uncreated good; and every excellence in man, whether it be of the moral, the physical, or the intellectual, must be found to derive

* Delivered before the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, at Frankfort, Kentucky, on the 21st October, 1843.

itself from this great parent source. Therefore, whatever may be said of the virtues of human organizations or practices, however excellent in construction, happy in adaptation, or noble in operation, it never should be lost sight of, that as relative, and not positive, is the presentation made.

The abstract virtues, *Friendship*, *Love* and *Truth*, as they are found to exist in our holy religion, form unitedly, the grand platform upon which is displayed every excellence that belongs to the Order of Odd-Fellowship.

From this sacred foundation, with god-like proportions, rises the glorious superstructure of *active benevolence*, hailed by every true Odd-Fellow as the shrine of his devotion, the rule of his faith and practice, and the prominent characteristic of his beloved Order.

With the entertainment of views like these, upon the standard of *Friendship*, let us unfurl the banner of *Truth*, while *Love*, that heavenly seraph with golden wand, shall point us the way to the enjoyment of every virtue.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," is the first great command of Deity; and the second is like the first—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "Love is the fulfilling of the law," says the scripture historian, while the response of Odd-Fellowship is heard from the hills, and echoes through the vale—while gratitude's breeze upon its zephyr wings, bears the soft anthem "from the rivers to the ends of the earth"—love is the bond of our fraternal union.

God so loved the world that he shared himself with the world—dividing to the lost and ruined sons of earth, his well beloved, his only begotten son, as their portion forever. With imitative virtue, the Odd-Fellow, if he be faithful to his vow, so loves his brother that he is ready and willing to divide unto his necessities, his whole heart and his last shilling. The first is spiritual, it is true, while the last is but *temporal*, but just as far as temporal things may represent the things of the spirit in the offices of feeling charity, man becomes the representative of his God. The first is of God, the second is of man, but both are of *love*, for "God is love," and it is the reflection of God in the heart; therefore, in the exercise (amalgamate in the principle) both are joined together, the spirit of God becomes the spirit of man, and love to God and love to man, which in its perfect state formed in the first man the moral image of his Creator, for the moment fills the soul of the creature.

The philosophy of this mystery who can understand? "Great is the mystery of godliness," says one of old—great is the mystery of that *love* which could bring the second person of the adorable Trinity from the realm of bright glory, and present him in the flesh, very *God* and very *man*, a Saviour for our fallen world.

I cannot understand this says Infidelity—therefore be its effects ever so great and good, because I do not fully comprehend the philosophy of the cause, I unhesitatingly, with unblushing arrogance, condemn the effect. Thus at one "fell swoop" the glorious system of the world's redemption is consigned to the "moles and rats," while man, Lucifer-like, triumphs in the veil that dims the glory of God.

Great is the mystery of Odd-Fellowship, says modern scepticism, the very heart of which is but the heart of infidelity to God. I will oppose *Christianity* because of its mystery, says the infidel; the same declaration lives in the mind of him, who because he is unacquainted with all the

machinery of the Lodge room, is ready to suspect and pronounce as evil, the very good he beholds—thus distrusting his own eyes, and declaring inferentially from the predisposed baseness of his own wicked heart.

If this dark principle were permitted to govern in all things that are difficult to be understood, few of the blessings of providence but would be condemned as worthless and base.

Incredulity is a distinctive feature of the human mind; and to doubt the truth of that, which we do not wish to believe, is the first born child of temptation. The first act of Lucifer in the prosecution of his fell design upon the human race, was to accuse God of uttering an untruth, and persuade man to disbelieve his Creator's word—

“Ye shall not surely die.”

The seed of sin thus early sown in the soil of the heart, has produced from generation to generation, a full return of dark depravity, o'ershadowing immortal mind with its withering influence, and like the fire-breath of Zamiel, swift-winged with sure destruction.

All societies or associations, formed for the amelioration and relief of human suffering and human woe, have been, from time's earliest record, the objects of peculiar hatred of this dark principle. Abel was hated of Cain, because of his gentleness of love, which he had not—therefore, Cain slew his brother. Here was ignorance in the first place, of the very principle which lived in the breast of Abel; and in the second place, *envy* as its concomitant. From these two, *wrath* was born, and gaunt murder, its offspring, blood-robed and hideous, stalked forth upon the trembling earth.

If the principle bestow the title and not the title give birth to the principle, then might the first martyr be called an Odd-Fellow—for in all the essential virtues of the Order, Abel must have been pre-eminent.

We have no disposition, however, to claim high antiquity for the organic structure of Odd-Fellowship; on the contrary, we are inclined to believe there is more of romance than reality in the appropriation of some ancient terms and names found on history's page, which some, in their over-earnest zeal for the distinction of venerable age, have tortured into the significants of the Order. But her principles are coeval with deity; before the hills were formed or the earth called forth from chaos, they lived with Jehovah. When God said “let there be light and there was light;” then beamed forth from heaven, glancing from the very throne of God, one of the prominent features of our sacred system—*Truth*, omnipotent, eternal, undying truth.

In the christian system, which owns the same origin, whose benign influence has so extended itself to the hearts of non-professors, as to create in the breasts of thousands, a respect and admiration for its self-denials, its acts of charity, its sympathy for the distressed, and its active benevolence towards friends and foes, we find the magic centre of all minor influences. And whether it be acknowledged by the world or not, we hazard nothing by the declaration, that all of intellectual and moral excellence, as well as of spiritual comfort, in whatever form it may present itself, is in some way traceable to the church of Christ.

In the list of its sufferings it hath been paramount, as in the list of its graces—first from heaven, first on earth,—*the Supreme Grand Lodge*, thus to speak, where every virtue is a personified member, where the eternal

spirit of God seals perfection upon every attribute. From a supreme principle alone, can flow supreme delights; such is the religion of Jesus Christ—such is to be found in the church of God.

But as the stars glitter brightly in the presence of the moon, and by some are deemed more glorious than even pale *Cynthia* herself, so may the lesser light of Odd-Fellowship, as christianity's handmaid, burn brightly still, as the first star in the moral firmament of heaven, to go out no more forever; the principles of whose light are from eternity past, the bright reflection of which shall be in eternity to come.

That such a system should meet with foes is no way strange, for the world still loveth its own, "preferring darkness rather than light, because its deeds are evil." But 'tis passing strange, that some have been found to oppose the Order who have been *christians*. Alas! as our Saviour said to his persecutors, they act in ignorance, not knowing what they do. As well might the charioteer of day say to the luminary of night, as he rolls in golden glory through the heavens, my golden beams are stronger than thy silver light, therefore the world hath no need of thy pale presence.—Such is the prevailing spirit of darkness, that the world has use for all, and more than all, to wage successful combat against the mighty *Goliath* of active evil which pervades the earth.

Societies, therefore, instituted for the promotion of moral and intellectual virtue, as steps to the more exalted place of spiritual excellence, should receive the unqualified encouragement, and not the condemnation of all good christians. Such is the institution of Odd-Fellowship.

That there are *secret signs, tokens* and *passwords* by which Odd-Fellows are known to each other, should form no objection, since they are in no way connected with either the motives or acts of their confederation. Their doings are as open to the scrutiny of all, as the beaming light of the morning sun.

Secrets are the lawful property of all creatures and things, both of nature and grace. Great nature hath never yet opened to man her vast storehouse of internal wisdom, while nature's God makes mystery his very dwelling place. And until man becomes wise and good enough, eagle-like to gaze upon the uncreated splendor of another and a better world, he must remain, to a great extent, a profound mystery even to himself. Then would we repeat to all cavillers, the golden maxim of the Persian god—

"Man, first know thyself."

There are many secrets connected with our holy religion, whose revelation is impossible, known only to the individual and his God. The bible tells us of some peculiarly favored of God, who received a little white stone, with a name written therein which no man could read save him that received it. This is christianity, not Odd-Fellowship, unless indeed christianity and Odd-Fellowship should be found to be more nearly allied than many are willing to admit.

Here we have the *token*, the *sign*, and the *password*—yet they are so bestowed by the Supreme Majesty of heaven, that none can know and understand them save he that receives them. Nor can he communicate them to others, without the assistance of the Holy Ghost. Like him who is incommunicable in his nature, without his special agency, they cannot be given nor received.

As the *tokens, signs and passwords* of Odd-Fellowship are all emblematical, and have their special significations, so in reference to the mystical scripture just referred to. The *white stone* is in the first place, holiness; being *white*, it is the emblem of purity; next, its *hardness* (*being stone*), represents a fixedness of purpose, against which nothing should prevail; the two conjoined, prefigure forth the regenerate human heart, *holy, white and clean*—the “*token*” of man’s acceptance with God. The “*sign*” is outward *righteousness*, the necessary manifestation of the inward principle—“by their fruits ye shall know them, saith the Lord.” The “*password*,” the name written mystically by the hand of the spirit, is “*Christ formed in the heart; the hope of glory.*”

Such are the significant of our holy faith, without which no one will ever be able to gain admission to the presence of the *Eternal Grand Master*, whose *Lodge* is in the centre of ineffable light; in whose presence lives glory forever, and at whose right hand are “pleasures evermore;” but *with* which, every son and daughter of the human race (for the ladies are admitted to the higher and more blessed privileges) may “work their way” to the most lofty heights of supernal joy, and dwell forever amidst the glorious beatitudes of endless day.

Thus it would plainly appear, that while as christians we rejoice in the *glorious mysteries* which belong to the great plan of *spiritual redemption*, we should be glaringly inconsistent with ourselves, should we sceptically object to the *lesser mysteries* which appertain to human institutions, devised for the amelioration of mankind, and set up for the alleviation of the sorrows of the distressed. For God hath said of our temporal bodies, while he declared our spirits to be the heirs of heaven and joint-heirs with the Lord Jesus Christ, “Know ye not that ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost?”

It matters but little how *good* is done, provided the motive be right before God. Of this we cannot be umpires; ’tis the Eternal alone, who is the discernor of the thoughts of the mind, who trieth the reins and sitteth in judgment on the motives of the heart. We may not decide, for the great lesson of our Saviour is, “*judge not.*”

Just so far, therefore, as the developments of Odd-Fellowship are found to be in harmony with the institutes of religion, the two may join hands together, and arm in arm traverse earth’s vast and gloomy wilderness, for the happiness of man and the glory of God. How far this will be found to be consistent will appear in the examination. What is required of the true and faithful christian? “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy soul, with all thy mind, with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself.” This is the “ground plan” of our holy christianity; from this *soil*, germinate and grow into life and beauty, all the plants, buds, and blossoms of religious hope; and man but insults his God, when he dares to stand up before the world and in presence of high heaven, and claim to be a christian, destitute of these. Of the Odd-Fellow is required profound respect for the former, and a cheerful practice of the latter of this obligation. *The golden rule*, “do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you,” is his law. No one may claim to be a faithful member of our Fraternity who is destitute of this requisite, the necessary qualification of every true Odd-Fellow.

A warm and active benevolence is, therefore, the most prominent fea-

ture of our Order, as well as the noblest grace displayed upon the unsullied escutcheon of our holy religion.

While, therefore, we would claim for Odd-Fellowship that which is her just and lawful right, we would be equally careful of making invidious comparisons, or detracting, as others have done by us, from the merits of sister Institutions. Some have averred, that in our organization we are but the illegitimate offspring of a kindred system, which claims as great antiquity as the Laws of Moses. The "*Lex Tulionis*" is not our statute book—we will not return *like* for *like*; but let our works speak for us; they are our glorious "*Book of Heraldry*," where our honors shine forth, and our titles are seen. The goddess of Peace holds unrivalled empire in our sanctified halls, while charity, the celestial seraph of heaven, is her messenger of love.

Ask the political demon of discord and death, who roams at large up and down the earth like some roaring lion, setting on fire the worst passions of man's unsanctified nature; sire against son, and son opposed to sire, arrayed in hostile panoply; what of *Love*? what of *Friendship*? what of *Truth*? he understands you not. His delight, like the laugh of the whirlwind or the shrill scream of the tempest, is heard in unison with grief's hollow moan; bloodshed and murder his happy associates; corruption and fraud his ministers of State. Ask him of Odd-Fellows' Hall; he knows not the place. Cloud-cap'd Sinai to the affrighted hosts of Israel, when Jehovah descended in the majesty of his power, and round the fire-crowned summit hung the dark galleries of his mighty wrath, shaking with eternal voice great Horeb to its base, was not more dreaded than are the symbols of our sacred Order to that dark spirit.

Ask that gloomy and malign principle, whose hundred eyes out-watch the Argus, "that makes the meat it feeds on," and startled by "trifles light as air," grasps the murderous hilt—what of Odd-Fellowship? it knows not the term. Deep, deep in the dungeons of moral guilt, jealousy finds home, while solemn despair, her kindred spirit, crowned by the furies and hung with funeral drapery, forms her hideous council. Hatred, with her train of evil spirits, finds no entrance among us. As virtue cannot hold commerce with vice without contamination, so neither may Odd-Fellowship, in safety, hold unrestricted communion with a corrupt world; therefore, she hath enveloped herself in the mystic mantle, which the very genius of wisdom hath conferred upon her. From thence, as from behind an impregnable rampart, she hurls her darts at folly, and lets fall the thunders of her power upon its kindred vice, while at the same time, she pours into the wound of suffering humanity, Good Samaritan-like, the sacred balm of consolation.

None are too mean or low in their fortunes to be made recipients of her bounty; while none *can* be too high to be benefitted by her noble institutes. In her arms the exile finds a home, while in her fraternal embrace, persecuted innocence meets a ready shield.

Go to the sick room of the stranger. Far away from country and from friends, mountains and seas rise and roll 'twixt him and his home; before him yawns an opening grave; around him is spread the mantle of despair, while upon his pale cheek and wasted form is seen the impress of the arch destroyer, death; no cheering voice of wife or children gladden the stranger's heart, or breaks the dull silence of his passage to the tomb; no sister's

sympathetic heart throbs in kind unison with a brother's woe; no mother's silent tear tells the sad tale of a parent's grief; no father's kind love smooths the last pillow of a son's repose—but a seraph is there; the Odd-Fellow, true to his vow, and regardless of his own danger, hath sought and found a suffering brother.—Look at that silent train of regalia-clad mourners, with solemn tread, marked alone by the dull beat of the muffled drum; they move their sad march along; no long line of carriages, with heraldic bearings blazoned forth, mark with funeral pomp the moving scene; no sable clad relatives, whose outward garb but poorly speak the soul within, swell the pageant train. It is the stranger's burial.

The franchised spirit of an Odd-Fellow hath winged its way to worlds unknown; and now borne by the "Brotherhood," his body is consigned to its last resting place; it reposes upon the "lap of earth."

Were it not for our Order, unknown he had slept,
No stone marked the spot, unhonored, unwept;
But Love, Truth and Friendship, closed his sad eyes,
While faith winged his soul to the "Lodge" in the skies.

The world may condemn, hatred impugn, and prejudice scoff, but hal-
lowed in the sight of heaven, are such acts of burning charity; and in the
great day of accounts, in which all the doings of men shall be revealed, in
connection with the motives that inspired them, the faithful Odd-Fellow
will rejoice in his labors of love.

Not only the sick and destitute brother, but the widow and the orphan
are the objects of the Odd-Fellow's peculiar regard. More than \$100,000
are annually appropriated by the Order in the United States, for the relief
of the distressed. And where is the reward? in the testimony of a good
conscience, which speaks the approval of heaven; in the widow's prayer
and the orphan's tear. Like sweet incense they rise to nature's God for
blessings upon Odd-Fellowship. One such prayer to heaven is better than
a thousand benefactions from man. It lays hold of the throne of Deity;
it apprehends Jehovah himself; it applies the promise of the Father through
the Son, and the widow's God becomes the protector of the Order. No
other cause may be assigned for its unparalleled prosperity and great suc-
cess. But a few years since and it was not known in our land. Now
count its scores of Lodges and its thousands of members, all united and
banded together by the mystic ties of the Order; their minds are directed
and their energies devoted to the good of the world.

Next to being a christian, and nobler than the king on his throne, is the
high privilege of being ranked among Odd-Fellows, the moral philantropo-
pists of the earth; his insignia is more honorable than the jewelled collar
of the monarch—more noble than the ermined drapery of earth's proudest
potentates.

A Howard, a Wilberforce, and a Montesquieu, in their mighty labors
did but reflect the glories of Odd-Fellowship; while immortal Washington
and patriotic Lafayette were but the self-denying models of its moral super-
structure.

The principles of the Order will live when the earth shall have passed
away. The sun shall grow dim with age, the firmament wax old as a gar-
ment, the earth weary with fatigue, and great nature stand silent and still,
ere the virtues of Odd-Fellowship shall cease to exist. Immortality is em-

blazoned upon her institutions of charity, while nobility's stamp is seen in all her acts. 'Neath the broad wing of freedom she rejoices in love, and a voice from the hill tops pronounces her blest.

The plumage of liberty bathed from on high,
As Jove's mighty bird wheels aloft in the sky,
Immersed in the sunbeam, it shows not more bright
Than love's sacred flame 'mid the world's moral light.

As an oasis in the midst of the sandy desert, surrounded by desolation, presents to the eye of hope a place of rest for the weary traveller, so Odd-Fellowship rises from the centre of life's moral waste, adorned with the evergreen of tranquil repose. Beneath her broad branches the pilgrim may rest secure from the storm, while through her thick foliage the sunshafts of ruin in vain shall seek way.

Hail brethren of the Order, Grandsires and Nobles,

"Patriarch, Pilgrims," and Priests of the "Rod,"
Ye who own allegiance to Abraham's God—

Your insignia to-day, points you out to the world as ornaments of virtue, patterns of benevolence, and Truth's undaunted champions. Go on in your labor of love. Still succour the distressed, and snatch from despair the widowed heart. At the bedside of death let your presence be found; at the Odd-Fellow's grave your spirit be seen. Still let those emblems of virtue in honor be worn, that a gainsaying world be constrained you to praise. So, when life shall wane apace, and the spirit begin to plume its wings for another and better world, the Almighty Grand Master of the celestial Lodge above may give the travelling word, "well done good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of thy Lord"—the "*Sign*" of which shall be the sign of Jonas in the heavens; the "*Token*" the cross of Christ, and the "*Password*" glory to God in the highest.

Hail, hail thou blest spirit of holy abode,
Thy seal stamps the soul with the image of God;
Thy mind in Odd-Fellowship shines from above,
In the sanctified virtues—Truth, Friendship and Love.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

BY MISS E. C. HURLEY, OF NEW YORK.

TRUTH is the source from whence doth spring
All attributes benign;
From this both Love and Friendship rise;
These hallow Heaven's shrine.

Truth when unfolding brings to view
Earth's joys to gild our way;
Emerging from a field so vast,
It gilds where'er we stray.

Structure for Friendship, cold the name
Which blesses most the earth;
Unlimited its broad extent,
Unspeakable its worth.

It lives not, with the ebb and flow
Of passions as they roll,
But fixed and firm as polar star,
Beams brightly from the soul.

Truth, the foundation for all good,
Wherever man is found,
In this both Love and Friendship live,
It gives life's pulse its bound.

THE THIRTEENTH.

A TALE OF DOOM.

It was on a sultry July evening that a joyous party of young men were assembled in the principal room of a wine house, outside the Potsdam gate of Berlin. One of their number, a Saxon painter, by name Carl Solling, was about to take his departure for Italy. His place was taken in the Halle mail, his luggage sent to the office, and the coach was to call for him at midnight at the tavern, whither a number of his most intimate friends had accompanied him, to drink a parting glass of Rhenish wine to his prosperous journey.

Supper was over, and some magnificent melons, and peaches, and plates of caviare, and other incentives to drinking, placed upon the table; a row of empty bottles already graced the sideboard, while full ones of that venerable cobweb-mantle appearance, so dear to the toper, were forthcoming as rapidly as the thirstiest throats could desire. The conviviality was at its height, and numerous toasts had been given, among which the health of the traveller, the prosperity of the art which he cultivated and the land of poetry and song to which he was proceeding, had not been forgotten. Indeed, it was becoming difficult to find any thing to toast, but the thirst of the party was still unquenched, and apparently unquenchable.

Suddenly a young man started up, in dress and appearance the very model of a German student—in short frock coat and loose sacklike trousers, long curling hair hanging over his shoulders, pointed beard and moustache, and the scars of one or two sabre cuts on his handsome animated countenance.

'You want a toast, my friends!' cried he 'An excuse to drink, as though drinking needed an excuse when the wine is good. I will give you one, and a right worthy one too. Our noble selves here assembled; all, so many as we are!' And he glanced round the table, counting the number of the guests. 'One, two, three, four—thirteen. We are thirteen. *Es lebe dic Dreizhen!*'

He raised his glass, in which the golden liquor flashed and sparkled, and set it down, drained to the last drop.

'*Thirteen!*' a pale-faced, dark-eyed youth named Raphael, starting from his seat, and in his turn counting the company. 'Tis true. My friends, ill luck will attend us. We are Thirteen seated at a round table.'

There was evidently an unpleasant impression made upon the guests by this announcement. The toast-giver threw a scornful glance around him—

'What!' cried he, 'are we believers in such nursery tales and wive's superstitions? Pshaw! The charm will soon be broken! Rascally cock-drawer! where are you hidden! Come forth!—Appear.'

Thus invoked, there toddled into the room the master of the tavern—a round bellied, short legged individual, whose rosy gills and Bacchus like appearance proved his devotion to the jolly god whose high-priest he was.

'Sit down here!' cried the mad student, forcing him into a chair; 'and now, Raphael and gentlemen all, he pleased to shorten your faces again, and drink your wine as if one with a three after it were an unknown combination of numerals.'

The conversation now took a direction naturally given to it by what had just occurred, and the origin and causes of the popular prejudice against the number Thirteen were discussed.

'It cannot be denied that there is something mysterious in the connection and combination of numbers,' observed a student in philosophy; 'and Pythagoras was right enough when he sought the foundation of all human knowledge in the even and uneven. All over the world the idea of something complete and perfect is associated with even numbers, and of something imperfective and defective with uneven ones. The ancients, too, considered even numbers of good omen, and uneven ones as unpropitious.'

'It is really a pity,' cried the mad student, 'that you philosophers should not be allowed to invert and re-arrange history in the manner you deem fitting. You would soon torture the crooked stream of time into a straight line. I should like to know from what authors you derive your very original ideas in favor of even numbers. As far as my reading goes, I find that number three was considered a sacred and a fortunate number by nearly all the sects of antiquity, not excepting the Pythagoreans. And the early Romans had such respect for the uneven numbers, that they never allowed a flock of sheep to be of any number divisible by two.'

The philosopher did not seem immediately prepared with a reply to this attack.

'You are all of you looking too far back for the origin of the curse that attends the number, Thirteen,' interposed Raphael. 'Think only of the Lord's Supper which is rather nearer to our time than Pythagoras and the Roman shepherds. It is since then that Thirteen has been a stigmatised and fatal number. Judas Iscariot was the Thirteenth at that sacred table, and believe me it is no childish superstition that makes men shun so noble a number.'

'Here is Solling, who has not given his opinion yet,' cried another of the party, 'and yet I am sure he has something to say on the subject.—How now, Carl, what ails thee, man? Why so sad and silent?'

The painter who, at the commencement of the evening, had entered frankly and willingly into the joyous humor of his friends, had become

totally changed since the commencement of this discussion on the number *Thirteen*. He sat silent and thoughtful on his chair, and left his glass untasted before him, while his thoughts were evidently occupied by some unpleasant subject. His companions pressed him for the cause of this change, and after for some time evading their questions, he at last confesses that the turn the conversation had taken had brought painful recollections to his mind.

‘It is a matter I love not to speak about,’ said he, ‘but it is no secret, and least of all could I have any wish to conceal it from you, my good and kind friends. We have yet an hour before the arrival of the mail, and if you are disposed to listen, I will relate to you the strange incidents, the recollection of which has saddened me.’

The Painter’s offer was eagerly accepted; the young men drew their chairs round the table, and Solling commenced as follows:

‘I am a native of the small town of Geyer, in Saxony, of the tin mines of which place my father was inspector. I was the twelfth child of my parents and half an hour after I saw the light my mother gave birth to the *Thirteenth*, also a boy. Death, however, was busy in this numerous family. Several had died while yet infants, and there now survive only three besides myself, and perhaps my twin brother.

‘The latter, who was christened Bernard, gave indications at a very early age of an eccentric and violent disposition. Precocious in growth and strength, wild as a young foal, headstrong and passionate, full of spiteful tricks and breakneck pranks, he was the terror of the family and the neighbors. In spite of his unamiable qualities, he was the pet of his father, who pardoned or laughed at all his mischief, and the consequence was, that he became an object of fear and hatred to his brothers and sisters.—Our hatred, however, was unjust; for Bernard’s heart was good, and he would have gone through fire and water for any of us. But he was rough and violent in whatever he did, and we dreaded the fits of affection he sometimes took for us, almost as much as his less amiable humors.

‘As far back as I can remember, Bernard received not only from his brothers, but also from all our play-fellows, the nickname of the *Thirteenth*, in allusion, of course, to his being my mother’s thirteenth child. At first this offended him grievously, and many were the sound thrashings he inflicted in his endeavors to get rid of the obnoxious title. Finally he succeeded, but scarcely had he done so when, from some strange perversity of character, he adopted as an honorable distinction the very name he had taken such pains to suppress.

‘We were playing one Sunday afternoon in the large court of our house; several of the neighbors’ children were there, and it chanced that we were exactly twelve in number. We had wooden swords, and were having a sort of tournament, from which, however, we had managed to exclude Bernard, who, in such games, was accustomed to hit rather hard. Suddenly he bounded over a wall, and fell among us like a thunderbolt. He had painted his face in red and black stripes, and made himself a pair of wings out of an old apron; and thus equipped and armed with the largest broomstick he had been able to find, he showered his blows around him, driving us right and left, and shouting out, ‘Room, room for the mad *Thirteenth*!’

‘Soon after this incident my father died. Bernard, who had been his favorite, was as violent in his grief as he had already shown himself to be

in every thing else. He wept and screamed like a mad creature, tore his hair, bit his hands till they bled, and struck his head against the wall, raved and flew at every body that came near him, and was obliged to be shut up when his father's coffin was carried out of the house, or he would certainly have done himself or somebody else a mischief.

'My mother had an unmarried brother in the town of Marienberg, a wealthy man, and who was Bernard's godfather. On learning my father's death, he came to Geyer, and invited his sister and her children to go and take up their abode with him. But the worthy man little knew the plague he was receiving into his house in the person of his godson. Himself of a mild, quiet disposition, he was greatly scandalized by the mad pranks of his nephew, and made vain attempts to restrain him within some bounds; but by so doing he became the aversion of my brother, who showed his dislike in every possible way. He gave him nicknames, broke his china cups and saucers, by which the old gentleman set great store, splashed his white silk stockings with mud as he went to church, put the house clock an hour forward or back, and tormented his kind godfather in every way he could devise.

'Bernard had not forgotten his title of the Thirteenth; but it was probable he would soon have got tired of it, for it was not his custom to adhere long to any thing, had not my uncle, who was a little superstitious, strictly forbidden him to adopt it. This opposition was all that was wanting to make my brother bring forward the unlucky number upon every possible occasion. When any body mentioned the number twelve before him, or called any thing the twelfth, Bernard would immediately cry out, 'And I am the Thirteenth!'

'No matter when it was, or before whom; time, place and persons were alike to him indifferent. For instance one Sunday in church, when the clergyman in the course of the service said, 'Let us sing a portion of such a psalm, beginning at the twelfth verse.' Bernard immediately screamed out, 'And I am the Thirteenth!'

'This was a grievous scandal to my uncle, and Bernard was called that evening before a tribunal, composed of his godfather, my mother, and the old clergyman whom he had so gracelessly interrupted, and who was also teacher of Latin and theology at the school to which Bernard and I went. But all their reproaches and remonstrances were lost upon my brother, who had evidently much difficulty to keep himself from laughing in their faces. My mother wept, my uncle paced the room in great perplexity, and the worthy old dominie clasped his hands together, and exclaimed, 'My child! I fear me, God's chastisement will be needed to amend you.' The event proved that he was right.

'It was on Friday before Christmas-day, and we were assembled in school. The near approach of the holidays made the boys somewhat turbulent, and the poor old dominie had had much to suffer during the whole day from their tricks and unruliness. My brother, of course, had contributed largely to the disorder, much to the delight of his bosom friend and companion the only son of the master. This boy, whose name was Albert, was a blue-eyed, fair-haired lad, gentle as a girl. Bernard had conceived a violent friendship for him, and had taken him under his protection. Albert's father, as may be supposed, was little pleased at this intimacy, yet out of consideration for my uncle, he did not entirely for-

bid it; and the more so as he perceived that his son in no respect imitated his wild playmate, but contented himself with admiring him beyond all created beings, and repaying with the warmest affection Bernard's watchful and jealous guardianship.

On the afternoon in question, my brother surpassed himself in wayward conceits and mischievous tricks, to the infinite delight of Albert, who rocked with laughter at each new prank. The good dominie, who was indulgence itself, was instructing us in Bible history, and had to interrupt himself every moment to repress the unruliness of his pupils, and especially of Bernard.

It seemed pre-ordained that the lesson should be an unlucky one.—Every thing concurred to make it so. Our instructor had occasion to speak of the twelve tribes of Israel, of the twelve patriarchs, of the twelve gates of the holy city. Each of these served as a cue to my brother, who immediately shouted out, 'And I am the Thirteenth!' and each time Albert threw himself back shrieking with laughter, thus encouraging Bernard to give full scope to his mad humor. The poor dominie remonstrated, menaced, supplicated, but all in vain. I saw the blood rising into his pale face, and at last his bald head, in spite of the powder which sprinkled it, became red all over. He contained himself however, and proceeded to the account of the Lord's Supper. He began, 'And when the hour was come, he sat down, and the twelve apostles with him.'

'And I am the Thirteenth!' yelled Bernard.

Scarcely were the words uttered, when a Bible flew across the school, the noise of a blow, and a cry of anguish followed, and the old man fell senseless to the ground. The heavy Bible, the corners of which were bound with silver, and that he had hurled in a moment of uncontrollable passion at my brother, had missed its mark, and struck his own son on the head. Albert lay bleeding on the floor, while Bernard hung over him like one beside himself, weeping, and kissing his wounds.

The boys ran one and all out of the school room, shrieking for assistance. Our cries soon brought the servants to the spot, who on learning what had happened, hastened with us back to the school, and lifted up the old master, who was still lying on the ground near his desk. He had been struck with apoplexy, and survived but a few hours. Albert was wounded in two places, one of the sharp corners of the Bible having cut open his forehead, while another had injured his left eye. After much suffering he recovered, but the sight of his eye was gone.

Bernard however, had disappeared. When we re-entered the school room, a window which looked into the playground was open, and there were marks of footsteps on the snow without. A short distance further were traces of blood, where the fugitive had apparently washed his face and hands in the snow. We have never seen him since that day.

The painter paused, and his friends remained some moments silent, musing on the tragical history they had heard.

'And do you know nothing whatever of your brother's fate?' inquired Raphael at last.

'Next to nothing. My uncle caused inquiries to be made in every direction, but without success. Once only a neighbor at Marienberg, who had been travelling on the Bohemian frontier, told us that he had met at a village inn a wandering clarinet player who bore so strong a resemblance

to my brother, that he accosted him by his name. The musician seemed confused, and muttered some unintelligible reply, left the house in haste. What renders it probable that this was Bernard is that he had a great natural talent for music, and at the time he left home had already attained considerable proficiency on the clarinet.'

'How old was your brother when he so strangely disappeared?' asked one of the party.

'Fifteen, but he looked at least two years older, for he was stout and manly in person beyond his age.'

At this moment the rattling of wheels, and sound of a postillion's horn, was heard. The Halle mail drove up to the door, the guard bawling out for his passenger. The young painter took a hasty leave of his friends, and sprang into the vehicle, which the next instant disappeared in the darkness.

There was an overplus of travellers by the mail that night, and the carriage in which Solling had got, was not the mail itself, but a calache, holding four persons which was used as a sort of supplement, and followed close to the other carriage. Two of the places were occupied by a Jew horse dealer and sergeant of hussars, who were engaged in an animated, and to them a most interesting conversation, on the subject of horse-flesh, to which the painter paid little attention; but leaning back in his corner, remained absorbed in the painful reflection which the incidents he had been narrating had called up in his mind. In spite of his brother's eccentricities, he was truly attached to him; and although eight years had elapsed since his disappearance, he had not yet given up hopes of finding him, if still alive. The inquiries that he and his uncle had unceasingly made after their lost relative, had put them, about three years previous to this time, upon the trace of a clarinet player who had been seen at Venice and Trieste, and went by the name of Voltojo. This might have been a name adopted by Bernard, as being nearly the Italian equivalent of Geyer, or hawk, the name of his native town; and Solling was not without a faint hope, that in the course of his journey to Rome he might obtain some tidings of his brother.

He was roused from his reverie by the postillion shouting out to the guard of the mail, which was just before them on the road, to know where they were to take up the passengers who were to occupy the remaining seat in the calache.

'Where will the Thirteenth meet us?' asked the man.

'At the inn at Schoueber,' replied the guard.

The Thirteenth! The word made the painter's blood run cold. The horse dealer and the sergeant, who had begun to doze in their respective corners, were also disturbed by the ill-omened sound.

'The Thirteenth! The Thirteenth!' muttered the Jew in his beard, still half asleep. 'God forbid! Let's have no thirteenth!'

A company of travelling comedians, who occupied the mail, took up the word. 'The Thirteenth is coming,' said one.

'Somebody will die!' cried another.

'Or we shall be upset and brake our necks,' exclaimed a third.

'No Thirteenth!' cried they all in chorus. Drive on, drive on! he shan't get in!

This was addressed to the postillion, who just pulled up at the door of

the village inn, and giving a blast with his horn, shouted loudly for his remaining passenger to appear.

The door of the public house opened and a tall figure with a knapsack on his shoulder and a knotty stick in his hand, stepped out and approached the mail. But when he heard the cries of the comedians, who were still protesting against the admission of a Thirteenth traveller, he started suddenly back, swinging his cudgel in the air.

'To the devil with you all, vagabonds that you are!' vociferated he.—'Drive on, postillion, with your cage of monkeys. I shall walk.'

At the sound of the stranger's voice, Solling sprang up in the carriage and seized the handle of the door. But as he did so, a strong arm grasped him by the collar, and pulled him back into his seat. At the same moment the carriage drove on.

'The man is drunk,' said the sergeant, who had misinterpreted his fellow passenger's intentions. 'It is not worth while dirtying your hands, and perhaps getting an ugly blow, in a scuffle with such a fellow.'

'Stop, postillion, stop!' shouted Solling. But the postillion either did not or would not hear, and some time elapsed before the painter could persuade his well meaning companion of his peaceable intentions. At length he did so, and the carriage which had meanwhile been going at full speed, was stopped.

'You will leave my luggage at the first post-house,' said Solling, jumping out and beginning to retrace his steps to the village, which they had now left some distance behind them.

The night was pitch dark, so dark that the painter was compelled to feel his way, and guide himself by the line of trees that bordered the road.—He reached the village without meeting a living creature, and strode down the narrow street amid the baying of the dogs, disturbed by his foot-fall at that silent hour of the night. The inn door was shut, but there was a light glimmering in one of the casements. He knocked several times without any body answering. At length a woman's head was put out of an upper window.

'Go your ways,' cried a shrill voice, 'and don't come disturbing honest folks at this time o' night. Do you think we have nought to do but to open the door for such raff as you? Be off with you, you vagabond, and blow your clarinet elsewhere.'

'You are mistaken madam,' said Solling, 'I am no vagabond, but a passenger by the Halle mail, and—'

'What brings you here, then?' interrupted the virago; 'the Halle mail is far enough off by this.'

'My good madam,' said the painter in his softest tone, 'for God's sake tell me who and where is the person who was waiting for the mail at your hotel.'

'Ha! ha!' laughed the hostess, considerably mollified by the *madam* and the *hotel*. 'The mad Italian musician, the clarinet fellow? Why, I took you to be him at first, and wondered what brought him back, for he started as soon as the mail left the door. He'd have done much better to have got into it, with a dark night and a long road before him. Ha! ha! He's mad, to be sure.'

'His name! His name!' cried Solling, impatiently.

"His name? How can I recollect his outlandish name? Fol——
Vol——"

"Voltojo!" cried the painter.

'Voltojo! yes, that's it. Ha! ha! What a name!'

'It is he!' cried Solling, and without another word dashed off full speed along the road he had just come. He kept in the middle of the causeway, straining his eyes to see in the darkness on either side of him, and wondering how it was he had not met the object of his search as he came to the village. He ran on, occasionally taking trees and finger posts for men, and cursing his ill luck when he saw his mistake. The sweat poured down his face in streams, and his knees began to knock together with fatigue. Suddenly he struck his foot against a stone lying in the road, and fell, cutting his forehead severely upon some pebbles. The sharp pain drew a cry from him, and a man who had been lying on the grass at the road side, sprang up and hastened to his assistance. At that moment a flash of summer lightning lit up the road.

'Bernard! cried the painter, throwing his arms round the stranger's neck. It was his brother.

Bernard started back with a cry of horror.

'Albert!' he exclaimed in a hollow voice, 'Cannot your spirit rest?—Do you rise from your grave to persecute me!'

'In God's name, my dear brother, what mean you? I am Carl—Carl, your twin brother.'

'Carl! No! Albert! I see that horrid wound on your brow. It still bleeds!'

The painter grasped his brother's hand.

'I am flesh and blood,' said he, 'and no spirit. Albert still lives.'

'He lives!' exclaimed Bernard, and clasped his brother in his arms.

Explanations followed, and the brothers took the road to Berlin. When the painter had replied to Bernard's questions concerning their family, he in his turn begged his brother to relate his adventures since they parted and above all to give his reasons for remaining so long severed from his friends and home.

'Although I fully believed Albert killed by the blow he received,' replied Bernard, 'it was no fear of punishment for my indirect share in his death, that induced me to fly. But when I saw the father senseless on the ground and the son expiring before my eyes, I felt as if I was accursed, as if the brand of Cain were on my brow, and that it was my fate to roam through the world an isolated and wretched being. When you all ran out of the school to fetch assistance, it seemed to me as though each chair and bench and table in the room received the power of speech, and yelled and bellowed in my ears the fatal number which had been the cause of my misfortunes—'Thirteen! Thirteen! Thou art the Thirteenth, the Accursed One!'

'I fled and since that day no rest or peace has been mine. Like my shadow has this unholy number clung to me. Wherever I went, in all the many lands I have wandered through, I carried with me the curse of my birth. At every turn it met me aggravating my numerous hardships, embittering my rare moments of joy. If I entered a room where a cheerful party was assembled, all rose and shrunk from me as from one plague-tainted. They were twelve—I was the Thirteenth. If I sat down to a

dinner-table, my neighbor left his chair, and the others would say, 'he fears to sit by you. You are the Thirteenth, or my room would be number Thirteenth, and I was told the former landlord had shot or hung himself in it.

'At length I left Germany, in the vain hope that the spell would not extend beyond the land of my birth. I took the ship Trieste for Venice. Scarcely were we out of port when a violent storm arose and we were driven rapidly toward a dangerous coast. The steersman counted the seamen and passengers, and crossed himself. We were *thirteen*.

'Lots were drawn who should be sacrificed for the salvation of the others. I drew number thirteen, and they put me ashore on a barren rock where I passed a day and night half dead with cold and drenched with sea water. At length an Illyrian fisherman espied me, and took me off in his boat.

'It is unnecessary to relate to you in detail my wanderings during the last eight years, or if I do, it shall be at some future time. My clarinet enables me to live in the same humble manner I have always done. You remember, probably, that I had some skill in it, which I have since much improved. When travelling, my music was generally taken as payment for my bed and supper at the petty hostelries at which I put up; and when I came to a large town, I remained a few days, and usually gained more than my expenses.

'About a year since, I made some stay at Copenhagen, and at last getting wearied of that city, I put myself on board a ship without enquiring whither it was bound. It took me to Stralsund.

'The day of my arrival, there was a shooting-match in the suburb beyond the Knieper, and I hastened thither with my clarinet. It was a sort of fair, and I wandered from one booth to the other, playing the joyous mountain melodies which I had not once played since my departure from Marienburg. God knows what brought them into my head again, but it did my heart good to play them, and a feeling came over me, that I should like once more to have a home, and to leave the weary rambling life I had so long led.

'I had great success that day, and the people thronged to hear the wandering Italian musician. Many were the jugs of beer and glasses of wine offered to me, and my plate was soon full of shillings. As I left off playing, an old gray headed man pressed through the crowd, and gazed earnestly at me. His eyes filled with tears, and was evidently much moved.

'*"What a likeness!"* he exclaimed. *"He is the very picture of my Amadeus. I could fancy he had risen out of the sea. The same feature, the same voice and manner."*

'He came up to me and took my hand. 'If you do not fear a high staircase,' said he with a smile, 'come and visit me. I live on the tower of St. Nicholas's Church. Your clarinet will sound well in the free fresh air, and you will find those there who will gladly listen.' So saying, he left me.

'The old man's name was Elias Kranhelm, better known in Stralsund as the old Swede; he was the town musician, and had the care of the bells of St. Nicholas. The next day was Sunday and I hastened to visit him. His kind manner had touched me, unaccustomed as I was to kindness, or

sympathy from the strangers among whom I always lived. When I was half way up the stairs leading to the tower, the organ began to play below me, and I recognized a psalm tune which we used often to sing for our old schoolmaster at Marienberg, I stopped a moment to listen, and thoughts of rest and home again came over me.'

"I was met at the tower door by old Kranhelm, in his Sunday suit of black; large silver buckles at his knees and shoes, and a round black velvet cap over his long white hair. His clear gray eyes smiled so kindly upon me, his voice was so mild, and his greeting so cordial, that I thought I had never seen a more pleasing old man. He welcomed me as though I had been an old friend, and without further preface, asked me if I should like to become his substitute, and perform the duties for which his great age had begun to unfit him. His only son, on whom he had reckoned to take his place, had left him sometime previously to become a sailor on board a Norwegian ship, and had been drowned in his very first voyage. It was my extraordinary likeness to his son that had made him notice me; and the good, simple hearted old man, seemed to think that resemblance a sufficient guaranty against any risk in admitting a perfect stranger into his house and intimacy.

'My post is a profitable one,' said he; 'and, in consideration of my long services, the worshipful burgomaster has given me leave to seek an assistant, now that I am getting too old for my office. Consider then, my son, if the offer suits you. You please me and I mean you well. But here comes my Elizabeth, who will soon learn to like it if you are a good lad.'

As he spoke, a youthful girl entered the room, with a psalm-book in her hand, and attired in an old fashioned dress, which was not able, however, to conceal the elegance of her figure, and the charms of her blooming countenance.

How think you, Elizabeth!' said the father. 'Is he not like our poor Amadeus as one egg is to another?'

I do not see the likeness, my dear father,' replied Elizabeth, looking timidly at me, and then casting down her eyes, and blushing.

'I accepted the old man's offer with joy, and took up my dwelling in the other turret of the church tower. My occupation was to keep the clock wound up, to play the evening hymn on the balcony of the tower, and to strike the hours upon the great bell with a heavy hammer.

"I soon felt the good effect of repose, and of the happy, tranquil life I now led; my spirits improved and I began to forget the curse which hung over me—to forget, in short, that I was the unlucky thirteenth. Old Kranhelm's liking for me increased rapidly, and in less than three months, I was Elizabeth's accepted lover. Time flew on; the wedding day was fixed, and the bridal chamber prepared.

It was Friday evening, exactly eight days ago, that I went out with Elizabeth, and walked down to the port to look at a large Swedish ship that had arrived. The passengers were landing, and one among them immediately attracted our attention.

'This was a tall, lean, raw-boned woman, apparently about forty years of age, who held in her hand a long, smooth staff, which she waved about her, nodding her head, and muttering, as she went in some strange, unintelligible dialect. Her dress consisted of a huge black fur cloak, and a cape of the same color fringed with red. Her whole manner and appear-

ance were so strange, that a whole crowd assembled round her as soon as she set foot on shore.

‘Hallo! comrade,’ cried one of the sailors of the vessel that had brought her, to a boatman who passed; ‘hallo! comrade, do you want a job?—Here’s a witch to take to Hiddensee.’

‘We asked the sailor what he meant; and he told us that this strange woman was a Lapland witch, who every year, in the dog days, made a journey to the island of Hiddensee, to gather an herb which only grew there, and was essential in her incantations.

‘Meantime the witch was calling for a boat, but no one understood her language, or else they did not choose to come. My unfortunate propensity to all that is supernatural or fantastic impelled me, with irresistible force, toward her. In vain Elizabeth held me back. I pushed my way through the crowd, until we found ourselves close to the Lapland woman, who measured us from head to foot with her bright and glittering eyes.—Slipping a florin into her hand, I gave her to understand, as well as I could, that we wished to have our fortunes told. She took my hand, and, after examining it, made a sign that she either could or would tell me nothing.—She then took the hand of Elizabeth who hung upon my arm, trembling like an aspen leaf, and gazing intently upon it, muttered a few words in broken Swedish. I did not understand them, but Elizabeth did, and starting back, drew me hastily out of the crowd.

‘What did she say!’ inquired I, as soon as we were clear of the throng.

‘Elizabeth seemed much agitated, and had evidently to make a strong effort before she could reply.

‘Nothing,’ answered she, at least; ‘nothing, at least, worth repeating. And yet ’tis strange; it tallies exactly with a prediction made to my mother when I was an infant, that I should one day be in peril from the number Thirteen. This strange woman cautioned me against the same number, and bade me beware of you, for that you were the Thirteenth!’

‘Had the earth opened under my feet, or the lightning from heaven fallen on my head, I could not have felt a greater shock than was communicated to me by these words. I know not what I said in reply, or how I got home. Elizabeth, doubtless, observed my agitation, but she made no remark on it. I felt her arm tremble upon mine as we walked along, and by a furtive glance at her face saw that she was pale as death. Not a word passed between us during our walk back to the tower, on reaching which she shut herself up in her room. I pleaded a severe headache and wish to lie down; and begging the old man to strike the hours for me, retired to my chamber.

‘It would be impossible to give an idea of the agony of mind I suffered during that evening. I thought at times I was going mad, and there were moments when I felt disposed to put an end to my existence by a leap from the tower window. Again then, this curse that hung over me was in full force. Again had that fatal number raised itself before me like an iron wall, interposed between me and all earthly happiness. Wearied out at length by the storm within me, I fell asleep.

‘As may be supposed I was followed in my troubled slumber by the recollection of my misery. When midnight came, and the hammer clanked upon the great bell, a strange fancy took possession of my mind that it would this night strike Thirteen, and that at the thirteenth stroke the

clock, the tower, the city, and the whole world, would crumble into atoms. Again I fell asleep and dreamt. I thought my head was changed into a mighty bronze bell, and that I hung into the tower and heard the clock beside me strike Thirteen. Then came the old schoolmaster, who yet, at the same time, had the features of Elizabeth's father; and, as he drew near me, I saw that the hammer that he held in his hand was no hammer, but a large silver bound Bible. In my despair I made frightful efforts to cry out and tell him that I was no bell, but a man, and that he should not strike me, but my voice refused its service and my tongue clove to my palate. The gray-haired old man came up to me, and struck thirteen times on my forehead, till my brains gushed out at my eyes.

'By daybreak the next morning I was two leagues from Stralsund, having left a few hurried ill-written lines in my room, pleading I know not what urgent family affairs, and a dislike to leave-taking, as excuse for my sudden departure. Over field and meadow, through rivers and forests, on I went, as though hell were at my heels, flying from my destiny. But the farther I got from Stralsund the more did I regret all I left there—my beautiful and affectionate mistress, her kind hearted father, the peaceful happy life I led on the top of the old tower. The vows I had made to fly from the haunts of men, and seek in some desert the repose which my evil fate denied me among my fellows, that vow became daily more difficult to keep. And yet I went on, dreading to depart from my determination, lest I should encounter some of those bitter deceptions and cruel disappointments that had hitherto been my lot in life. Shame, too, at the manner in which I had left the tower, withheld me, or else I think I should already be on my road to Stralsund. But now I have met you, brother and that my mind is relieved by the knowledge that I have not, even indirectly, Albert's death to reproach myself with, I must hasten to my Elizabeth to relieve her anxiety, and dry the tears which I am well assured each moment of my absence causes her to shed. Come with me dearest Carl, and you shall see her, my beautiful Elizabeth, and her good old father, and the tower and the bell. Ho! the bell, the jolly old bell!'

The painter looked kindly but anxiously in his brother's face. There was a mildness in his manner that startled him, accustomed as he had been to his eccentricities when a boy.

'You are tired, brother,' said he. 'You need repose after the emotions and fatigues of the last week. I, too, shall not be sorry to sleep. Let us to bed for a few hours, and then we will have post horses and be off to Stralsund.'

'I have no need of rest,' replied Bernard, 'and each moment seems to me an eternity until I can again clasp my Elizabeth to my heart. Let us delay, then, as little as possible.'

As he spoke they entered the gates of Berlin. The sun was risen, and the hotels and taverns were beginning to open their doors. Seeing Bernard's anxiety to depart, the painter abandoned his intention of taking some repose, and after a hasty breakfast, the post chaise was brought to the door, and the brothers stepping in, they were whirled off on their road northward.

The sun was about to set when the travellers came in sight of the spires of Stralsund, among which the church of St. Nicholas, reared its double headed tower. Bernard had enlivened the journey by his wild sallies and

merry but extravagant humor. Now, however, that the gaol was almost reached, he became silent and anxious. The hours appeared to go too slowly for him, and his restlessness was extreme.

'Faster! postillion,' cried Carl, observing his brother's impatience.—'Faster! You shall be paid double.'

The man flogged his horses until they flew rather than galloped over the broad and level road. Suddenly, however, a strap broke, and the postillion got off his seat to tie it up. Through the stillness of the evening, no longer broken by the rattle of the wheels and clatter of the horses feet, a clock was heard striking the hour. Another repeated it, and a third, of deeper tone than the two proceeding ones, took up the chime. Bernard started to his feet and leaned so far out of the carriage that his brother seized hold of him, expecting that he would lose his balance and fall out.

'It is she!' exclaimed Bernard. 'Tis the bell of St. Nicholas. Listen, Carl—my Elizabeth calls me. She strikes the bell. I come, dearest I come!'

And with these words he sprang out of the carriage and set off at full speed towards the town, leaving his brother thunderstruck at his mad impatience and vehemence.

Running at the top of his speed, Bernard soon reached the city gate and proceeded rapidly through the streets in the direction of St. Nicholas' church. It seemed to him as though he had been absent for many years instead of a few days, and he felt quite surprised at finding no change in the city since his departure. All was as he had left it; all conspired to lull him into security. An old fruit woman, of whom he had bought cherries the very day of his last walk with Elizabeth, was in her usual place, and as he passed extolled the beauty of her fruit, and asked him to buy. A large rose tree at the door of a silversmith's shop which Elizabeth had often admired was still in full bloom; through the window of a house in the market place, he saw a young girl Elizabeth's dearest friend dressing her hair at a looking glass; and as he passed the church-yard, the old dumb sexton, who appeared to be hunting about for a place for a grave nodded his head in mute recognition.

Bernard opened the tower door, and darted up the staircase. He was not far from the top when he heard the voice of two men above him.—They were resting on one of the landing places of the ladderlike stairs.

'It is a singular case, doctor,' said one; 'a strange and incomprehensible case. It is evidently a disease more of the mind than the body.'

'Yes,' replied the other, by his voice apparently an old man. 'If we could only get a clue to the cause, any thing to go upon, something might be done, but at present it is a perfect riddle.'

Bernard heard no more, for the men continued their ascent.

'The old father must be ill,' said he to himself—but as he said it a feeling of dread and anxiety, a presentment of evil, came over him, and he stood for a few moments unable to proceed. The door at the top of the stairs was now opened, and shut with evident care to avoid noise.—'The old man must be very ill,' said Bernard, as if trying to persuade himself of it. He reached the door, and his hand shook as he laid it upon the latch. At length he lifted it, and entered the room. It was empty; but just then, the door of Elizabeth's chamber opened, and old Kranhelm stepped out. On beholding Bernard, he started back as though he had

seen a ghost. He said a word or two in a low voice to somebody in the inner room, and then shutting the door, bolted it, and placed his back against it, as if to prevent Bernard from going in.

'Begone!' cried he in a tremulous voice; 'in the name of God, begone! thou evil spirit of my house;' and he stretched out his arms toward Bernard as though to prohibit his approach. No longer master of himself, the young man sprang toward him, and grasping his arm, thundered in his ear the question—

'Where is my Elizabeth?'

The words rang through the old tower, and the confused murmuring of voices in the inner room was heard. Bernard listened, and thought he distinguished the voice of Elizabeth repeating in tones of agony, the fatal number.

One of the physicians knocked, and begged to be let out. The old tower keeper opened the door cautiously, and, when the doctor had passed through carefully, shut and barred it. But during the moment that it had remained open, Bernard heard too plainly what his ears had at first been unwilling to believe.

'Is that the man?' demanded the physician hastily. 'In God's name be silent. You will kill the patient. She recognized your voice, and fell immediately into the most fearful paroxysm. She has got back again to the infernal number with which her delirium began, and she shrieks it out perpetually. It is a frightful relapse. Begone! young man; yet stay—I will go with you. You can, doubtless, give us a key to the mystery.'

The old physician took Bernard's arm to lead him away; but at that very moment there was a shrill scream from the next room, and Elizabeth's voice was heard calling upon Bernard by name. The unfortunate young man could not restrain himself. Shaking off the grasp of the physician, he pushed old Kranhelm aside, tore back the bolts, and flung open the door. There lay Elizabeth on her death bed, her arms stretched out toward him, her mild countenance ashly pale and frightfully distorted, her soft blue eyes straining from their orbits. She made a violent effort to speak, but death was too near at hand; the sound died away upon her lips, and her uplifted arms dropped powerless upon the bed; her head fell back; a convulsive shudder came over her—she was dead. Her unhappy lover fell senseless to the ground.

When Bernard awoke out of a long and deathlike swoon, it was night, and all around him was still and dark. He was lying on the stone floor outside Kranhelm's dwelling. The physicians had removed him thither; and, being occupied with the old tower keeper and his daughter, they had thought no more about him. On first recovering sensation, he had but an indistinct idea of where he was, or what had happened. By degrees his senses returned to a certain extent—he knew that something horrible had occurred, but without remembering exactly what it was.

He felt about him, and touched a railing: It was the ballustrade round the open turret where hung the great bell. He was lying under the bell itself, and as he gazed up into its brazen throat, the recollection of the frightful dream which had persecuted him the night before his flight from Stralsund came vividly to his mind; he appeared to himself to be still dreaming, and yet his visions were mixed up with the realities of his every day occupations.

He had just stepped out, he thought, to strike the hour on the bell, and raising with some difficulty from the hard couch which had stiffened his limbs, he made no effort to shake off the sort of dreaming semi-consciousness which seemed to prevent him from feeling the horror and anguish of reality.

'Thirteen strokes,' thought he; 'thirteen strokes, and at the Thirteen the tower will fall, the city will crumble to dust, the world be at an end.' Such had been his dream, and the moment of its accomplishment was come.

He found the hammer, and struck with all his force upon the bell. He repeated the blow; twelve times he struck, and each stroke rang with deafening violence through his brains, but at the Thirteenth, as he raised his arms high above his head, and leaning back against the railing, threw his whole strength and energy into the blow, the ballustrade gave way under his weight, and he fell headlong from the tower. The last stroke toll-ed out, sad and hollow as a funeral knell, and the sound mingled with the death-cry of the luckless Thirteenth!—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

ON THE

PARABLE OF THE VINEYARD AND LABOURERS.

"And when they came that were hired about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny; but when the first came, they supposed that they should have received more; and they likewise received every man a penny, and when they received it they murmured against the good man of the house: but he answered one of them and said, Friend I do thee no wrong.

On bless'd are they who early walk with God;
 Not driven there by the chastising rod.
 Oh! who the bread of life would eat alone,
 Or who would turn a Brother from God's throne?
 Or who the wedding garment would deny
 When tears of penitence bedew the eye?
 Who would not rather kill the fatted calf,
 And of his portion give the largest half?
 Can we feel wrong'd that others may obtain
 Life's richest treasure and its only gain?
 If we have lived and breathed beneath God's smile,
 Nor fell before the tempter or his wile,
 Should we not sigh that others erring stray,
 And let our light illumine them on their way?

Now mark the man who far and wide would roam,
 Reckless of blessings from his heavenly home,
 Feeding on husks fit only for the swine,
 Without a plummet and without a line;
 Seeing no way-mark, shunning every trace
 Of peaceful paths, or virtue's resting place—

Let wisdom but illume his darken'd mind,
 He rises from his lethargy we find;
 He leaves the swine-herd, to the vineyard flies
 And longs to grasp the fruit which meet his eyes.
 Full many are the numbers on the ground,
 But work for all—and room for more is found;
 He gains admittance, toils the well-spent day,
 And at the gate unwearied waits his pay—
 Receives his penny, 'twas a rich reward,
 A treasure which in Heaven could be stor'd.

He only grieves that he so long delay'd;
 So long from peace, and happiness had stray'd;
 He feels God's blessing and is bless'd indeed;
 It hover'd o'er him ere he felt his need.
 Though late in seeking still he finds 'tis there,
 He is allow'd of angel's food to share.
 How is one wrong'd if Jesus call him friend;
 He's bless'd, if trials all his life attend.
 Should poverty, disgrace and worldly shame,
 All, all be blended with his humble name,
 The "well done" from on high will meet his ear,
 This hope in darkness with his path make clear.

THE LEG.

BY BRO. J. B. ROGERSON, OF ENG.

I WAS never remarkable for the beauty of my features, nor the grace of my figure; but I possessed a pair of well-shaped, handsome eyes, and with these and the charms of my conversation, I had managed to captivate the heart of the lovely Julia D'Arlincourt. At least so it was recently reported, and so I myself believed. There was always a seat reserved for me in her box at the Opera; I used to attend her in her evening excursions; and sometimes I had the extreme felicity of driving in my cabriolet.

I had been supping at a friend's, and the bottle circulated rapidly, my friend was a noted bon-vivant. As the wine sunk, our spirits proportionably elevated. We agreed each to toast our mistress; the first course I drank the health of my adored Julia in a bumper. I heard Vincent pressed titter proceed from Herbert Danvers, a conceited young man who had long been an unsuccessful rival of mine. When it came his turn to give a pledge, he also named the fair Julia. I looked fiercely at him, and he answered me with a look as fierce. All eyes were turned to us, and my next neighbour gave me a nudge, as much as to say, "Can you endure this, Vincent?" I had a somewhat singular oath, which I always made use of in moments of excitement. I was in the habit of

ing by my right leg, which member I considered to be cast in the very mould of perfection. I had originally adopted this oath to attract notice to the lower extremities of my person, but custom had rendered it so habitual, that I now used it even when I indulged myself with a little swearing in private. 'By my right leg,' thought I, 'he shall answer this.' I rose from my chair, and adjusting my neckcloth the while, to show my nonchalance, I thus accosted him. "Sir, this is neither place, nor time for quarrel, but by this leg," slightly tapping it, "I swear, that if you do not instantly give up all claims to the lady, whose name has just passed your lips, you shall hear from me." "Sir," said he, "I care not how soon." This was enough. Mr. ———, who had sat next me, offered his services as my friend on the occasion, and the harmony of the company was restored. Myself and rival each affected an hilarity and vivacity of spirits more than usual, as a proof of our unconcern. The party broke up at a late hour, and we all departed with dizzy heads, stout hearts, and staggering steps.

My valet awoke me at twelve next morning, and informed me that Mr. ———, was waiting my leisure. I quaked at the recollection of my last night's adventure. He was ushered in. "Don't disturb yourself, my dear fellow," he began, "all's settled, all's right; I've arranged it amicably." "Thank God!" ejaculated I, and my countenance brightened up. "I knew you would be delighted;" he continued, "Danvers' second appeared wishful the affair should be off. 'No, no,' said I, 'no flinching—Vincent will never consent to that—they must fight.' And so, my dear sir, we settled it—time, place and weapons." My countenance fell alarmingly, and I cursed the busy fellow in my heart most vehemently. Four o'clock was the hour fixed for the meeting, and I employed the interval in making a few alterations in my will, and arranging my papers.

A full half-hour before the time, my second made his appearance, for he was a professed duellist, and seemed to enjoy the business exceedingly. We proceeded to the appointed spot—the signal was given—bang went the pistols—I sprang up three or four feet into the air: alas! that spring was the last I ever made—the bullet had passed through my right leg. My own shot was near being fatal, for it took off one of my opponent's whiskers. I was conveyed home, and lay for several days in a senseless state. When I recovered, oh, horror of all horrors! I was but the portion of a man—the accursed surgeon had amputated my leg;—that beautiful, that treasured limb—my right leg! I raged, swore, and stamped—no, not stamped; of that I was now incapable. I execrated the whole tribe of surgeons. I would rather have died a thousand deaths than have been thus shockingly mutilated: life, I detested it; what was life without my leg? I vented my wrath on my valet for allowing the awful deed to be perpetrated on his master; but I saw the dog laughing in his sleeve, for he knew I could not kick him.

My first sensations were of a peculiar nature. When any of my intimate friends came to condole with me on my calamity, they would sometimes seat themselves on the side of my couch; and I often twitched away my stump, thinking my leg reclined on the place where they were about to be seated, and exclaimed "Take care of my leg!" These slight intervals of forgetfulness only made me feel my actual loss more grievously, and I muttered "My leg! what leg?—I have no leg!" At times it

seemed as though I felt the twinging of my toes, and involuntarily I put down my hand to the spot they should have occupied, only to find it vacant. Once, too, when my strength was fast returning, after waking from a refreshing slumber, I sprang out of bed, as had formerly been my custom, entirely forgetting my loss, until I came down at full length on the floor.

When my health was perfectly restored, I gave orders for a wooden leg. A wooden leg! oh, insupportable, oh, heavy hour! It came home, and was buckled to my unfortunate stump. "Must I endure all this," thought I, "must I drag about this vile piece of timber during the remainder of my existence? must I live on, a very remnant of human nature—an unnatural unity of flesh and timber, a walking scarecrow, a grotesque figure moving along on a cursed lump of wood?—truly I must!" My favourite amusement, the dance, must be abjured; I was for ever debarred from "ambling in a lady's chamber;" or, rather, I could now do nothing else but amble. I soliloquized in a style something like Othello's:—

"Oh, now for ever,
Farewell the music's sound! farewell the dance!
Farewell the gay quadrilles, and gallopades!
That make existence pleasure, O, farewell!
Farewell the taper foot, and the sweet smile,
The soft voluptuous form, the dear delicious whirl,
The squeaking fiddle!—and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious waltz!
And, oh, ye mortal beauties, whose bright eyes
The immortal Jove's dread lightning's counterfeit,
Farewell! Alas, my dancing days are gone!"

I practised three days in my own room, with my new member, before I ventured abroad; alternately cursing duels, surgeons, and wooden legs. At length I sallied out, but had not proceeded many paces, ere I was annoyed beyond endurance at the thumping noise which was produced each time that my auxiliary limb descended to the ground. I was seized with a strange desire, an irresistible inclination to count the sounds were emitted when my leg came in contact with the pathway. I stopped to divert my attention from this circumstance, yet still every other minute I caught myself numbering my steps. "One, two, three," and so on. "Confound the stump," said I, "if it would but move in quietness might perchance, enjoy a moment's forgetfulness of my misery; but each step reminds me of my misfortune, each thump increases my unhappiness." I strode away, without being able to get rid of the habit of reckoning my paces, until, almost unconsciously, I arrived at the abode of D'Arlincourt. A bright idea struck me. "I will try her heart—I will put her fidelity to the test;" I said, "if she really loved me, the loss of a limb will not alter her feelings towards me, but she will cherish tenderly the portion of me which still remains. If she scorn me, farewell love, and farewell Julia D'Arlincourt." I rang the bell, and she was shown in. I began to ascend the lofty staircase, and thought I should never reach the top. "One, two, three," I commenced—I never counted the quantity of stairs which led to her drawing-room before that day, I heard, or fancied I heard, a giggling, as the servant announced my approach, and my face became of a crimson hue. I stumped in, and the

my rival, Herbert Danvers, the cause of all my sorrows, seated by the fair Julia's side. She proceeded to condole with me very ceremoniously, on what she termed my "shocking mishap," and ever and anon she turned from me, and cast a languishing glance on Danvers. My blood boiled tumultuously, and I determined to come to an explanation with her before I quitted the house. I requested a few minutes private conversation.—She looked at me with evident astonishment, and informed me that whatever communication I had to make, might be made before Danvers, who was entirely in her confidence. I put on one of my most pathetic looks. "Is it come to this?" said I, "well so be it then—she whose heart changes in the hour of misfortune, is no fit mate for me. Adieu then, Julia; I leave you for ever, and may you never have cause to repent of your perfidy." I rushed from her presence, and the clamour produced by the speed of my exit was greeted with a peal of laughter from my false mistress and my unfeeling rival. As I was about to descend the stairs, I heard him repeating the following words from one of Hood's ballads:—

"Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then you know you stand upon,
Another footing now."

"Inhuman villain!" muttered I; and in the hurry of my descent, I made a false step, and was precipitated headlong down stairs. I was assisted to rise by the servants, who I could plainly perceive, had much ado to keep their countenances. I darted into the street, and fled along with a velocity, which was absolutely terrific, considering my mutilated condition. The boisterous merriment of the populace accompanied me in my flight, but it had only the effect of adding to the rapidity of my progress.

I reached my home. A large fire was blazing in the first room which I entered. I wrenched from my stump the infernal wooden leg, and thrust it into the flames. With a grim delight I beheld it gradually reduced to ashes. "Perish," I exclaimed, "vile caricature of a leg; never again will I be indebted to thee for support; never will I be doomed to drag about that horrid block of degradation!" What was next to be done? I ordered a cork leg, and it was six weeks before I again ventured abroad, when I was enabled to move about something like my former self. I determined to quit London, and proceed to some distant place, where my misfortune might remain unknown, for I could not endure the thought of living where I might at any time hear my mutilation made the subject of discourse. I broke up my establishment in town, and having got rid of my servants, travelled alone to the place of my destination, which was situated so far from the metropolis, that I thought I should not stand the slightest chance of meeting with any one who could remind me of my loss.

I took up my abode in a small, but beautiful village in Yorkshire, and was soon on terms of intimacy with the respectable portion of the inhabitants. At one dwelling I became a frequent visiter. The members of the family were all unaffected and amiable; and on the heart of a blooming girl, the only daughter of the master of the mansion, I soon began to imagine I had made a favourable impression. Time passed delightfully, and I was on the point of making a declaration, and asking permission to pay my addresses in form, when I was startled by an unexpected apparition.

I called one day, just to enquire after the health of the family, and pass a pleasant hour in conversation. The first person whom I beheld seated in the drawing-room, was an individual with whom I had formerly had a slight acquaintance in London. I shrank from his gaze, as I would have done from the eye of a ravenous beast. It was in vain: he instantly recognized me, and shook me cordially by the hand; whilst I would as soon have placed my fingers in a cauldron of molten lead as within his grasp. I, however, pretended to be glad to see him, and we entered into conversation. I contrived to keep him for awhile on subjects remote from the metropolis; but I found he would not be content until he began to talk of the events which had happened there previously to and since my departure. He achieved his purpose. I suppose he thought he had now got the discourse into the only channel which could afford me pleasure, for he rattled away with the utmost volubility scarcely allowing any one else to speak. I, in the meantime, was sitting in a state of indescribable torture; every moment expecting him to allude to some circumstance connected with my misfortune. My expectations were realised. He was relating the particulars of some affair, the exact date of which he had forgotten.— Suddenly he broke out—“Hum, ah, let me see! yes, by Jove, so it was! I now remember perfectly—it happened just previously to the time when Mr. Vincent met with his unfortunate accident.” “Accident—what accident?” was repeated by several voices. “Accident—oh, why his leg, to be sure—the time when he lost his leg.” I waited for no more. I effected an instantaneous retreat from the house. It was my last visit, and on the morrow I bid adieu to the village for ever.

Several years have now passed since the period when I fought the fatal duel; I have grown callous to my loss, and can even laugh when I think of the over-sensitiveness which formerly tormented me. I have again become a resident in the metropolis; and have the consolation of thinking that the sacrifice of a limb in all probability prevented me from sacrificing my fortune. Julia D'Arincourt became the wife of Danvers, and after a short career of extravagance and dissipation, he ended his existence in the King's Bench. I often meet my old flame, and have had sufficient proof that any proposals which might now be made by me, would be thankfully accepted; but, thank God, I am not to be tempted, and can take a warning from the fate of another. So it is, that what at the time seems our greatest calamity, is often destined to prove our greatest good. As for my new leg—I can at least console myself with the thought that my right foot is never troubled with corns, and that the shoe cannot pinch in that quarter.

AFFECTION'S TRIBUTE.

ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

BY ALBERT CASE.

It is a bitter and a dreadful task
 Upon the heart to place the cloaking mask—
 To smile when tears would best befit the face,
 And hide the cheek where grief hath left its trace.
 Why should we seek such objects to effect,
 When hearts that joyed, affliction's waves have wreck'd!
 Once, when his friend by death's command was bowed
 The Saviour bent his knee and wept aloud!
 And thus do we, for one whose memory dwells
 Deeply within our heart's most secret cells.
 It is not mine to speak of all her worth—
 She needeth not the feeble praise of earth.
 Tranquil and calm, though clammy is her brow—
 Her eyes are closed—her lips are bloodless now—
 From out their portals passeth not a breath—
 But tell me, mourner, say, can this be death?
 Her voice is hushed in silence, and the sound
 Of her glad tones is heard no more around:
 You miss her footsteps, and the wonted smile
 That played upon her parted lips the while:—
 All these have vanished with her passing breath—
 But tell me, mourner, say, can this be death?
 Oh, no! to die is to forsake the earth—
 Its pleasant things—its scenes of joy and mirth,
 And enter, with unwilling steps, that dark abode
 Where unbelief declares there is no life—no God!
 But then, to close the eye—to yield the breath—
 To change this earth for heaven—this is not death!
 'Tis but the transit from a world of care
 To one where joy and pleasure fill the air.

* * * * *

Thus hath one friend and sister passed to heaven,
 Like some bright star upon the brow of even.
 She hath not died—her spirit lives above,
 In those bright regions of eternal love—
 And from her home within the starry sky,
 Looks, with a sister's fondness in her eye
 On those whom she hath left upon the earth,
 Endear'd to her by ties of human worth.
 Her influence steals upon our lonely hearts,
 And brighter hopes, and dearer joys imparts.
 When such friends die, why quell the rising sigh,
 Or seek to keep the tear-drop from the eye?
 'Tis nature's tribute—by affection due—
 And falleth only, for the loved and true.

MANAGEMENT OF DISOBEDIENT CHILDREN

'THE management of disobedient children is one of the most difficult of duties, whether at school or at home. In this branch of government ignorance and bad temper run into mistakes, as certainly as water will run down hill. They cannot proceed rightly. It requires all possible patience, calmness, consideration, judgment, wisely to govern a refractory child. It is a common saying, that anger should never be manifested towards the young or the insane. This, though true, is but a feeble expression of the truth. Feelings of wrath, madness, are as absurd and incongruous, in the management of a disobedient child, as they would be in a surgeon, when amputating a limb or couching an eye. Suppose we were to witness an operation upon the human eye, and the oculist, as he approached his work, should begin to redden in the face and tremble in the joints, to feel all the emotions and to put on the natural language of wrath and should then spring upon his patient, like a panther, and strike his knife into the eyeball, at hazard;—should we call this *Couching* or *Goading*? But are the moral sensibilities of a child less delicate in their texture, than the corporeal senses? Does the body require a finer touch than a nicer skill, than the soul? Is less knowledge and discretion necessary in him who seeks to influence the invisible and immortal spirit, than in him who operates on the visible and material frame? Is the husk more delicately wrought than the kernel? No; as much more exquisite as the painting is, than the frame, or the jewel, than the casket, so much more excellent is the soul, than the body it inhabits; and he, who does not approach it in this faith, wants one of the essential prerequisites for acting upon it wisely. Firstly, then, let teachers discipline their own feelings for the holy work they have undertaken.

'Teachers have their severest trials with disobedient children. To instruct the beautiful, the affectionate, the intelligent, the grateful, is unalloyed delight. A school, composed entirely of such, would not be earthly but elysium. But to take an awkward, gawky, unclean, ill-dressed, ill-mannered, ill-tempered child, and to work up an interest in it, to love to caress it, to perform a full measure of duty to it;—this draws upon the resources of conscience, virtue, and religion. *Yet, in the eye of benevolence, of Christian duty, this class of children presents the dearest objects*,—the first to be attended to, the last to be forgotten. They are at an immeasurable distance from the 'Image,' to whose similitude they are to be brought; and their restoration to the 'Divine likeness' is a work only inferior, in quality and in difficulty, to an act of original creation. For such a great work, great efforts are requisite. A band of the highest motives must be summoned to the task. The teacher must stand, like an angel, by the wanderer, and reclaim his wayward steps. Love is one of the most potent agencies, with children who have never known the luxury of being loved. Perhaps the child has inherited a defective organization from vicious parents. We know that God has implanted hereditary tendencies in the constitutions of men, in order to furnish to parents a motive for obedience to his laws, and to punish those who transgress them, not only in their own persons, but in their love for their offspring. The liability to deteriorate goes with the capacity to improve. But, when a child suffers under this hereditary curse, is it a reason why the teacher should

inflict upon it the further curse of severity or unkindness? Perhaps the child has been badly governed, at home, or at some previous school; has suffered under the cruelty of rigor, or the cruelty of indulgence. Can a humane and just teacher say, that this calamity shall be the very means of bringing down upon it another calamity? Rather, with every benevolent mind, does not this constitute the highest claim to compassion? It should inspire greater tenderness. It is the title to good will, not a forfeiture of it.

'The motive of interest, also, coincides with the motive of duty. If the teacher truly consults his own ease and comfort, he will treat the less amiable children, in his school, with great kindness and regard; because, by this course of conduct, he will save himself from a vast amount of labor and vexation, in the end. When he knows that wounds actually exist, the true question of policy, with him, is, whether it is better, even for himself, to inflame and aggravate, or to sooth and heal, them. At a Common School Convention in Hampden County, we heard the Rev. Dr. Cooley relate an anecdote, strikingly illustrative of this principle. He said, that, many years ago, a young man went into a district, to keep school, and, before he had been there a week, many persons came to see him, and kindly told him, that there was one boy in the school, whom it would be necessary to whip, every day; leading him to infer, that such was the custom of the school, and that the inference of injustice towards the boy would be drawn, whenever he should escape, not when he should suffer. The teacher saw the affair in a different light. He treated the boy with signal kindness and attention. At first, this novel course seemed to bewilder him. He could not divine its meaning. But, when the persevering kindness of the teacher begot a kindred sentiment of kindness in the pupil, his very nature seemed transformed. Old impulses died. A new creation of motives supplied their place. Never was there a more diligent, obedient, and successful pupil; and, *now*, said the reverend gentleman, in concluding his narrative, that boy is the Chief Justice of a neighboring State. The relator of this story, though he modestly kept back the fact, was himself the actor. If the Romans justly bestowed a civic crown upon a soldier, who had saved the life of a fellow-soldier, in battle, what honors are too great for the teacher, who has thus rescued a child from ruin?

'One great error, in the management of untoward children, consists in expecting too much from them, at once, and immediately. Time is an important element in the process of weakening and subduing bad principles of action, as well as in the growing and strengthening of good ones. All actions proceed from some internal faculty or propensity; and it is not in accordance with the course of Nature, to expect that an overgrown and over-active propensity can be reduced to its natural size and vigor, in a day. Whenever a child has yielded to an impulse to do wrong, but has been induced, by expostulation or discipline, to do right, the peculiar circumstances, under which he was tempted to the wrong, should be avoided, if possible, until the resolution to do right has had time to be confirmed; that is, those faculties or sentiments of his nature, from whose ascendancy we hope improvement and reform, must have time to grow, and to become superior to their antagonists, if we expect they will prevail over them. Our views, on this point, will be best illustrated by an example.

'In an American note to the translation of an excellent French work, by Madame Necker de Saussure, entitled "Progressive Education," there is the following story :

"Mrs. L. was teaching her little daughter, between two and three years old, to count upon her fingers. The child went on, very well, to ten; here she stopped. The mother said 'ten,' and added, 'you must remember next time; it is the little finger, and when you call the one before it nine, you will then think of ten.' The process of counting was recommenced, but, having said nine, the child laughed, and affected ignorance. The mother began to look serious, and said, 'ten,' which the child repeated several times, successively, after her. But, so often as the counting was renewed, the child stopped at 'ten,' waiting for her mother to tell her. At first, the mother thought she might have forgotten, but, being at length convinced that she was obstinate, she began to treat her with severity; telling her, in the first place, that she should punish her, if she refused to call the ten when she came to it, and at length seating her, in disgrace, at a distance from herself. After a long course of discipline, varied in different ways, the little girl, who had maintained perfect self-command, said, 'I will be good, I will count ten.' She then began, and when she came to this number, as if making a violent effort to conquer herself, she said 'ten,' and burst into a violent fit of weeping. Her mother soothed her, and told her how much better it was to be obedient than to be wilful, and how she had been pained, to be obliged to punish her. She then required, that she should repeat the counting, many times, in order to confirm her obedience. Soon after, the child's aunt, Mrs. W., entered the room, and her mother desired, that she would show her aunt how many she could count. The child began; but, when she had said nine, her face reddened, and her countenance expressed the same determination, as she had before shown. 'What is the next, mamma?' said she. Her aunt, who understood the case, said, 'Come with me,' and took the child into her apartment; considering, very properly, that the last offence was towards herself. Several hours of probation did the little creature suffer, before she would again yield. Yet she was calm, very polite, and obedient in most other things."

'Here, is the case of a little girl, "between two and three years old," learning to count ten, on her fingers. In most things, she is "calm, very polite, and obedient;" and in counting, she prospers very well, until she comes to the number *ten*. Being told what that is, and that the little finger is to be called *ten*, the counting is recommenced; but, after having said, *nine*, she "laughs, and affects ignorance." The mother now "looks serious," and soon "threatens severity." "After a long course of discipline, varied in different ways," continues the story, "the little girl says, '*I will be good, I will count ten.*'" She then begins, and when she comes to this number, as if making a violent effort to conquer herself, she says "ten," and bursts into a violent fit of weeping. Her mother soothes her, tells her how much "better it is to be obedient than to be wilful," &c., and the counting is then repeated, successfully, many times. So far, we do not feel much disposed to find fault with the management of this little girl, "between two and three years old;" although, as the omission to say *ten*, in the course of the counting, originated, on the part of the child, in mere playfulness, it is not difficult to say, who brought on the quarrel.—

But, whoever was first in fault, nothing could stand better, than the case did, at that point. The little child had repeated, and had resolved to obey, and, what was still harder, she had declared her resolution, and, like a noble little heroine, had addressed herself to the work, and, when she came to the crisis, she made a violent effort, and triumphed;—undoubtedly putting forth as high an act of moral courage, as old Archbishop Cranmer did, when he thrust his right hand into the flames, because it had signed the recantation;—so great an effort, indeed, that, from the exhaustion of the struggle and the joy of success, she burst into a “violent fit of weeping.” But the aunt, “*who understood the case,*” then entered the room, and the child was required, again, immediately, to count ten, in the aunt’s presence; that is, after yielding the point of independence to her mother, alone, she was subjected to the humiliation of repeating the act, in the presence of another. Here, was a concerted preparation, even of more trying circumstances, than those under which the original offence (if it was one) had been committed; and the child, who had just summoned all her affection and sense of duty, and exerted them to the utmost, was commanded, in this state of exhaustion, to repeat the act, which had been so difficult, before; and, because she did not do it, she was taken from the room; and made to “suffer hours of probation.” In our view this course was about as wise, as it would be to twist and pull a broken bone, which had not been reset more than three minutes, by way of seeing if it had not become strong, as soon as it was splintered. Doubtless, if the second counting had been postponed until the next day; until the feeling, which had prompted the original opposition, had subsided; until the child had realized, in full, the pleasures, which followed obedience, and a restoration to the mother’s affection, it would then have been, not only unresistingly, but joyfully done.’

‘Are not great mistakes committed in the government of children, by acting upon the supposition, that they can grow strong in virtuous resolutions, *in a single day*? This, it is true, would save the teacher all further trouble. But, if all our active affections, whether good or bad, are the result of growth, then opportunity must be allowed for the seeds to germinate, after they have been sown. Every body knows, how tenacious of life the Lombardy poplar is. Its twigs, cut off and stuck into a sand-bank, will throw off roots, and grow. We once knew a boy, who cut off a great number of these twigs, and set them out in the garden, that they might grow and form an arbor,—but, every morning, for a fortnight, he regularly pulled them all up, to see if the roots had started. At the end of the fortnight, he gave up, in despair; *and so did the twigs*. The boy’s conduct is necessarily imitated by all those parents and teachers, who think they can take out a wrong inclination from a child’s mind, and substitute a right one, by a single act, just as they can take one weight from a scale, and supply its place with another. If, however, all good purposes in the mind are the result of growth, the seed must first be sown, and then all those circumstances attended to, which will warm, and foster, and nourish it.’

‘We have space and time, at present, but for one more idea. No parent or teacher should ever issue a command, without the highest degree of certainty, that it will be obeyed. To command a child to do, or to abstain from doing, what, under the circumstances, he will probably refuse to do, or to abstain from doing, is as false to duty, as it would be in a general

to engage, voluntarily, in a battle, when he was exposed to certain defeat. In directing a child to carry a burden, we consider his age, his size, his strength. None but a tyrant would command him to bear a weight, beneath which he could not stand. This principle applies to moral efforts, with far greater force, than it does to physical. Where the moral sense is weak, and the selfish propensities strong, we must begin, in regard to the former, with the lightest conceivable duties. Present no temptation to the child, which he has not strength to overcome. Let the temptation be increased, only as the power of resistance is strengthened. In this way, the capacity of a child to resist only the weakest seductions may grow, until his soul is clad in moral mail against the most powerful temptations. But, alas! who, in the present state of the public mind, on the subject of education, has wisdom and skill, sufficient for these things? [Common School Journal.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

AH! what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home!

See the traveller; does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle! The image of his earthly happiness continues vivid in his remembrance, it quickens him to diligence, it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned toward home; it communes with him as he journeys, and he hears the promise which causes him to hope, "Thou shalt know also, that the tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy tabernacle, and not sin." O! the joyful re-union of a divided family; the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence.

Behold the man of science; he drops the laborious and painful research, closes his volume, smooths his wrinkled brow, leaves his study, and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children.

"He will not blush that hath a father's heart,
To take in childish play, a childish part.
But bends his sturdy neck, to play the toy,
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy."

Take the man of trade; what reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By-and-by the season of intercourse will arrive; he will behold the desire of his eyes and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense.

Yonder comes the laborer; he has borne the burden and the heat of the day; the descending sun has released him of his toil; and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil-worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness! his hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes; he eats and is satisfied. The evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden, enters again, and retires to rest! and, "the rest of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eats little or much." Inhabitants of this lowly dwelling! who can be indifferent to thy comfort? Peace be to this house!—[Rev. W. Jay.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The New Year.—The annual return of the New Year has been consecrated for ages as the season of Christian gratulation, the interchange of kind affections and glad feelings, when all unite in the expression of hopes and pleasures, which this auspicious day never fails to inspire. It may not inaptly be regarded as an eminence in the journey of life, from which the traveller commands a full view of the past and beholds as if at a great distance, the future, dimly shadowed in vague glimmerings and uncertainties. Human life is full of incidents, now gilded with pleasures, now fretted and saddened by trials, and these scenes are so constantly alternating that all things seem ever on the change. The new year in the midst of these vicissitudes and mutations comes in with joy on its wing for the careworn, and with mirth and pastime for the young and the old alike—at its approach sorrow seems to give way to the smile and grief to be soothed in the bright hopes which encompass the dawn of the year.

In the spirit of the season, so congenial to our Beloved Order, we wish our Brethren one and all, a happy New Year, health and prosperity, and a long life of usefulness to their country and themselves.

The New Year.—We have the most abundant cause of thanksgiving and self-gratulation as an Order in the retrospect which our past career affords. Some four and twenty years ago, a few valued Brethren in the city of Baltimore formed a small detachment, pledged to go forth as the champions of a universal charity. It was a small, but determined band, with nerves strung to the sacred cause of Benevolence. How have they maintained the pledge, how have they fought the good fight? Let the great national army which is now enrolled under the broad banner of *Friendship, Love and Truth*, respond to this interrogatory. Let the altars which emit their incense to the Heavens from the granite hills of the East to the sunny plains of the South—let the temples whose walls re-echo with the sounds of hearts made glad, from the fertile regions of the South to the rolling waters of the Mississippi, utter the full and thrilling response. The time has been when the achievement of such a moral triumph as our Beloved Order exhibits in its origin, progress and present elevated position, could alone have been the reward with which the mighty influence of power and high place could invest the effort—but the tens of thousands of votaries of Odd-Fellowship now banded together in indissoluble bonds of union

"for deeds of good and errands of mercy" boast no such aids. Their *lever*, has been the simple promptings of pure hearts, their *Hercules* the unaided force of moral precepts and elevated example acting upon the growing providence of man.

Let us then Brethren one and all with sincere hearts pour forth on this appropriate occasion, the New Year, our devout thanksgiving to the Great Patron of our beloved Order.

The New Year.—This is a period of review and resolves. We look back upon the past year, make our reckoning, ascertain our position; and take ground for the future. The publishers of the Covenant and Official Magazine have made this review, and have now entered upon the third volume with high hopes of its enlarged success. The work must proclaim its own merits, if any it may possess—all have had the most abundant opportunity of testing its claims during the past two years. For ourselves at the late session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, we uttered not one word of encouragement to the Representatives looking to its continuance—of their own, unprompted motion they have again launched the bark upon the "troubled waters." *The good of the Order* guided their decision, and believing the Magazine a valuable auxiliary to that sacred object, the risk of further pecuniary sacrifice was made subordinate to higher counsels.

We speak not in the spirit of reproof, nor of vain boasting, when we declare that the "Official Magazine" has *deserved* better at the hands of the Brotherhood. It is true that its publication has been during the past year somewhat irregular, that its Agency has not been well managed from the beginning, yet these things should not have subjected it to the severe trials which it has undergone. Its subscription list it is believed has never exceeded one thousand, although the average issue has exceeded two thousand. This circulation has penetrated into every part of this country and into England, and has reached every Brother who desired to know the progress of the Order. The pecuniary result is a heavy loss to the Publishers, unless something may be gathered from the many small debts scattered over the country, which may be due in unsold numbers of the Magazine, or in money as the case may be.

Under these circumstances the continuance of the work by the Grand Lodge, is an act of noble pecuniary sacrifice upon the altar of the Order—for whom is this offering made? for the Brotherhood—for their enlightenment—for the benefit and advancement of the cause of Odd-Fellowship. Will an intelligent, devoted constituency require the sacrifice?

TOUR IN GEORGIA.

WE have recently been on an official visit to the Lodges in the State of Georgia, and as all matters of importance to the Order are interesting to its members, we will give a sketch of our journey, and of the condition of Odd-Fellowship in that State.

We left home on Monday the 6th inst., our route was by Rail Road 140 miles to Augusta, over a barren sandy plain, with here and there a piece of low swamp ground. We arrived at 7 o'clock in the evening, in time

to take the car for Warrenton. There are *four* brethren residing in Augusta who are desirous of having their number become *odd*, by the addition of a good and true brother. This addition will soon be made, and then application will be made to the proper authorities for a charter to form a Lodge. At half past 7 we started for Warrenton, — miles distant, where we arrived about midnight, and proceeded by stage — miles to MILLEDGEVILLE, the capitol of the State, where we arrived on Tuesday at 9 o'clock. The Legislature was then in session, and the houses both public and private were crowded with members and visitors. We repaired to the State House, and spent an hour in viewing the Halls of the Senate and House of Representatives, and in listening to the political speeches of the congregated wisdom of the State. At evening we visited Sylvan Lodge, No. 4, which was organized in July last, received its Warrant, and delivered the Charter, granted at the late session of G. Lodge of the U. S. The books of the Secretary and Treasurer have been kept in a creditable manner, and already is the Lodge in possession of a considerable fund. It numbers about sixty members—Wm. S. Rockwell, Esqr., was the first N. G., and to his ability and zeal, are we in a great measure indebted for its prosperity. On Wednesday the 8th, a procession was formed, consisting of the members of Sylvan Lodge, and several visiting brethren from Macon and Savannah, which proceeded from the Hall to the Methodist church, where after singing an Ode, prayer was offered by Rev. Br. Baring, Chaplain of the Lodge. Another Ode was then sung, and an Address illustrative of Odd-Fellowship was delivered by Col. Frederick H. Sanford, a member. The Orator stated the object and aim of the Institution—explained its principles, and faithfully met and vanquished the objections that have been urged against it. The house was crowded with people of both sexes, who paid the most marked attention to the eloquent Oration. Another Ode was sung and the procession returned to the Hall. A correspondent of the Savannah Republican having witnessed the display, speaks thus of it in that paper, "I have just witnessed one of the grandest processions that I ever saw. It was a procession of Odd-Fellows, who were assembled for the purpose of consecrating their Hall."—It was a beautiful procession, the regalia was new, and the Brethren in Milledgeville are gentlemen of high standing. The public display and the Oration, commended Odd-Fellowship to the assembled thousands.

The Hall is neat and convenient, and sufficiently large for that town. On entering it the Lodge was re-opened, and the ceremony of consecration performed. We had the honour of presiding on that interesting occasion, and after a few remarks, explanatory, a fervent and impressive Dedicatory prayer was offered by Rev. Br. Tallay, after which with the assistance of the Heralds, the Hall was consecrated to the uses and purposes of Odd-Fellowship in due and ancient form.

An extra meeting was ordered to be held on Thursday evening, to act upon the application of several members of the Legislature, and other gentlemen from different sections of the State. The Lodge will increase rapidly during the sitting of the Legislature, and from the character of its present members, it is safe to conclude it will be one of the best Lodges in that State.

On Thursday morning we took leave of our brethren in Milledgeville, and accompanied by several visiting brothers, we proceeded 30 miles by

stage to the beautiful and growing city of Macon. Franklin Lodge, No. 2, is located here—it was formed in January last, and its dues to the Grand Lodge for the first two months was \$143 34. On Thursday evening we visited this Lodge, examined its books, work, &c., and delivered its Charter. It is in good condition, and has 131 members. It has also *two* Past Grands, viz: Guy L. Warren and Hon. E. A. Nisbet. Capt. Isaac Holmes is its N. G., and John J. Gresham, Mayor of the city, V. G., under the management of such gentlemanly officers it cannot fail to prosper.

The brethren of Franklin Lodge deserve great credit for their zeal in procuring and fitting up a large and elegant Hall for their comfort and convenience. It is 60 by 30 feet—on each side there are two elevations on which the seats are placed, and at the front of the seats on either side, are four pillars—from the ceiling, some three feet down the pillars, is suspended an elegant scarlet drapery, which extends around the Hall, and the floor is covered with a rich carpet.

The officers' stations are neatly fitted up, with their appropriate colors, and when the Hall is lighted, it presents a splendid appearance.

We have not seen a more spacious and elegant Odd Fellows' Hall than this, save the large Hall at Baltimore. It was pleasing to learn that Franklin Lodge, aware that another Lodge and an Encampment was about to be formed, had with a generous and commendable spirit, unanimously *resolved* to grant them the use of their Hall, and furniture for their meetings.

On Friday afternoon, we met the applicants for United Brothers' Lodge No. 5, at the Hall, and instituted said Lodge, under the Charter granted at the late session of the Grand Lodge U. S. Six brothers were admitted by card. Eight gentlemen were proposed for initiation, and subsequently three were initiated. The formation of this Lodge will doubtless give a new impetus to the Order in that city, and under its zealous and persevering N. G. Br. James Wood, M. D., its increase and respectability will be great.

On the evening of this day we met the applicants for Ocmulgee Encampment, No. 2, and assisted by Patriarchs George A. Kimberly, J. R. Howell and John J. Jones, conferred on them the several Encampment degrees. They then signed an application with Patriarchs Kimberly, Howell and Jones, for the formation of the Camp. An Encampment was opened, the officers elected and installed, the Charter presented, and the Encampment was duly instituted. Patriarch Kimberly, as S. W., proclaimed it duly organized, as Ocmulgee Encampment No. 2.

Several brothers were proposed, and at a meeting on the following night, *five* were exalted to the R. P. D. This Encampment has procured a splendid set of furniture and regalia, from the regalia store of Br. Sisco in Baltimore, and will do a large amount of work during the coming winter.

The Order in Macon is much respected, and numbers among its members the elite of the city. It will 'go on' in order and harmony to greater prosperity. On Monday the 13th in company with P. G. Guy L. Warren, we started for Savannah, the city where the first altar to Odd-Fellowship was reared in Georgia. Our journey was by Rail Road, 197 miles, the longest line of Rail Road in the U. S. It is in good order, and cannot be called a 'rough road.' We arrived at Savannah at 7 o'clock, and put up with Br. Montgomery, of the Mansion House. After having refreshed ourselves, we repaired to Washington Hall, where we found several Past

Grands, who gave us an Odd-Fellow's welcome, and rejoiced the more that our mission was for the purpose of organizing a Grand Lodge.

Past Grands Alvan N. Miller, John Dorsett, Gilbert Butler, E. S. Kempton, presented their certificates from Oglethorpe, No. 1. Guy L. Warren from Franklin, No. 2. Elisha Parsons, Geo. W. Miller and Edward J. Jones from Live Oak, No. 3. The R. W. Grand Lodge of Georgia was then instituted in due and ancient form, under a Charter granted at the late session of the Grand Lodge U. S. The officers installed are brethren of intelligence, who manifest a devotedness to Odd-Fellowship; and under their administration its interests will be guarded, and the commanding position it has assumed in that State will be fully sustained. There are two other Past Grands who have not yet entered the Grand Lodge, but will at the first convenient opportunity—they will be able co-adjutors in the cause—viz: Hon. E. A. Nisbet, of Macon, and Wm. S. Rockwell, Esq., of Milledgeville. The Grand Lodge received an application from brethren at Columbus, and granted a Charter for the formation of a Lodge in that city. There will be early applications for Lodges in several towns and villages; and before the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge, which will be in August next, Odd-Fellowship will have erected its altars in almost every section of the State.

We heartily congratulate the Brethren on having a Grand Lodge; there were five Subordinates at the time of its formation—all doing well. We have had opportunity of knowing their condition from their organization, having instituted them all, except Sylvan, No. 4, which was opened by P. G. M. John H. Honour, of this city. They have been very exact in the work of the Order, and punctual in making their returns and paying dues, and their own Grand Lodge may well be proud of them. In no State does the Order promise a higher degree of respectability and usefulness than in Georgia. During our stay at Savannah, we examined the state of Oglethorpe and Live Oak Lodges, and found them increasing the number of their members rapidly—their funds are considerable, and well guarded, and there are very few of the best men in the city, without the pale of one or the other of the Lodges. We delivered the Charter to Live Oak Lodge, and its proper Charter to Magnolia Encampment, No. 1. The latter was instituted in August last—has purchased from Br. Sisco a splendid Camp equipage and regalia, and has about thirty members. It will number as many more in its return on the last of December next.

On Tuesday evening the 14th, we took leave of our kind brethren, and embarked on board the steamer Charleston, for this city, where we arrived on Wednesday at 12 o'clock, M.:—having made a tour of — miles—visited the principle cities of Georgia—seen the growing condition of our beloved Order—felt the fraternal grip, and experienced the kindness of many a generous Odd-Fellow, we feel encouraged to renew our diligence in promoting the interests of our beloved Institution, and reverently thank the Kind Being who has sanctioned its principles, and whose blessings has so manifestly attended it.

A. CASE.

Charleston, Nov. 15, 1843.

P. S.—The design of the Covenant and Official Magazine is to diffuse a knowledge of the Order—promote its interests—expound and defend its principles. It is my opinion that the *good* of the Order demands its continuance, and that the *honor* of the Order is concerned in rendering it an adequate support!

CORRESPONDENCE

On the presentation of a Seal to Florida Lodge, No. 1, by P. G. Darius Parkhurst.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 13, 1843.

OFFICERS AND BROTHERS OF FLORIDA LODGE, No. 1, I. O. O. F.

After an absence of two years from you, and although unknown to most of you at the present time, still the remembrance of being one of the number in establishing our beloved Order in Florida, excites within my breast emotions which none but an Odd-Fellow can feel; it has long been my most earnest desire to send the Lodge some small token, whereby the brothers may know that they are still remembered by me, although my name may be unknown to most of them: and I look back to the day on which I had the honor of installing Florida Lodge with more pride than on any other act of my life.

Accompanying the letter I send you a Seal, which I beg you to accept, and adopt as the Seal of the Lodge. It is my own design, and the following is a description of it:

A field partly per cross, or quarterly—on a bend over all, argent, 3 arrows held by 3 links—on the first, gules, a grape twig and fruit—on the second, vert, a Palmetto Tree—on the third, argent, a canoe and paddle on water—on the fourth, azure, and oak twig and acorn. Crest, on a cushion an open hand, upon it an open heart.

Yours in F. L. and T.,

DARIUS PARKHURST.

(Reply.)

FLORIDA LODGE, No. 1, I. O. O. F. }

Jacksonville, E. F., Oct. 20, 1843. }

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—Your letter of the 13th ultimo has been received, together with a very elegant Seal, sent as a present to this Lodge.

For this handsome and appropriate token of remembrance from one whom we must always consider the Father of the Order in Florida, permit us to express our most heartfelt thanks: and be assured, dear Sir, that although personally unknown to many of us now members of this Lodge, the remembrance of your name has always been warmly cherished by each of us.

It would be useless for us, as Odd-Fellows to go into an elaborate treatise upon the benefits of our beloved institution. The almost unprecedented success and increase of the Order, not only throughout the United States, but in Europe, speak volumes in its favor. The broad principles of Benevolence and Charity are so well known and appreciated by every good Odd-Fellow, that he cannot but look back upon the hour in which his name was enrolled among us, as one of the brightest and most fortunate of his existence.

Permit us to renew our thanks for the kind wishes you express towards this Lodge, and that you may long live to see the benefits resulting from an institution, the prosperity of which you have so much at heart, is the fervent prayer of

Your friends and brothers in Odd-Fellowship,

CYRUS BISBEE, N. G.

GEO. GROUARD, V. G.

A. D. HALL, Sec'y.

To Bro. DARIUS PARKHURST, P. G., Albany, N. Y.

PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

Sabbatis Lodge, No. 6, Augusta, Maine.

MARYLAND.—Grand Lodge of—Baltimore, meets quarterly, 15th January, April, July, October.

J. J. JOHNSTON, M. W. G. M.

JNO. A. THOMPSON, R. W. G. Sec'y.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Washington, No. 1,	Baltimore,	Monday
Franklin,	2,	do.
Columbia,	3,	do.
Wm. Tell,	4,	do.
Gratitude,	5,	do.
Harmony,	6,	do.
Friendship,	7,	do.
Marion,	8,	do.
Jefferson,	9,	do.
Union,	16,	do.
Miller,	18,	Easton,
Morning Star,	20,	Havre-de-Grace,
Mount Pisgah,	24,	Port Deposit,
Mount Vernon,	26,	Abingdon,
Philip Reed,	29,	Chestertown,
Potomac,	31,	Hagerstown,
Mount Moriah,	32,	Clear Spring,
Aaron,	33,	Williamsport,
Chosen Friends	34,	Cumberland,
Adam,	35,	Frederick,
La Grange,	36,	Sharpsburgh,
Covenant,	37,	Hancock,
Benevolent,	38,	Middletown,
Neilson,	39,	Hillsborough,
Centre,	40,	Ellicott's Mills,

Grand Encampment—Baltimore, meets quarterly 1st Friday in January, April, July and October.

JACOB MEARIS, G. Patriarch,

G. D. TUCKSBURY, Scribe.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

Jerusalem, No. 1,	Baltimore,	Friday
Salem,	2,	do.
Zion,	3,	Cambridge,
Jacob,	4,	Easton,
Bethlehem,	5,	Chestertown,
Galena,	6,	Hagerstown,
Mount Carmel,	7,	Cumberland,
Evening Star,	8,	Havre-de-Grace,

MASSACHUSETTS.—Grand Lodge of—Boston, quarterly.

Rev. E. H. CHAPIN, M. W. G. M.

WM. HILLIARD, R. W. G. Sec'y.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Massachusetts, No. 1,	Boston,	Mon.
Siloam,	2,	do.
New England,	4,	E. Cambridge,
Merrimac,	7,	Lowell,
Suffolk,	8,	Boston,
Chrystal Fount,	9,	Woburn,
Oriental,	10,	Boston,
Mechanics,	11,	Lowell,
Bethel,	12,	W. Cambridge,
Navareno,	13,	Wane Village,
Banker Hill,	14,	Charlestown,
Tremont,	15,	Boston,
Covenant,	16,	do.
Middlesex,	17,	Malden,

ENCAMPMENTS.

Massasoit, No. 1,	Boston,	1 & 3 Fri.
Trimount,	2,	do.
Menotomy,	3, W. Cambridge,	2 & 4 Fri.
Monomake,	4, Lowell,	2 & 4 Thur.
Banker Hill,	5, Charlestown,	1 & 3 Wed.

DGREE LODGE.

Union,	No. 1, Boston,	Friday.
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NEW YORK.—Grand Lodge of—meets quarterly.

E. WAINWRIGHT, M. W. G. M.

JNO. G. TREADWELL, R. W. G. Sec'y.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Columbia, No. 1,	New York,	Thursday
City Phil.,	5, Albany,	Friday
Union,	8,	do.

Tompkins,	9, New York,	Tuesday
New York,	10,	do.
Gettys,	11,	do.
Germania,	13,	do.
Teutonia,	14,	do.
Ger. Colonial,	16, Albany,	do.
La Fayette,	18, Chan'ville,	Thursday
Firemen's,	19, Albany,	do.
Manhattan,	20, New York,	Monday
Poughkeepsie,	21, Poughkeepsie,	do.
Knickerb'ker,	22, New York,	Thursday
Mariner's,	23,	do.
Franklin,	24, Troy,	Wednesday
Niagara,	25, Buffalo,	Monday
Brooklyn,	26, Brooklyn,	Tuesday
Trojan,	27, Troy,	Monday
Ark,	28, New York,	Wednesday
Star,	29, Lansingburgh,	Tuesday
National,	30, New York,	Monday
Olive Branch,	31,	do.
American,	32, Albany,	do.
Metropolitan,	33, New York,	Friday
Marion,	34,	do.
Covenant,	35,	do.
Enterprise,	36,	do.
Buffalo,	37, Buffalo,	do.
Watervliet,	38, West Troy,	Monday
Nassau,	39, Brooklyn,	Thursday
Greenwich,	40, New York,	Monday
Phoenix,	41, Albany,	Wednesday
Meridian,	42, New York,	do.
Concorde,	43,	do.
Harmony,	44,	do.
Kings County,	45, Willia'burgh	Wednesday
Jefferson,	46, New York,	Tuesday
Mercantile,	47,	do.
Tchoseroron,	48, Buffalo,	Thursday
Hancock,	49, New York,	Wednesday
Atlantic,	50, Brooklyn,	Monday
Genesee,	51, Rochester,	Friday
Unit. Brothers,	52, New York,	Tuesday
Rensselaer,	53, Troy,	do.
Whitehall,	54, Whitehall,	Thursday
Courtland,	55, Peekskill,	Wednesday
Halcyon,	56, Troy,	Thursday
Mutual,	57, New York,	Monday
Grove,	58,	do.
Dutchess,	59, Poughkeepsie,	Wednesday
Howard,	60, New York,	do.
Williams'brg	61, Willia'burgh	Tuesday
Long Island,	63, Brooklyn,	Friday
Empire,	64, New York,	Tuesday
Highland,	65, Newburgh,	do.
Fulton,	66, Brooklyn,	Wednesday
Commercial,	67, New York,	Tuesday
Oriental,	68,	do.
Teoronto,	69, Rochester,	Monday
Oneida,	70, Utica,	Thursday
Ithaca,	71, Ithaca,	Friday
Mohawk Val.	72, Schenectady,	Monday
Mt. Vernon,	73, New York,	Friday
Orange Co.,	74, Newburgh,	Wednesday
Cryptic,	75, Peekskill,	Friday
Rockland Co.,	76, Haverstraw,	Thursday
Westchester,	77, Tarrytown,	Monday
Croton,	78, New York,	Wednesday
Onondago,	79, Syracuse,	Friday
Cayuga,	80, Auburn,	Thursday
Jamaica,	81, Jamaica,	Tuesday
German Oak,	82, New York,	Friday
Piermont,	83, Piermont,	Tuesday
Chelsea,	84, New York,	Friday
Pacific,	85, Flushing,	Monday
Kosciusko,	86, Kingston,	Wednesday
Fidelity,	87, New York,	Friday
Richmond Co.	88, Factoryville,	Wednesday
Putnam,	89, West Farms,	Thursday
Suffolk,	90, Sag Harbor,	Monday

DGREE LODGES.

New York,	1, New York,	Wednesday
Bowery,	2,	do.
Erie,	3, Buffalo,	2 & 4 Wed.

Hudson, 4, New York, Saturday
 Unit. Brothers, 5, do. Wednesday
 Clinton, 6, do. Saturday
 Rensselaer, 7, Troy, Wednesday
 Ridgely, 8, do. Friday
 Dutchess, 9, Channingville, Saturday
 Selby, 10, Poughkeepsie, Friday
 Albany City, 11, Albany, Thursday
 Monroe, 12, Rochester, Tuesday
 Franklin, 13, Brooklyn, 1 & 3 Frid.
 Washington, 14, Williamsburgh " "
 Excelsior, 15, Albany, Tuesday
 Grand Encampment—meets at New York city, semi-annually.

HARVEY F. AUBERY, G. P.

JAMES EARNEST, G. S.

SUBORDINATE CAMPS.

Mt. Hebron, 2, New York, 2 & 4 Frid.
 Mt. Sinai, 3, do. 1 & 3 "
 Troy, 4, Troy, 1 & 3 "
 Es-hakkore, 5, Albany, 2 & 4 "
 Mosaic, 6, New York, 1 & 3 "
 Salem, 7, Brooklyn, 2 & 4 "
 Mt. Vernon, 8, Buffalo, 1 & 3 "
 Palestine, 9, New York, 2 & 4 "
 Mt. Olivet, 10, Williamsburgh 1 & 3 "
 Mount Hope, 11, Rochester, do. "
 Mount Horeb, 12, New York, 2 & 4 Mond.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Grand Lodge of —meets at Philadelphia, quarterly.

JOSEPH BROWN, M. W. G. M.

WILLIAM CURTIS, R. W. G. Sec'y.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Pennsylvania, No. 1, Philadelphia, Wed.
 Washington, 2, " Tues.
 Wayne, 3, " Mond.
 Morning Star, 4, " Friday
 Franklin, 5, " Thurs.
 Gen'l. Marion, 6, " Friday
 Herman, 7, N. Liberties, Tues.
 Rising Sun, 8, Frankfort, Satur.
 Mechanics', 9, Pittsburgh, Thurs.
 Philomatheon, 10, Germantown, Satur.
 Kensington, 11, N. Liberties, Wed.
 Philadelphia, 13, Philadelphia, "
 Wildey, 14, Frankford, Satur.
 Philanthropic, 15, Philadelphia, Tues.
 La Fayette, 18, " Thurs.
 Amity, 19, " "
 Miners', 20, Pottsville, Satur.
 Teutonia, 21, Philadelphia, Mond.
 Friendship, 23, " Tues.
 Western Star, 24, Pittsburgh, Mond.
 Penn, 26, N. Liberties, "
 Schuylkill, 27, Port Carbon, Tues.
 Heneosis Adelphon, 28, N. Liberties, Thurs.
 Robert Morris, 29, Philadelphia, Wed.
 Manayunk, 31, Manayunk, Satur.
 Decatur, 33, Philadelphia, Wed.
 Benevolent, 40, Vil. Green, 2 & 3 Sat.
 Hancock, 43, Philadelphia, Friday
 Hayden, 44, Pottsville, Thurs.
 William Tell, 45, Pittsburgh, Satur.
 Girard, 53, Pottsville, Friday
 Independence, 55, Philadelphia, Thurs.
 Social, 56, Minersville, Satur.
 Montgomery, 57, Norristown, "
 Cambria, 58, Carbondale, "
 Montgomery, 59, Reading, Thurs.
 Concordia, 60, Catawissa, 1 & 3 Sat.
 Adam, 61, Philadelphia, Mond.
 Beaver Meadow, 62, Beaver Meadow, Sat.
 Hand-in-Hand, 63, Philadelphia, Tues.
 Gomer, 64, Birmingham, Satur.
 Hazelton, 65, Hazelton, "
 Roxborough, 66, Roxborough, "
 Lancaster, 67, Lancaster, Thurs.
 Harrisburgh, 68, Harrisburg, Wed.
 Peace-and-Plenty, 69, Easton, "
 State Capitol, 70, Harrisburgh, Tues.
 Allen, 71, Allentown, Satur.

Evening Star, 72, Milestown, Satur.
 Delaware, 73, Easton, Tues.
 Mount Zion, 74, York, Wed.
 Columbus, 75, Chamb'sburgh, Thur.
 Mauch Chunk, 76, Mauch Chunk, "
 Brotherly Love, 77, Kurtztown, Satur.
 Keystone, 78, Bethlehem, Thurs.
 Howard, 79, Honesdale, Wed.
 Susquehanna, 80, Columbia, Satur.
 National, 81, Washington, "
 Charity, 82, Halifax, "
 Lehigh, 83, Allentown, Thurs.
 Friendly, 84, Millerstown, Wed.
 Mutual, 85, Milton, "
 Grand Encampment—meets at Philadelphia.

J. S. L. LANGER, G. P.

L. L. PAWLEY, G. S.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

Philadelphia, No. 1, Philadel., 1 & 3 Tues.
 Pittsburgh, 2, Pittsburgh, " Satur.
 Morning Star, 3, Frankford, " Wed.
 Franklin, 4, Pottsville, " Satur.
 La Fayette, 5, Philadel., " Frid.
 Mount Olive, 6, Kensington, " Frid.
 Walhalla, 7, " 2 & 4 Frid.
 Hebron, 8, Reading, 1 & 3 Satur.
 Andrew Jackson, 9, Manayunk, " "
 Dauphin, 10, Harrisburgh, 1 & 3 Fri.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA —

Grand Lodge meets at city of Washington, quarterly.

HUGH LATHAM, M. W. G. M.

UNAS HURST, R. W. G. Sec'y.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Central, No. 1, Washington city, Friday
 Washington, 6, do. Tuesday
 Eastern, 7, do. Friday
 Potomac, 8, Alexandria, Friday
 Harmony, 9, Washington, Monday
 Columbia, 10, " Thursday
 Union, 11, " Wednesday
 Friendship, 12, " Thursday
 Covenant, 13, " Monday

ENCAMPMENTS.

Columbia, No. 1, Washington, last Wednesday
 Marley, 2, Alexandria, 2 & 4 Monday

DELAWARE.—Grand Lodge meets at Wilmington, quarterly.

JOHN HARP, M. W. G. M.

WILLIAM WOODCOCK, R. W. G. Sec'y.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Delaware, No. 1, Wilmington, Monday
 Bayard, 3, Laurel, Saturday
 Mechanics', 4, Wilmington, "
 Washington, 5, New Castle, "
 Morning Star, 6, Smyrna, Wednesday

LOUISIANA.—Grand Lodge meets at the City of New Orleans, quarterly.

G. W. CABLE, M. W. G. M.

A. Mondelli, R. W. G. Sec'y.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Louisiana, No. 1, New Orleans, Friday
 Feliciana, 4, Bayou Sara, Thursday
 Union, 6, New Orleans, Monday

ENCAMPMENTS.

Wildey, No. 1, New Orleans, 1 & 3 Sun.

OHIO.—Grand Lodge meets at Cincinnati, quarterly.

THOMAS SHERLOCK, M. W. G. M.

SAML. W. CORWIN, R. W. G. Sec'y.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Ohio, No. 1, Cincinnati, Monday
 Washington, 2, do. Tuesday
 Cincinnati, 3, do. Wednesday
 Franklin, 4, do. Thursday
 Montgomery, 5, Dayton, Wednesday
 Jefferson, 6, Steubenville, Tuesday
 Charity, 7, Lancaster, Monday

Piqua,	8, Piqua,	Wednesday
Columbus,	9, Columbus,	Monday
Wayne,	10, Dayton,	Tuesday
Warren,	11, Franklin,	Monday
Union,	12, Warrenton,	Saturday
Cleveland,	13, Cleveland,	Wednesday
Harmony,	14, Rossville,	Tuesday
Lebanon,	15, Lebanon,	Wednesday
Hope,	16, Middletown,	Thursday

Grand Encampment meets at Cincinnati, semi-annually.

CHARLES THOMAS, G. Patriarch.

ALT HARVIE, G. Scribe.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

Wilkey,	No. 1, Cincinnati,	1 & 3 Frid.
Dayton,	2, Dayton,	do.
Nimrod,	3, Steubenville,	2 & 4 Frid.
Cleveland,	4, Cleveland,	do.
Piqua,	5, Piqua,	do.

NEW JERSEY.—Grand Lodge meets at Trenton quarterly.

EDW. D. WELDS, M. W. G. M.

JOS. H. HOUGH, R. W. G. Sec'y.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Trenton,	No. 1, Trenton,	Tuesday
Concordia,	4, do.	Wednesday
N. Brunswick,	6, N. Brunswick,	Tuesday
Howard,	7, Newark,	Monday
New Ark,	8, do.	Friday
Franklin,	9, Elizab'thtown,	Monday
Nassau,	10, Princeton,	Thursday
Friendship,	11, Newark,	do.
La Fayette,	12, Orange,	do.
Covenant,	13, Belvidere,	do.
Hudson,	14, Jersey City,	Monday
Levi Lenape,	15, Lambertville,	Tuesday
Bordenstone,	16, Bordenstone,	Monday
Madison,	17, Allentown,	Thursday
Clinton,	18, Clinton,	Monday
Mount Holly,	19, Mount Holly,	Wednesday
Moumouth,	20, Freehold,	do.
Washington,	21, Salem,	do.

Grand Encampment meets at Trenton semi-annually.

G. Patriarch.

EDW. D. WELD, G. Scribe.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

Trenton,	No. 2, Trenton,	1 & 3 Thur.
Mt. Arrarat,	3, Newark,	1 & 3 Wed.
Olive Branch,	4, Trenton,	1 & 3 Frid.
Mount Sinai,	5, Jersey City,	1 & 3 Mond.

KENTUCKY.—Grand Lodge of—meets at Louisville, quarterly.

JAMES S. LITHGOW, M. W. G. M.

A. W. R. HARRIS, R. W. G. Sec'y.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Boone,	No. 1, Louisville,	Monday
Chosen Friends,	2, do.	Tuesday
Washington,	3, Covington,	Wednesday
Lorraine,	4, Louisville,	do.
Friendship,	5, Lexington,	Friday
Capital,	6, Frankfort,	Monday
Franklin,	7, Lancaster,	Saturday
Central,	8, Danville,	Tuesday
Social,	9, Stanford,	Wednesday
Union,	10, Nicholasville,	Saturday
La Fayette,	11, Georgetown,	Tuesday
De Kalb,	12, Maysville,	Monday
Strangers' Rest,	13, Henderson,	Saturday
Madison,	14, Richmond,	Tuesday

Grand Encampment meets at Louisville, quarterly.

JAS. S. LITHGOW, G. Patriarch,

S. S. BARNES, G. Scribe.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

Mount Horeb,	No. 1, Louisville,	1 & 3 Mond.
Olive Branch,	2, Covington,	2 & 4 do.
Moreah,	3, Lexington,	1 & 3 Thurs.
Pilgrim,	4, Frankfort,	" "

VIRGINIA.—R. W. Grand Lodge meets at Richmond, semi-annually.

THEODORE C. BENTEN, M. W. G. M.

ALEX. M. BROOKS, R. W. G. Sec'y.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Virginia,	No. 1, Harper's Ferry,	Mon.
Washington,	2, Norfolk,	do.
Virginus,	3, Wheeling,	do.
Jefferson,	4, Richmond,	Mon.
Old Dominion,	5, Portsmouth,	Friday
Madison,	6, Winchester,	Wed.
Union,	7, Richmond,	Friday
Monroe,	8, Petersburg,	Mon.
La Fayette,	9, Norfolk,	do.
Friendship,	10, Richmond,	Tues
Wilkey,	11, Charlestown,	Satur.
Powhatan,	12, Richmond,	Wed.
Franklin,	13, Wheeling,	Mon.
Rappahannock,	14, Fredericksburgh,	do.
Patrick Henry,	15, Hampton,	Satur.
Appomattox,	16, Petersburg,	Friday
Lynchburgh,	17, Lynchburgh,	Thurs.
St. Paul's,	18, Princess Ann C. H.,	do.
Harmony,	19, Norfolk,	do.
Smithfield,	20, Smithfield,	Mon.
Maffit,	21, Martinsburgh,	Satur.
Pythagoras,	22, Lynchburgh,	Friday

Grand Encampment meets at Portsmouth, annually.

J. HULL, G. Patriarch,

WM. G. WEBB, G. Scribe.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

Abrams,	No. 1, Wheeling,	2 & 4 Thurs.
Neilson,	2, Richmond,	" "
Wilkey,	3, Portsmouth,	" "
Jerusalem,	4, Norfolk,	" "
Widows' Friend,	5, Winchester,	" "
Glazier,	7, Petersburg,	" "
Virginia,	8, Lynchburgh,	" "
Damascus,	9, Smithfield,	" "
Salem,	10, Hampden,	" "

INDIANA.—Grand Lodge meets at Madison, quarterly.

NOAH H. COBB, M. W. G. M.

A. S. BERRYHILL, R. W. G. Sec'y.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Monroe,	No. 2, Madison,	Monday
Jefferson,	3, Jeffersonville,	do.
Friendship,	4, Rising Sun,	Tuesday
Vevay,	6, Vevay,	Thursday
Morning Star,	7, Evansville,	do.
Union,	8, Lauren'burgh,	do.
Patriot,	9, Patriot,	Saturday
New Albany,	19, New Albany,	Thursday
Washington,	11, Madison,	do.
Neilson,	12, Logans Port,	do.

ENCAMPMENTS.

Wilkey, No. 1, Madison, 1st Tuesday

MISSISSIPPI.—Grand Lodge meets quarterly at Natchez.

R. GRIFFITH, M. W. G. M.

J. B. DICKS, R. W. G. Sec'y.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Mississippi,	1, Natchez,	Wednesday
Washington,	2, do.	Thursday
Warren,	3, Vicksburgh,	do.
Grenada,	6, Grenada,	Friday
Macon,	8, Vicksburgh,	Wednesday
William Dale,	9, Liberty,	do.
Wilkinson,	10, Woodville,	do.
Capitol,	11, Jackson,	Thursday

ENCAMPMENTS.

Wilkey, No. 1, Natchez.

MISSOURI.—Grand Lodge meets at St. Louis, quarterly.

R. CATHCART, M. W. G. M.

ROBERT CAREY, R. W. G. Sec'y.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Travel Rest, 1, City St. Louis, Monday
 Wildey, 2, do. Tuesday
 Germania, 3, do. Thursday
 Far West, 4, Boonville, Monday
 Saint Louis, 5, City St. Louis, Saturday
 West. Light, 6, Weston, do.

ENCAMPMENTS.

Wildey, No. 1, St. Louis, Friday

ILLINOIS.—Grand Lodge meets at Springfield, quarterly.

LI COOK, M. W. G. M.

THOS. J. BURNS, R. W. G. Sec'y.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Western Star, 1, Alton, Monday
 Alton, 2, do. Tuesday
 Clarke, 3, Greenville, Saturday
 Illini, 4, Jacksonville, do.
 Wildey, 5, Galena, do.
 Sangamon, 6, Springfield, Monday
 Jefferson, 7, Bellville, Friday
 Washington, 8, Springfield, Tuesday

ENCAMPMENTS.

Lebanon, No. 3, Springfield, 1 & 2 Frid.

REPUBLIC OF TEXAS.—G. Lodge meets quarterly at Houston.

JOHN W. NILES, M. W. G. M.

WM. McLEAN, R. W. G. Sec'y.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Lone Star, No. 1, Houston, Monday
 Harmony, 2, do. Friday
 Galveston, 3, Galveston, Wednesday

CONNECTICUT.—Grand Lodge meets at New Haven, quarterly.

R. S. HINMAN, M. W. G. M.

A. C. HEITMAN, R. W. G. Sec'y.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Quinnipiac, 1, New Haven, Monday
 Charter Oak, 2, Hartford, Tuesday
 Middlesex, 3, East Haddam, Wednesday
 Pequannock, 4, Bridgeport, Tuesday
 Harmony, 5, New Haven, Tuesday
 Ousatonic, 6, Derby, Monday
 Samaritan, 7, Danbury, Wednesday
 Mercantile, 8, Hartford, Wednesday
 Thames, 9, New London, Monday
 Our Brothers, 10, Norwalk, Wednesday
 Uncas, 11, Norwich, Friday
 Central, 12, Middletown, Thursday

Grand Encampment meets quarterly at New Haven.

R. S. HINMAN, G. Patriarch,

W. E. SANFORD, G. Scribe.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

Sasacus, No. 1, New Haven, 1st Friday
 Oriental, 2, East Haddam, 2 & last do.
 Palmyra, 3, Norwich, do. do.

TENNESSEE.—Grand Lodge meets at Nashville, quarterly.

WILKINS F. TANNEHILL, M. W. G. M.
 L. L. LORING, R. W. G. Sec'y.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Tennessee, No. 1, Nashville, Tuesday
 Nashville, 2, do. Thursday
 Columbia, 3, Columbia, Wednesday
 Spring Hill, 4, Spring Hill, Thursday
 Washington, 5, Dresden, Saturday
 Memphis, 6, Memphis, Thursday

ENCAMPMENTS.

Ridgely, No. 1, Nashville, 2 & 4 Saturday
 Washington, 2, Columbia, " "

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Grand Lodge meets at Charleston, quarterly.

P. D. TORRE, M. W. G. M.

J. A. GYLES, R. W. G. Sec'y.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

South Carolina, No. 1, Charleston, Wednes.

Marion, No. 2, Charleston, Friday
 Howard, 3, do. Thurs.
 Jefferson, 4, do. Tuesday
 Palmetto, 5, Columbia, Friday
 De Kalb, 6, Winnsboro, Monday
 Aiken, 7, Aiken, Wednes.
 La Fayette, 8, Chesterville, Monday

Grand Encampment meets at Charleston.

PETER D. TORRE, G. P.

S. A. HURLBUT, G. S.

SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

Palmetto, No. 1, Charleston,
 Eutaw, 2, Columbia,
 Ashley, 3, Charleston,

ALABAMA.—Grand Lodge meets at Mobile, quarterly.

E. SALOMON, M. W. G. M.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Alabama, No. 1, Mobile, Tuesday
 Mobile, 2, do. Wednesday
 Chosen Friends, 3, do. Thursday,

ENCAMPMENT.

Mt. Arrarat, No. 1, Mobile, Friday

NORTH CAROLINA.—Grand Lodge meets at Wilmington, quarterly.

JNO. CAMPBELL, M. W. G. M.

W. S. G. ANDREWS, R. W. G. Sec'y.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Weldon, No. 1, Weldon, Tuesday
 Cape Fear, 2, Wilmington, do.
 Washington, 3, Murfreesboro, Friday

ENCAMPMENTS.

Campbell, No. 1, Wilmington,
 Bain, 2, Murfreesboro,

GEORGIA.—Grand Lodge meets at Savannah.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Oglethorpe, 1, Savannah,
 Franklin, 2, Macon, do.
 Live Oak, 3, Savannah,
 Sylvan, 4, Milledgeville,
 Unit. Brothers, 5, Macon

ENCAMPMENTS.

Magnolia, No. 1, Savannah,
 Ocmulgee, 2, Milledgeville,

RHODE ISLAND.

Fri'dly Union, 1, Providence,
 Eagle, 2, do.

MAINE.

Maine, No. 1, Portland, Monday
 Saco, 2, Saco, Tuesday
 Georgian, 3, Thomastown, Monday
 An't Brothers, 4, Portland, Thursday
 Ligonian, 5, Thomastown, Saturday
 Sabbatis, 6, Augusta, do.

ENCAMPMENTS.

Machigonne, 1, Portland, 1 & 3 Tues.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Granite, No. 1, Nashua,
 Hillsborough, 2, Hillsborough
 Wechamet, 3, Dover.

CANADA.

Prin. of Wales, 1, Montreal,
 Queens, 2, do.

IOWA TERRITORY.

Iowa, No. 1, Mineral Point,

WISCONSIN TERRITORY.

Milwaukee, 2, Milwaukee,

E. FLORIDA.

Florida, 1, Jackson,
 Kennedy, 2, Black Creek.

I. O. O. F.

THE COVENANT

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VOL. III.

FEBRUARY, 1844.

No. 2.

LECTURE.

BY R. W. GIBBS, M. D.*

BROTHERS OF THE I. O. O. F.—

THE history of the origin and progress of our Order is familiar to most of you. The frequency of our Lectures and the numerous addresses which have been published have rendered the subject trite, and but for the presence of newly initiated members, I might pass without notice the condition of our Institution to consider the immediate object of this evening's Lecture.

To the periodicals of the Order I would refer for that history which traces our fraternity to a remote antiquity, and merely allude to the fact that our present organization was adopted in England during the close of the last century. To Manchester is due the credit of originating the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, and here arose that small stream in a new channel from an old fountain, which has expanded with its progress to the deep and powerful current of a river. Yes—our principles have “grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength,” acquiring influence and power in their extension, bearing down all obstacles with more ease as they advanced, and merging in their flowing mass of pure and tranquil transparency the turbid rivulets of opposition, that seemed to disturb their noble course. Time will not allow me to follow the steady stream, giving off its numerous branches to refresh the social character of different lands, by diffusing the benefits of Friendship, Love and Truth, nor can I do more than allude to the period when the spring opened and established in our own favoured land. It is but twenty-four years since Odd-Fellowship acquired “a local habitation and a name” in the United States, and Baltimore

* Delivered before Palmetto Lodge, No. 5, at Columbia, S. C., Nov. 24, 1843.

is the capitol where its genial influence has been dispensed. Although our Order was introduced in 1819, it was not until 1828 that much interest was exhibited in its extension. Since that period it has spread over the land with a rapid stride, and bids fair to be the first among the many institutions whose object is *Charity*. During the last year there have been initiated into the numerous Lodges in the United States upwards of 8000 members, and in South Carolina we now have eight Subordinate Lodges with nearly 1200. We also have three Encampments of the higher order, and Past Officers enough for the recent organization of a Grand Camp.

The aggregate income of the Order in the U. States for the past year was \$163,700, of which \$50,000 has been expended for purposes of Benevolence and Charity, "which nobody can deny." In our own State the income of our Lodges has amounted to \$10,000, and a full proportion has been applied to the objects of our existence. Such is a condensed summary of our present condition in a numerical and financial point of view.

And what shall I say, brothers, of "our being's end and aim"—

"It smiles around, with boundless beauty blest,
And Heaven beholds its image in its breast."

We are banded together for "Friendship, Love and Truth," and for "the diffusion of the principles of Benevolence and Charity."

Man is a social being—he is a dependant one. The incomprehensible mind acting upon the wonderful organization of the corporeal mechanism prompts him to fellowship with his kind—mutual relations from necessities and interests, real or fancied, establish mysterious and powerful feelings, and sympathies arise to fix and perpetuate a bond of union of separate individual natures. The history of the world is full of examples of this delightful influence established among the members of the human family although it has been a theme for the poet to denounce, as

"On earth unseen,
And only found, to warm the turtle's nest."

What is Friendship? It is the practice of that great precept of the only perfect man the world has seen, "Do unto others what ye would that they should do unto you." Love is the basis of this maxim, and Friendship is the result of its application. It teaches us to feel an interest in the pleasures and pains, the prosperity and adversity, the happiness or misery of our fellow-mortals—and feeling thus, to contribute all we can to advance the former or alleviate the latter. Friendship prompts us to appreciate the good qualities and extenuate the faults and errors of our neighbours—to look with joy upon their advancement, and "more in sorrow than in anger" upon their treating us with feelings opposite to our own. It is the part of Friendship to have *faith* in our brethren—to confide in those we deem worthy, and encourage to better conduct such as have deviated from the paths of propriety—that they may be tempted by kind feelings to "feel the luxury of doing good."—Friendship is the pure feeling of interest in the well-being of the object of our attachment, apart from any personal interest of our own. In its purity it induces us to prefer the success of others to our own prosperity.

It is the object of Odd-Fellowship to encourage and foster this worthy sympathy, and to cultivate and improve those finer feelings of our nature which characterize the supremacy of man over the brute. Our journey

through life is a rugged one at best, and our nature calls for aid from our fellows to support those troubles which but too clearly prove that

“Man was made to mourn.”

If we analyze farther the springs of Friendship, we would find numerous causes for its exercise, apart from the intrinsic excellence of its enjoyment. In union there is strength, and every great object is accomplished by concert of action among individuals, or combined influence of numbers. We all take more interest in any work where our exertions are appreciated, and when we feel that others are disposed to support us in any undertaking our individual labours are increased and our own disposition to effect our object is stimulated. This being our state of feeling when countenanced by others, it is reasonable that reflection should make us take a reciprocal interest in them, and thus is established that community of dependence which is a ground-work of Friendship. Our feelings and sentiments for others being thus based on a foundation of mutual sympathy, good will and brotherly love are the certain offsprings.

Such a feeling once established, frequent communication renders it a habit, and hence we derive permanent and lasting social connexion in society.

When we meet at the altar of Odd-Fellowship, is it not expected that we come with sincere hearts, and in accordance with our obligation, that we have no animosity to our brethren? If otherwise, it were better for us to remain at home, and avoid the hypocritical condition of professing what is far from our thoughts.

Do we meet within these sacred walls to go through the cold and formal routine of practices abhorrent to the candid and generous mind? Do we assemble here to look with suspicion and ill-will on the acts and dispositions of our brethren?

Do we congregate weekly to devise schemes and measures to counteract the efforts of those whose conscientious devotion to the objects of the Order perhaps render them conspicuous from zeal in a good cause? Surely not—we come together for good—we are labourers in the vineyard of Charity and Benevolence, and our object is to emulate the highest in the good work of advancing our principles. With such feelings and such objects we need but earnest exertion for success. Already has Odd-Fellowship spread its fostering wings far and wide—already has the good feeling and brotherly love of communities centred in the focus of our Order, and given out the condensed light which brightens the condition and prospects of the worthy Odd-Fellow.

And is our object only to alleviate the sufferings of our sick or distressed brother—to pour the balm of consolation into the widowed heart or to provide sustenance for the body, and mental food for the mind of the desolate and fatherless? No—we are bound to these purposes—we are obligated to these objects—and they are our regular and necessary dispensations. But not the less are we interested in preserving brotherly love—the aid we derive from our brethren is spiritless and chilling if coming from laws and not from love. We should take pleasure in soothing the wounded feelings and healing the breaches which arise from misconception of motives, or misapprehension of acts among our brethren.—Our institution is for social purposes utterly worthless, unless we can dwell

together in unity, and Odd-Fellowship is a name of literal translation, if hostilities exist among its votaries.

In the cultivation of Friendship in addition to the individual benefit arising from it, we owe much to the character of our Order and its moral influence in the community. We profess Friendship—and shall this be a mere nominal example of the arrogance of union? Certainly not—we have principles—and we are to practise upon them. Our duty requires that we act up to what we profess, and our bearing and conduct out of the Order should prove to the world the beauty and value of having such moral influence to guide and protect us, and connect us with our fellow men.

While our necessary objects of union are to contribute aid in sickness, to smooth the rough pillow of disease, and soften the asperities of mental anguish, it is our incumbent obligation in health to cultivate brotherly love—to become better acquainted, and to give to each other the confidence and reliance worthy of our principles. One of our chief objects collectively and individually should be to bring about the settlement of all differences among brothers, and induce them to cultivate such a spirit of forbearance and kind feelings towards each other, as Odd-Fellowship inculcates. Each of us should feel it especially obligatory on him to use his influence to check and prevent difficulties arising among brothers—that the public interests of the Order may be advanced, while the private individuals are benefitted. Animosity and ill-feeling should be entirely banished, and each of us should strive to emulate the good by being zealous in a good cause. We should never forget the golden rule that by consulting a brother's interest we are always adding to our own—and that a good action carries with it its own reward, the consciousness of rectitude.

If an Odd-Fellow be unkind or uncharitable, or neglect his obligations to the Order, he contradicts his name, and instead of aiding the institution he becomes an injury to it; and it were better for him to leave the fraternity, if its principles do not influence his conduct.

In becoming Odd-Fellows we incur various obligations which we should remember.

First, our duty to the Order is that we contribute all in our power to render it respected in the community, and worthy of notice as an institution deserving public confidence. The objection which many good and estimable citizens have to secret associations creates an additional incentive to exhibit by acts, that our object is truly what we profess, and as our numbers are becoming great, it is due to the Order that we should adhere rigidly to all rules laid down for its governance, that its spirit and practices may never fall into disrepute. Our conduct as individuals affects the character of our union, and we should be particularly careful that by our acts in every respect, we should not throw discredit on our name.—The world is censorious, and individual carelessness or looseness of conduct is soon magnified into serious importance, and influences character in all its connections. Let a man of character violate the rules of morality, and the slightest and most venial error or neglect is noticed among his immediate associates, and even his children feel the obloquy of his conduct. The behaviour of individual members gives influence to our association, and upon us depends a strict injunction to discharge with fidelity and integrity all our obligations. With such an adherence to the rule of

right, our conduct and bearing in society will adorn the Order, and enhance Odd-Fellowship wherever it becomes located. There are many violations of moral rules not directly punishable by the rules of the Order, which do serious injury to its good name, hence it is becoming that our members should consider themselves, while communicating with their brethren, to be guided in all particulars by the strictest rules of morality, lest the Order be injured.

We owe a duty to Odd-Fellowship and its general character throughout the world, that no immoral man or one intemperate should be admitted to our communion. No one who violates decency in any particular in his conduct or associations should ever be allowed to continue amongst us—and we have a right to demand and require from our members a rigid compliance with our rules, which are based on the moral law.

The institution requires of us imperatively to admit no unworthy person to its benefits.

We owe another duty to the Order, of a practical bearing upon its usual weekly claims, which is to make ourselves familiar with its work and ceremonies—to fit ourselves for the discharge of all offices or appointments which the good of the Order requires, and to accept the same as honorable marks of confidence and trust to be attended to with punctuality, faithfulness and our best abilities. It is proper that every good Odd-Fellow should not shrink from any part which may be assigned to him, but diligently do what he can with a sincere and laudable feeling, to show that he works not for his own ambition or self-advancement, but for the interests of Odd-Fellowship.

He should also never forget how important it is to encourage each other in a strict attention to the requisitions of the Bye-Laws in the discharge of that obligation which requires him when an officer to be in his place. The ceremonies and forms of the Order are imposing and interesting when properly performed, and the absence of the principal officers is a serious detriment to the effect of such duties. The strong and proper impression upon the mind at the initiation is most valuable, and the proper officer can always do the duty with most confidence and effect. If a brother receive the honourable distinctions of the offices of trust from his brothers, they have a right to expect from him a steady attendance to the trust, and nothing but an imperative reason should be suffered to prevent his regular attendance in his office. It is painful to the feelings of brothers to condemn the conduct of those whom they honor, but if there be a necessity for rules, it certainly is necessary to apply them, and the Lodge should always be strict in enforcing them, without fear or favor to any officer.—It is of vital importance that duties, which have so frequently to be practised, should be attended to with accuracy, as a careless and loose habit will soon be contracted and bring us into disrepute as a working Lodge. Poor Richard, the philosopher of common sense, has truly observed, that "what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

Our second duty is to each other. We enter into a mutual contract to sympathize with each other in sickness and in trouble, and we ought to claim the obligation at all times. Not only in suffering is this to be observed, but we are all interested in the conduct of our brothers as men in society. We are bound to overlook their behaviour, and to favour them with advice or caution on fitting occasions, or encourage them by our in-

fluence when we can do so consistently with other obligations—and this will be more likely to be effected, if we practice those friendly communications which the frequency of our meetings is intended to bring about.—At the same time that we give our countenance to the good acts of our brothers, we should always be ready to oppose their vicious dispositions, if at any time they are so far forgetful of their duties as Odd-Fellows, as to yield to bad impulses. We owe it to them and to the Order as well as to ourselves, to point out to them their failings, and if injury to the Order is at all likely to ensue, to report them to the Lodge. It is a disagreeable and distressing office, but Odd-Fellowship must be kept pure, or it will become despicable. So long as brothers remain members of the Order, they must expect to act consistently with its interests. If they violate its requisitions, as they have voluntarily submitted themselves to its rules, they can look for nothing else than that scrutiny of conduct which is a special prerogative of their brothers. It cannot be too emphatically impressed upon all, the obligation they severally owe to the Order and to each other, to act consistently and rigidly in accordance with their sacred promises as Odd-Fellows.

A third obligation we owe to the public. Apart from the interests of the Order and of ourselves as individuals, we say to the public “we are united to effect good in the community”—“we have formed an extensive association for purposes of high and noble ends”—and publishing our objects and intentions, the public has a deep concern that institutions for the good of mankind should exert a beneficial and worthy influence as examples for the encouragement of similar establishments. The public has a right to expect Odd-Fellows to act up to their professions from the very fact of their union for purposes of strength. The moral improvement of society is of incalculable value, and the credit of every institution such as ours is a worthy object of public appreciation. Brothers, let us make our principles respected in the community—let us prove that Odd-Fellowship is a useful and wise, and friendly union, as well as a society for Charity. Let us claim the broad privilege that the name of Odd-Fellow shall be a guarantee for Temperance, good feeling and moral worth, and the blessings of all good and virtuous men will be our lot in this state of preparation “for another and better world.”

Give your attention to the Lectures of the Order—perfect yourselves in the knowledge of Odd-Fellowship, rest not with the subordinate degrees, nor until you have advanced to the sublime knowledge of the Patriarchal institution of the Encampment—that higher and more exalted state of Odd-Fellowship which deserves that all who are desirous of being good men, ought to strive to attain. The ancient Patriarchs were models for the human family in the olden time, let the Patriarchs of Odd-Fellowship lay claim to such an enviable distinction in these modern ages of civilization and refinement and moral power. Thus will we contribute to diffuse with an irresistible effect the principles of our Order, which will ultimately induce “peace and good will on earth amongst men.”

Brothers, Odd-Fellowship is prosperous—its principles where known are universally acceptable—we call to our communion men of every nation, tongue, profession, trade and calling; we invite all of the most discordant opinions to our fellowship, asking them to bring with them but one feeling, that of Benevolence. May we ever be guided by that philanthropic

principle which unites us as brothers, and when our earthly pilgrimage is over, and we are candidates for that celestial Lodge in the heavens, may we be prepared for that eternal change "in favour with God and man."

In conclusion, may I allude to the presence of the insignia of Death around our altars? During three short months have we been called to pay the last tributes of respect to the mortal remains of as many members of this Lodge. While the emblems of mourning have been fresh within our view, while the turf has scarcely settled on the inanimate form of one, we have been called upon again and again for the renewal of those feelings which have so lately poured forth in sympathy, to show our reverence for the dead.

"This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—(when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening)—nips his root,
And then he falls."

"Where now is all their greatness? Low, level with the earth!"

Brothers, since last we assembled within this sacred place, has the voice of one* of us become still in death!—cut down in the pride of manhood, before he had attained the meridian of life—while his feelings were warmed with our principles, and with our honours—his heart, which throbbed with the affection of the husband, the love of the parent, the filial duty of the son, the fraternal yearnings of the brother, has suddenly ceased to beat!

"Reflect and seriously meditate on the admonition." "Alas! all that is made must be destroyed! all that is born must die."

May He who is the Father of the fatherless, and the widow's God, influence us to do our duty towards them, and guide us in our efforts for the diffusion of the principles of Benevolence and Charity.

INSTABILITY OF LIFE.

BY MISS A. J. N., OF BALTIMORE.

How fleeting is the rose's bloom,
How transient is the spring's perfume,
How frail is all mortality.
The mystic flower lives and dies
The murky fog ascends the skies,
And sinks into inanity.
The beauteous morn ascends her car,
O'er shadowing every lingering star;
Fair gift of the Divinity.

* P. G. Wm. Cunningham.

Noon and ev'n, in turn succeed,
 And at th' approach of night recede,
 Then wing their flight t' eternity.
 So fair, in youth, life's cloudless morn
 But varied scenes succeed the dawn
 Throughout its whole vitality.
 Pleasure and grief, smiles and sorrow,
 Alternate reign with every morrow,
 And near us to Infinity.

MY NOSE.

BY BRO. J. B. ROGERSON, OF ENG.

Did such "a nose" haunt my bitterest foe,
 I should wish him no severer punishment.—M. G. LEWIS.

IF ever there were a mortal who suffered undeservedly, that mortal is myself. I am guilty of no enormous crime. I am not one of those persons who look after every body's business, except their own. I am tolerably charitable; that is, rather than be pestered with the importunities of a beggar, I throw him a penny. I am a regular attendant at church, and though I sometimes fall asleep during a long sermon, I do not scoff at the parson when I awake. I am not given to liquor, except when oppressed with sorrow, which unfortunately is too often the case, and even then I am not quarrelsome. This last good quality some of my kind friends account for, by saying I am a coward; but such an assertion, I assure the reader, is perfectly unfounded: and yet, though possessed of these, and numerous other negative qualifications, I am scorned, laughed at, despised, shunned, and made miserable, and all for what? Because I have a nose? "A nose!" methinks I hear the reader exclaim, "why so has every one." Aye, reader, but mine is no common nose—would that it were. Didst thou ever read Shakspeare's description of Bardolph, whose monstrous proboscis is compared to an ignis-fatuus? If so, thou mayest form a faint idea of my most prominent feature, though no description can paint to thee my nose as it really is, decorated with its ruddy pimples and quizzical twists; yet, heaven knows, its present appearance has not been caused by intemperance, or any other excess: it has "grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength," until it has gained its now unseemly ponderosity.

I have no friend to whom I can impart my sorrows, and, therefore, reader, though thou art an utter stranger to me, I have made choice of thee for a confidant. Patient reader—if thou art not patient, throw aside this record of misery, for be assured I shall quickly put thy patience to the test—it may seem strange to thee why, and for what reason, a single feature should make me so unhappy: "bear with me yet a little longer," and I will pour into thine ear a tale, "whose lightest word shall harrow up

thy soul." I am one of the most sensitive and bashful beings in the world, so that I cannot walk the streets without meeting with a host of vexations; and the most petty slight or insult will rankle in my memory for days and weeks. No one can take a hint sooner than myself; and if I am in company, which latterly happens but seldom, and an allusion of a disagreeable nature is made to any one, I examine it in all its bearings with painful nicety, until I construe it as being applied to me. This unfortunate disposition has caused me endless uneasiness. If there be a whisper, I am instantly on the alert to catch its meaning, for I fancy myself and nose are the subjects of conversation, and consequently sit on thorns. I have heard of people being haunted by spectres, that make it a rule of regularly becoming visible at a certain hour of the night; but this amounts to nothing, when compared to the manner in which I am haunted by my nose. By night and by day, it is ever before my eyes, saluting me with its fearful length and redness. "Oh! for a long, long sleep, and so forget it!" Never do I walk forth, without being greeted by the vulgar, with some offensive appellations. Innumerable are the ill-natured names that have been heaped upon me by the lower class; of which "nosey" is the most common. Many a time have I hurried away, like a dog with a canister at his tail, when pestered by a group of graceless urchins, following and shouting after me; and when I have gained my destination, I have cursed my nose, and wept out of pure vexation. The more respectable class do not express themselves so openly, but then their astonished looks, and significant smiles, speak daggers to me. Every step which I take, some wandering eye is fixed upon me, and so am I annoyed by these gazes, that my cheeks have generally a blush of as deep a crimson as that which tinges my nose, rendering me still more conspicuous. To add more to my distresses, I am remarkably fond of females, yet such is the peculiarity of my countenance, that I am entirely unfitted for their society. Wilt thou believe it reader? I was once desperately in love; aye, and I had the assurance to declare my passion, and as thou mayest suppose, was unsuccessful in my suit. If thou art not already tired with my prosing, I will relate to thee the progress and catastrophe of this unfortunate affair.

The only house at which I felt myself comfortable, was the dwelling of a young man who had been my school-fellow, and who ever took my part, and repressed the insults and tricks which my fellow-students were accustomed to play upon me, on account of the deformity of my face; for even when at school my nose was of an alarming dimension. My old school-fellow introduced me to his father and sisters, and though at first sight, it was difficult for them to restrain their risible faculties, at my grotesque appearance, they soon grew familiar with me; and as I am naturally good-tempered and obliging, I soon became a sort of favourite with the family. I was at first somewhat galled by the smothered titters, and ill-concealed mirth of the servants, when I entered the house; however, I was pretty liberal in my bounty to them, so that these marks of rudeness soon passed away. My friend had three sisters, and when in their company, I was often so charmed, that I forgot my nose, and all the taunts and uneasiness I had experienced on its account, and exerted myself to the utmost to please them in return. The young ladies were all lovely; but by far the most beautiful, in my eyes, was the youngest, whose live-

ly simplicity, and arch and expressive glances, made a complete conquest of my poor heart. Love stole upon me imperceptibly, and I was over head and ears, before I discovered my situation. Reader, didst thou ever feel a deep yet almost hopeless attachment? If not, thou canst have no idea of what I suffered. It was in vain that I endeavoured to reason myself out of my passion: every day it became stronger. I resolved to try what effect absence would produce upon me, and refrained from visiting my fair enslaver for the space of a week. At the end of that period, I was still worse, and found that I could hold out no longer. I, therefore, went to the house more frequently than ever, and at every visit drank large draughts of love. I at length resolved to brave all, and bring my amour to a crisis by revealing my sentiments. My nerves were braced to the extremest pitch, when I sallied forth to execute my purpose; and to increase my courage, I had fortified myself by swallowing a few extra glasses of port. I walked into the house with a firm step, and just opportunely for my purpose, found my enchantress alone. This was the most eventful moment of my existence: I was kindly invited to take a chair, and encouraged by the bland manner in which the words were spoken, I drew my seat near her. A short time elapsed in exchanging commonplace civilities, and as I was afraid of losing the precious opportunity, I cast an anxious look around the room, to be assured that there were no listeners, and then attempted to speak. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and denied me utterance; the chairs and tables seemed to be amusing themselves by dancing round the apartment; and my heart beat as though it were keeping time to their movements. This lasted for a few moments, and then I managed to stammer out my meaning; what I said, I know not; but this I know, I did express myself so as to become sufficiently intelligible, and no sooner had I finished my declaration, than my fair one rivetted her eyes on my nose, and after striving to no purpose, to repress her mirth, burst into a long and loud fit of laughter, and ran from the room. Whether from the excess of my feelings I fainted; or how I got out of the house, I am utterly at a loss to conceive. The first thing that I recollect is, finding myself in the street, walking at a terrible rate, without hat, and with a train of boys at my heels. I gained my door, rushed in, fancied my blood had attained such a heat, that it bubbled like boiling water, and threw myself, quite exhausted, on a couch.

My mistress and my nose were constantly before me, and my visions became of the most frightful description. Once I dreamt that my nose had been transformed into a rocket, had shot from my face, and set the bed-curtains on fire. In my eagerness to escape from the flames, I was on the point of jumping out of the window, when I awoke. Another time I dreamt that I had found favour in the sight of my mistress, and was preparing to greet her with a kiss, when she assumed the shape of a demon; a pair of wings jutted from her shoulders, and seizing me by the nose, she sprung with me into the air, and alighting on the top of a steep precipice, plunged me into a dark and dread abyss: when I arrived at the bottom, the shock awoke me, and I found that I had leapt down stairs, and bruised myself in the most pitiful manner.

But why do I trouble thee, good reader, with my sorrows! why do I complain of that which cannot be remedied! I have consulted physicians innumerable, as to the means of removing this cursed protuberance from

my face; I have rubbed it with all kinds of ointments; nay, I have even thought of getting it amputated, but this I am told would prove fatal.—Poverty may be surmounted by perseverance and industry; ill-health may be got the better of: in short, for all other human evils there is a remedy, but a long nose will attend its owner to the grave. Pray, reader, that thou mayest never be cursed, like him who now obtrudes his nose and sufferings upon thy notice.

A D R E A M .

BY S. A. HURIBUT, P. C. F., CHARLESTON, S. C.

I SLEPT—and my spirit unchained from the grosser and heavier links which unite it with mortality, roamed abroad far and free. Then methought, that shapes, shadowy and at first formless and indefinite, gleamed before with a many-hued and indescribably beautiful light. Dim was it at first as the faint dawning of the early day, tinging the air with its delicate rose-colour; but the light increased, and after wavering awhile, settled down into a perfect brilliancy, steady, pure and fragrant; and a voice, low, sweet and deeply moving, stirring all the finer chords of my rejoicing yet trembling frame, like the breath of the western wind on fringed and whispering branches, issued forth from the flame; and to mine ear it sounded as of familiar music. It was faint and tender as the sigh of a sleeping babe and to no other than the spiritual sense could it have been audible. A strange tremor of unwonted delight stole over my rapt spirit, and I listened as the watchers by the sick-bed of a loved one do. Its tones grew more full and deep as it rose in its pure melody, until the air around was tremulous with music. “Sad and unquiet spirit,” it sighed “what seekest thou among the dreamy regions of the infinite and true.” And my soul gathered strength to answer “I seek for Truth.”—Then the voice replied “Canst thou not find truth among thy own, that thy spirit seeks it here? Hast thou exhausted the full fountain of a parent’s or a sister’s love?” And I answered “The mother who might have loved her child as only mothers can, died and passed away, before her child could repay her, or know her love. The father has clung by his wayward boy, till manhood, but I seek for more, I wish that truth and purity which may be unmingled even with a parent’s pride, and which may not be divided, but be wholly mine. One fair being was twined with my earliest life, a brother’s love watched over her unsleepingly and his heart beat high in her unsullied presence. She has learned another and a deeper tie, the love of her infant years has been swallowed up by a more powerful passion and I am alone.” Then the voice said “Hast thou tried the magic spell of the dark eye and the glossy curl, the merry laugh that thrills the heart of man, the glances that waked his soul’s depths.” And I said—“I have—from my early hours I have been a slave. The beauty even of common things has been my idol. I have lain me down for hours



and watched the green leaves wave in the waving breeze, and listened unweariedly to the continual chime and ripple of the brook, to the warbling of the free and happy birds and the murmur of the unmastered wind. My soul has drunk deep of beauty. How then could I have been unmoved by the speaking life and exquisite grace of nature's loveliest. I have chained my spirit down to deference and observance; have repressed the stern strong thoughts that aimed at higher nobler objects of ambition and of man's true pride, and watched with beating heart, the changing look and voice of a being of the same clay as myself. I have felt a strong tremor pass quickly through my frame as my gaze met hers, have dwelt on her every word, have dreamed myself into bliss—and woke to find myself but a thing of pity at the best. Then would I not shew the depth of the wound, but veil the agony with a jest and pass on my way with a smiling countenance. But yet have not I found Truth."

Then again the voice sighed and it murmured forth "wouldst thou then see Truth—seek it not on earth nor here. Yet mayst thou attain unto the near resemblance of it where thou shalt learn no longer to expect the fulness and perfection which belong only to Heaven." And I said "O voice that thus stirrest the depths of my soul, shew me, if it be but the image and shadow of the Truth, let me but see the dim outline of that which thou hast spoken." And even as I thus prayed, behold the flame embodied itself, and though the pale stars shone palely through it, yet might I see the growing fulness and roundness of form, as spiritual embodiment and image of a being and its face was from me yet I knew it. The figure rose as of the middle height, and as it turned slowly round it fixed its deep shadowy and mysterious eyes upon me, with a glowing and soul-searching glance that I had felt before; and the scene around changed, and instead of the indistinct and fairy land wherein my disenthralled spirit had been roaming, it was a spot where I had been while on earth.

A quiet river rolled steadily and murmuringly along in front; the long sedge waved gently to and fro in the morning breeze upon the low bank of the other side; but on the side whereon I had been, was an elevated terrace gently swelling above the stream; the walk, scarce so much trodden as to be distinguished from the green around, curved gracefully down under the shadow of some ancient oaks, fringed with long and gracefully drooping moss: and under the shadow of their gnarled and time honored branches, rested the embodied flame. It reclined upon the massy roots of the old tree, and I was there. As I gazed with a half conscious delight, the form grew more and more distinct and fresh to my memory; and the thousand thoughts of that past time of unmingled happiness rose again before me.

The features lighted with an expression I might not withstand, my eyes beamed with the full feelings of my soul which hovered unsteadily on the perilous confines of a most happy delirium. I bent more and more forward in my adoration and still those eyes seemed the same in their confiding and truthful expression. Then said I "O voice rightly hast thou spoken. Thou—form too well known—art Truth!

And I awoke in my transport—and it was a Dream.

THE MARVELLOUS HISTORY

OF MYNHEER VON WODENBLOCK.

HE who has been at Rotterdam will remember a house of two stories which stands in the suburbs just adjoining the basin of the canal that runs between that city and the Hague, Leyden, and other places. I say he will remember it, for it must have been pointed out to him as having been once inhabited by the most ingenious artist that Holland ever produced, to say nothing of his daughter, the prettiest maiden ever born within hearing of the croaking of a frog. It is not with the fair Blanche, unfortunately, that we have at present any thing to do; it is with the old gentleman her father. His profession was that of a surgical-instrument maker, but his fame principally rested on the admirable skill with which he constructed wooden and cork legs. So great was his reputation in this department of human science, that they whom nature or accident had curtailed, caricatured, and disappointed in so very necessary appendage to the body, came limping to him in crowds, and, however desperate their case might be, were very soon (as the saying is) set upon their legs again. Many a cripple, who had looked upon his deformity as incurable, and whose only consolation consisted in an occasional sly hit at Providence, for having entrusted his making to a journeyman, found himself so admirably fitted, so elegantly propped up by Mynheer Turningvort, that he almost began to doubt whether a timber or cork supporter was not, on the whole, superior to a more common-place and troublesome one of flesh and blood. And, in good truth, if you had seen how very handsome and delicate were the understandings fashioned by the skilful artificer, you would have been puzzled to settle the question yourself, the more especially if, in your real toes, you were ever tormented with gout or corns.

One morning, just as Master Turningvort was giving its final smoothness and polish to a calf and ankle, a messenger entered his *studio*, to speak classically, and requested that he would immediately accompany him to the mansion of Mynheer Von Wodenblock. It was the mansion of the richest merchant in Rotterdam, so the artist put on his best wig, and set forth with his three-cornered hat in one hand, and his silver-headed stick in the other. It so happened that Mynheer Von Wodenblock had been very laudably employed, a few days before, in turning a poor relation out of doors, but in endeavouring to hasten the odious wretch's progress down stairs by a slight impulse *a posteriore* (for Mynheer seldom stood upon ceremony with poor relations,) he had unfortunately lost his balance, and tumbling headlong from the top to the bottom, he found, on recovering his senses, that he had broken his right leg, and that he had lost three teeth. He had at first some thoughts of having his poor relation tried for murder; but being naturally of a merciful disposition, he only sent him to jail on account of some unpaid debt, leaving him there to enjoy the comfortable reflection that his wife and children were starving at home. A dentist soon supplied the invalid with three teeth, which he had pulled out of an indigent poet's head at the rate of ten stivers a-piece, but for which he prudently charged the rich merchant one hundred dollars. The doctor, upon examining his leg, and recollecting that he was at that moment rather in want of a subject, cut it carefully off, and took it away with him in his carriage to lecture upon it to his pupils. So

Mynheer Wodenblock, considering that he had been hitherto accustomed to walk and not to hop, and being, perhaps, somewhat prejudiced in favour of the former mode of locomotion, sent for our friend at the canal basin, in order that he might give him directions about the representative with which he wished to be supplied for his lost member.

The artificer entered the wealthy burgher's apartment. He was reclining on a couch, with his left leg looking as respectable as ever, but with his unhappy right stump wrapped up in bandages, as if conscious and ashamed of its own littleness. "Turningvort, you have heard of my misfortune; it has thrown me into a fever, and all Rotterdam into confusion; but let that pass. You must make me a leg; and it must be the best leg, sir, you ever made in your life." Turningvort bowed. "I do not care what it costs." (Turningvort bowed yet lower,) "provided it outdoes every thing you have yet made of a similar sort. I am for none of your wooden spindleshanks. Make it of cork; let it be light and elastic, and cram it as full of springs as a watch. I know nothing of the business, and cannot be more specific in my directions; but this I am determined upon, that I shall have a leg as good as the one I have lost. I know such a thing is to be had, and if I get it from you, your reward is a thousand guineas." The Dutch Prometheus declared, that to please Mynheer Von Wodenblock, he would do more than human ingenuity had ever done before, and undertook to bring him, within six days, a leg which would laugh to scorn the mere common legs possessed by common men.

This assurance was not meant as an idle boast. Turningvort was a man of speculative as well as practical science, and there was a favourite discovery which he had long been endeavouring to make, and in accomplishing which he imagined he had at last succeeded that very morning. Like all other manufacturers of terrestrial legs, he had ever found the chief difficulty in his progress towards perfection to consist in its being apparently impossible to introduce into them any thing in the shape of joints, capable of being regulated by the will, and of performing those important functions achieved under the present system, by means of the admirable mechanism of the knee and ankle. Our philosopher had spent years in endeavouring to obviate this grand inconvenience, and though he had undoubtedly made greater progress than any body else, it was not till now that he believed himself completely master of the great secret. His first attempt to carry it into execution was to be in the leg he was about to make for Mynheer Von Wodenblock.

It was on the evening of the sixth day from that to which I have already alluded, that with this magic leg, carefully packed up, the acute artizan again made his appearance before the expecting and impatient Wodenblock. There was a proud twinkle in Turningvort's grey eye, which seemed to indicate that he valued even the thousand guineas, which he intended for Blanche's marriage-portion, less than the celebrity, the glory, the immortality, of which he was at length so sure. He untied the precious bundle, and spent some hours in displaying and explaining to the delighted burgher the number of additions he had made to the internal machinery, and the purpose which each was intended to serve. The evening wore away in these discussions concerning wheels within wheels, and springs acting upon springs. When it was time to retire to rest, both were equally satisfied of the perfection of the work; and at his employer's earnest request, the artist consented to remain where he was for the

night, in order that early next morning he might fit on the limb, and see how it performed its duty.

Early next morning all the necessary arrangements were completed, and Mynheer Von Wodenblock walked forth to the street in ecstasy, blessing the inventive powers of one who was able to make so excellent a hand of his leg. It seemed indeed to act to admiration. In the merchant's mode of walking, there was no stiffness, no effort, no constraint; all the joints performed their office without the aid of either bone or muscle. Nobody, not even a connoisseur in lameness, would have suspected that there was any thing uncommon, any great collection of accurately adjusted clock-work under the full well-slashed pantaloons of the substantial-looking Dutchman. Had it not been for a slight tremulous motion occasioned by the rapid whirling of about twenty small wheels in the interior, and a constant clicking, like that of a watch, though somewhat louder, he would even himself have forgotten that he was not, in all respects, as he used to be, before he lifted his right foot to bestow a parting benediction on his poor relation.

He walked along in the renovated buoyancy of his spirits till he came in sight of the Stadt House; and just at the foot of the flight of steps that lead up to the principal door, he saw his old friend, Mynheer Vanouteren, waiting to receive him. He quickened his pace, and both mutually held out their hands to each other by way of congratulation, before they were near enough to be clasped in a friendly embrace. At last the merchant reached the spot where Vanouteren stood; but what was that worthy man's astonishment to see him, though he still held out his hand, pass quickly by, without stopping, even for a moment, to say, "How d'ye do?" But this seeming want of politeness arose from no fault of our hero's. His own astonishment was a thousand times greater, when he found that he had no power whatever to determine either when, where, or how his leg was to move. So long as his own wishes happened to coincide with the manner which the machinery seemed destined to operate, all had gone on smoothly; and he had mistaken his own tacit compliance with its independent and self-acting powers for a command over it, which he now found he did not possess. It had been his most anxious desire to stop to speak with Mynheer Vanouteren, but his leg moved on, and he found himself under the necessity of following it. Many an attempt did he make to slacken his pace, but every attempt was vain. He caught hold of the rails, walls, and houses, but his leg tugged so violently, that he was afraid of dislocating his arms, and was obliged to go on. He began to get seriously uneasy as to the consequences of this most unexpected turn which matters had taken; and his only hope was, that the amazing and unknown powers, which the complicated construction of his leg seemed to possess, would speedily exhaust themselves. Of this, however, he could as yet discover no symptoms.

He happened to be going in the direction of the Leyden canal, and when he arrived in sight of Mynheer Turningvort's house, he called loudly upon the artificer to come to his assistance. The artificer looked out from his window with a face of wonder. "Villain!" cried Wodenblock, "come out to me this instant!—You have made me a leg with a vengeance!—It won't stand still for a moment. I have been walking straight forward ever since I left my own house, and unless you stop me yourself, Heaven only knows how much farther I may walk. Don't stand gaping there,

but come out and relieve me, or I shall be out of sight, and you will not be able to overtake me." The mechanician grew very pale; he was evidently not prepared for this new difficulty. He lost not a moment, however, in following the merchant, to do what he could towards extricating him from so awkward a predicament. The merchant, or rather the merchant's leg was walking very quick, and Turningvort, being an elderly man, found it no easy matter to make up to him. He did so at last, nevertheless, and, catching him in his arms, lifted him entirely from the ground. But the stratagem (if so it may be called) did not succeed, for the innate propelling motion of the leg hurried him along with his burden at the same rate as before. He set him therefore down again, and stooping, pressed violently on one of the springs that protruded a little behind. In an instant the unhappy Mynheer Von Wodenblock was off like an arrow, calling out in the most piteous accents—"I am lost! I am lost! I am possessed by a devil in the shape of a cork leg! Stop me! for Heaven's sake stop me! I am breathless—I am fainting! Will nobody shatter my leg to pieces? Turningvort! Turningvort! you have murdered me!" The artist, perplexed and confounded, was hardly in a situation more to be envied.—Scarcely knowing what he did, he fell upon his knees, clasped his hands, and with straining and staring eyeballs, looked after the richest merchant in Rotterdam, running with the speed of an enraged buffalo, away along the canal towards Leyden, and bellowing for help as loudly as his exhaustion would permit.

Leyden is more than twenty miles from Rotterdam, but the sun had not yet set, when the Misses Backsneider, who were sitting at their parlour window, immediately opposite the "Golden Lion," drinking tea, and nodding to their friends as they passed, saw some one coming at furious speed along the street. His face was pale as ashes, and he gasped fearfully for breath; but without turning either to the right or the left, he hurried by at the same rapid rate, and was out of sight almost before they had time to exclaim, "Good gracious! was not that Mynheer Von Wodenblock, the rich merchant of Rotterdam?"

Next day was Sunday. The inhabitants of Haarlem were all going to church, in their best attire, to say their prayers, and hear their great organ, when a being rushed across the market-place, like an animated corpse—white, blue, cold, and speechless, his eyes fixed, his lips livid, his teeth set, and his hands clenched. Every one cleared a way for it in silent horror; and there was not a person in Haarlem who did not believe it a dead body endowed with the power of motion.

On it went through village and town, towards the great wilds and forests of Germany. Weeks, months, years, passed on, but at intervals the horrible shape was seen, and still continues to be seen, in various parts of the north of Europe. The clothes, however, which he who was once Mynheer Von Wodenblock used to wear, have all mouldered away; the flesh, too, has fallen from his bones, and he is now a skeleton—a skeleton in all but the cork leg, which still, in its original rotundity and size, continues attached to the spectral form, a *perpetuum mobile*, dragging the wearied bones for ever and for ever over the earth!

May all good saints protect us from broken legs! and may there never again appear a mechanician like Turningvort, to supply us with cork substitutes of so awful and mysterious a power. [Cham. Ed. Jour.

WHERE THE WEARY ARE AT REST.

BY F. G. ELIAS WAKE, OF BALTIMORE.

YOUTHFUL friend, o'er earth a wand'rer,
 Steer thy course for heaven above,
 Turn not rudely from the story
 Of a Saviour's dying love.
 Ere thy fleeting life shall vanish,
 Let that Saviour be confest,
 He will guide thee to the haven
 "Where the weary are at rest."

Miser, counting o'er thy treasures—
 Source of strife and endless wo,
 Think not they can aught avail thee
 When returned to dust below.
 Art thou now by wealth uplifted,
 Ye shall be by want oppress'd,
 When thy coffers fail to take thee
 "Where the weary are at rest."

Warrior, thou art vainly wreathing
 Cherish'd laurels 'round thy brow,
 Tho' a bright halo of glory
 Fondly shine upon thee now.
 Vain were all thy boasted greatness;
 Dimm'd thy proud and glitt'ring crest,
 If thou art denied the region
 "Where the weary are at rest."

Parent, grieving o'er thy children,
 Now from earth and sorrow fled,
 Call them not from their reposing—
 Peaceful slumb'ring with the dead.
 Tho' they've left thee sad and lonely,
 'Tis to honour that behest
 That can take thee to embrace them
 "When the weary are at rest."

Christian, thine shall be the glory,
 If in faith and hope and love,
 Ye pursue your onward journey
 To yon better world above.
 Endless life thou shalt inherit
 When united with the blest,
 "Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest."

ALEMOOR.

A TALE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Sad is the wail that floats o'er Alemoor's lake,
 And nightly bids her gulfs unbottomed quake,
 While moonbeams, sailing o'er her waters blue,
 Reveal the frequent tinge of blood-red hue.
 The water-birds, with shrill discordant scream,
 Oft rouse the peasant from his tranquil dream;
 He dreads to raise his slow unclosing eye,
 And thinks he hears an infant's feeble cry.—DR. LEYDEN.

IN one of those frequent incursions which the Scotch Borderers used to make into the sister territory it was the misfortune of Sir John Douglas, a gallant and distinguished warrior, to be taken prisoner by Richard de Mowbray, who, to a naturally proud and vindictive temper, added a bitter and irreconcilable hatred to that branch of the house of Douglas to which the prisoner belonged. Instead of treating the brave and noble youth with that courtesy which the law of arms and the manners of the times authorised, he loaded his limbs with fetters, and threw him into one of the deepest dungeons of his baronial castle of Holme Coltrum. Earl De Mowbray, his father, was then at the English court, in attendance on his sovereign—so that he had none to gainsay his authority, but yielded, without hesitation or restraint, to every impulse of his passions. To what lengths the savage cruelty of his temper might have led him in practising against the youthful prisoner, is not known, for he was also summoned to London to assist in the stormy councils of that distracted period. Meanwhile, Douglas, lay on the floor of his dungeon, loaded with fetters, and expecting every hour to be led out to die. No murmur escaped his lips. He waited patiently till the fatal message arrived, only regretting that it had not pleased heaven to suffer him to die sword in hand like his brave ancestors. "Yes," he exclaimed, as he raised his stately and warlike form from the ground, and clashing his fettered hands together, while his dark eyes flashed fire; "yes; let false tyrannical Mowbray come with all his ruffian band—let them give me death by sword or by cord—my cheek shall not blanch, nor my look quail before them. As a Douglas I have lived, as a Douglas I shall die." But the expected summons came not. Day after day passed on in sullen monotony, more trying to a brave mind than even the prospect of suffering. No sound broke in on the silence around him but the daily visit of a veteran man-at-arms, who brought him his scanty meal. No entreaties could induce this man to speak, so that the unfortunate prisoner could only guess at his probable fate. Sometimes despondency, in spite of his better reason, would steal over his mind.—"Shall I never again see my noble, my widowed mother?—my innocent playful sister?—never again wander through the green woods of Drumlanrig, or hunt the deer on its lordly domain? Shall my sight never be again greeted by the green earth or cheerful sun? Will these hateful walls enclose me till damp and famine destroy me, and my withered limbs be left in this charnel-house a monument of the cruelty and unceasing hatred of De Mowbray?" Seven long weeks had rolled tedious along when the

prisoner was surprised by his allowance being brought by a stranger in the dress of a Gumbrian peasant. Eagerly, rapidly he questioned the man respecting Mowbray, his intentions, and why he had been so long left without being allowed to name a ransom. The peasant told him of De Mowbray's absence, and added, as there was to be a general invasion of Scotland, all the men-at-arms had been marched away that morning to join their companions, except the warders, by whom he had been ordered to bring food to the prisoner. Joy now thrilled through the heart and frame of the youthful warrior, but he had still enough of caution left to make no further inquiries, but allow his new jailer to depart without exciting his suspicions too early.

It is well known to those who are conversant with the history of that period, that, however bitter the animosities of the two nations were while engaged in actual warfare, yet, in times of peace, or even truce, the commons lived on friendly terms, and carried on even a sort of trade in cattle. All this was known to Sir John, who hoped, through the means of his new attendant, to open a communication with his retainers, if he could not engage to let him free, and become a follower of the Douglas, whose name was alike dreaded in both nations. But events over which he had no control were even then working for him, and his deliverance was to come from a quarter he thought not of. At the date of this tale, the ladies of rank had few amusements when compared to those of more modern times. Books, even if they could have been procured, would sometimes not have been valued or understood, from the very limited education which, in those days, was allowed to females. Guarded in their inaccessible towers or castles, their only amusement was listening to the tales of pilgrims, or the songs of the wandering minstrels, both of whom were always made welcome to the halls of nobles, and whose persons, like those of heralds, were deemed sacred even among contending parties. To be present at a tournament was considered as an event of the first importance, and looked forward to with the highest expectation, and afterwards formed an era in their lives. When such amusements were not to be had, a walk on the ramparts, attended by their trusty maid, was the next resource against the tedium of time. It was during such a walk as this, that Emma, only daughter of Earl Mowbray, addressed her attendant as follows:—"Do you think it possible, Edith, that the prisoner whom my brother is so solicitous to conceal can be that noble Douglas of whom we have heard so much, and about whom Graham, the old blind minstrel, sung such gallant verses."

"Indeed, my sweet lady," replied her attendant "the prisoner in yonder dungeon is certainly of the house of Douglas, and, as I think, that very Sir John of whom we have heard so much."

"How knowest thou that?" inquired her lady eagerly.

"I had always my own thoughts of it," whispered Edith, cautiously, and drawing nearer her lady; "but since Ralph of Teesdale succeeded grim old Norman as his keeper, I am almost certain of it; he knows every Douglas of them, and from his account, though the dungeon was dark, he believes it was Sir John, who performed such prodigies of valour at the taking of Alnwick."

"May Heaven, then, preserve and succour him!" sighed the Lady Emma, as she clasped her hands together. Emma De Mowbray, the only

daughter of the most powerful and warlike of the northern earls, was dazzling fair, and her very beautiful features were only relieved from the charge of insipidity on the first look, by the lustre of her dark blue eyes, which were shaded by long and beautiful eyelashes; her stature was scarcely above the middle size, but so finely proportioned that the eye of the beholder never tired gazing on it. She was only seventeen, and had not been allowed to grace a tournament, her ambitious father having determined to seclude his northern flower till he could dazzle the court of England with her charms, and secure for her such an advantageous settlement as would increase his own power and resources. Thus had Emma grown up the very child of nature and tenderness. Shut out from society of every kind, her imagination had run riot, and her most pleasing hours, when not occupied by devotional duties, were spent in musing over the romantic legends, which she heard either from minstrels, or those adventurers who oft-times found a home in the castles of a powerful chief, and which were circulated among the domestics till they reached the ear of their youthful lady. These feelings had been unconsciously fostered by her spiritual director, Father Anselm, who, of noble birth himself, had once been a soldier, and delighted, in the long winter evenings, to recount the prowess of his youth; and, in the tale of other years, often and often was the noble name of Douglas introduced and dwelt upon with enthusiastic rapture, as he narrated the chief's bravery in the Holy Land. In short, every circumstance combined to feed and excite the feverish exalted imagination of this untutored child. Had her mother lived, the sensibilities of her nature had been cherished and refined, and taught to keep within the bounds of their proper channel. As it was, they were allowed to run riot, and almost led her to overstep the limits of that retiring modesty which is so beautiful in the sex. No sooner, then, had she learnt that Douglas was the captive of her haughty brother, and perhaps doomed to a lingering or ignominious death, than she resolved to attempt his escape, be the consequences what they would. A wild tumultuary feeling took possession of her mind as she came to this resolution—what would the liberated object say to her, or how look his thanks? and oh, if he indeed proved to be the hero of her day-dreams, how blessed would she be to have had it in her power to be his guardian angel! The tear of delight trembled in her eye as she turned from the bartizan of the castle, and sought the solitude of her chamber.

It was midnight—the last stroke of the deep-toned castle bell had been answered by the echoes from the neighbouring hills, when two shrouded figures stood by the couch of the prisoner. The glare of a small lantern, carried by one of them, awoke Douglas. He sprung to his feet as lightly as if the heavy fetters he was loaded with had been of silk, and in a stern voice told them he was ready. "Be silent, and follow us," was the reply of one of the muffled visitors. He bowed in silence, and prepared to leave his dungeon; not an easy undertaking, when it is remembered he was so heavily ironed; but the care and ingenuity of his conductors obviated as much as possible even this difficulty; one came on each side, and prevented as much as possible the fetters from clashing on each other. In this manner they hurried him on through a long subterraneous passage, then crossed some courts which seemed overgrown with weeds, and then entered a chapel, where Douglas could perceive a noble tomb surrounded

by burning tapers. "You must suffer yourself to be blindfolded," said one of them in a sweet musical, but suppressed voice; he did so, and no sooner was the bandage made fast, than he heard a snap as of a spring, and was immediately led forward. In a few minutes more he felt he had left the rough stones of the church, and its chill sepulchral air, for a matted floor and a warmer atmosphere; the bandage dropped from his eyes, and he found himself in a small square room, comfortably furnished with a fire blazing in the chimney; a second look convinced him he was in the private chamber of an ecclesiastic, and that he was free.

It need not be told the sagacious reader that this escape was the work of Lady Emma, aided by Father Anselm, and Ralph Teesdale, who was her foster-brother, and thereby bound to serve her almost at the risk of his own life—so very strong were such ties then considered. No sooner did Douglas learn from the venerable ecclesiastic to whom he owed his life and liberty, than he pleaded for an interview with all the warmth of gratitude which such a boon could inspire. Recruited by a night of comfortable repose, and refreshed by wholesome food, our youthful warrior looked more like those of his name than when stretched on the floor of the dungeon. It was the evening of the second day after his liberation, while Douglas was listening to his kind and venerable host's account of the daring deeds by which his ancestor, the good Lord James, had been distinguished, when the door opened, and Lady Emma and her attendant entered. Instantly sinking on one knee, Sir John poured forth his thanks in language so courtly, so refined, yet so earnest and heartfelt, that Lady Emma's heart beat tumultuously, and her eyes became suffused with tears.

"Suffer me," continued Douglas, "to behold the features of her who has indeed been a guardian angel to the descendant of that house who never forgave an injury, nor ever, while breath animated them, forgot a favour." Lady Emma slowly raised her veil, and the eyes of the youthful pair met, and dwelt on each other with mutual admiration. Again the knight knelt, and, pressing her hand to his lips, vowed that he would ever approve himself her faithful and devoted champion. The conversation then took a less agitating turn, and in another hour, Lady Emma took her leave of the good father and his youthful companion, in whose favour she could not conceal that she was already inspired with the most fervent feelings. Nor did she chide Edith, who, whilst she braided the beautiful locks of her mistress, expatiated on the fine form and manly features of Douglas, and rejoiced in his escape.

It was now time for Sir John to make some inquiries of Father Anselm about the state of the country, and if the Scotch had beat back their assailants in the attack made upon them, and learnt, to his pleasure and surprise, that the enemy were then too much divided among themselves to think of making reprisals, the whole force of the kingdom being then gathered together to decide the claims of York and Lancaster to the crown of England; that Earl Mowbray and his son, adherents of the queen, were then lying at York with their retainers, ready to close in battle with the adverse party. It might be supposed that this intelligence would inspire the captive with the wish to complete his escape, and return to Scotland. But no. A secret influence, a sort of charm, bound him to the spot; he was fascinated; he had no power to fly, even if the massy gates of the castle had unfolded themselves before him. Bred up in the camp, Douglas



was unused to the small sweet courtesies of life ; his hours, when in his paternal towers of Drumlanrig, were chiefly spent in the chase, or in warlike exercises with his brothers, and the vassals of their house. His mother, a lady of noble birth, descended from the bold Seatons, encouraged such feelings, and kept up that state in her castle and retinue which befitted her high rank. His sister Bertha was a mere child, whom he used to fondle and caress in his moments of relaxation. But now a new world burst upon his astonished senses. He had seen a young, a beautiful lady, to whom he owed life and liberty, who, unsought, had generously come forward to his relief. Of the female character he knew nothing ; if he did think of them, it was either invested with the matronly air of his mother, or the playful fondness of his sister. His emotions were new and delightful, and he longed to tell his fair deliverer all he felt ; and—he did tell her, and—she listened. But why prolong the tale ? Interview succeeded interview, till even Father Anselm became aware of their growing attachment. Alas ! the good priest saw his error too late ; and although, even then, he attempted to reason with both on the consequences of their passion, yet his arguments made no impression. “ You will turn war into peace,” whispered Emma, as she listened to her spiritual director, “ by healing the feud between the families.” “ And you will, by uniting us,” boldly exclaimed the youthful lover, “ give to the Mowbrays a friend who will never fail in council or in field.” Overcome by this and similar arguments, the tender-hearted Anselm at last consented to join their hands. At the solemn hour of midnight, when the menials and retainers were bound in sleep, an agitated yet happy group stood by the altar of the castle chapel. There might be seen the noble form of Douglas, with a rich mantle wrapped round him, and the fair and beautiful figure of his bride, as she blushing left the arm of her attendant to bestow her hand where her heart was already given. The light of the sacred tapers fell full upon the reverend form of Father Anselm, and the chapel reverberated the solemn words he uttered, as he bade heaven bless their union. The athletic figure of Ralph Teesdale was seen near the door, to guard against surprise.

Nothing occurred for some time to mar the harmony and peace of the married lovers. At length their tranquillity was broken by the accounts of the fatal and bloody battle of Towton, which gave a death-blow to the interests of the Lancastrians. This news spread consternation among the small party at Holme Cultrum. The question was, whether to remain, and boldly confront the Mowbrays, or fly towards Scotland, and endeavour to reach Drumlanrig ; but the distracted state of the country forbade this plan ; and the arrival of some fugitives from the field of battle having brought the intelligence that both Earl Mowbray and his son were unwounded, and had fled to France, determined the party to remain where they were. This, however, they soon repented of, when they understood that a large body of Yorkists were in full march northward to demolish all the castles held by the insurgent noblemen. This trumpet-note roused the warlike spirit of Douglas. He boldly showed himself to the soldiers, and swore to defend the castle to the last, or be buried in its ruins, if they would stand by him. But the men-at-arms, either unwilling to fight under a stranger, or panic-struck at their late defeat, coldly met this proposal ; and while Father Anselm and Douglas were examining the outward works, they made their escape by a postern, leaving only two or three infirm old

men, besides the menials, to resist the conquering army. Sir John, undaunted by the dastardly behaviour of the men, still continued his preparations, and inspired such courage into the hearts of his little garrison, that they vowed to stand by him to the last. But these preparations were made in vain: Edward, either allured by the prospect of greater booty in some richer castle, or afraid of harrassing his troops, turned aside into the middle countries, and left the bold-hearted Douglas to the enjoyment of his wife's society. Months of unalloyed felicity were theirs; and while England was torn by civil dissensions—when the father pursued the son, and the son the father, and the most sacred bonds of nature were rent asunder at the shrine of party, and while the unburied dead gave the fields of merry England the appearance of a charnel-house—all was peace, joy, and love within the walls of Holme Cultrum. Seated in the lofty halls of her fathers, Lady Emma appeared the personification of content; hers was indeed that felicity she had not dared to hope for even in her wildest day-dreams. It was indeed a lovely sight to behold her leaning on the arm of her noble husband, listening to his details of well-fought fields; her eye now sparkling with hope, and her cheek now blanched with terror, as they paced in the twilight the ample battlements of the castle; it was like the ivy clinging and clasping round the stately oak. If at such moments Douglas wearied of the monotony of existence, and half wished he was once more in the front of battle, he had only to look in the soft blue eye of his Emma, press her to his heart, and every thing else was forgot.

Summer had passed away, and the fields wore the golden livery of autumn. It was in a beautiful evening, when Douglas, Lady Emma, and Father Anselm, were enjoying the evening breeze, when Ralph Teesdale rushed before them, his face pale, and his trembling accents proclaiming his terror, "Fly, my lord," he cried, addressing Douglas; "Fly," he continued, "for you are betrayed; the earl is come, at the head of a band of mercenaries, and vows to have your head stuck upon the battlements before to-morrow's sun rise." "I will not fly," said Douglas; "boldly will I confront the earl, and claim my wife." "My father is good, is kind; he will yield to the prayers and tears of his Emma." "Alas, alas, my dearest and honoured lady," rejoined her foster-brother, "your noble father is no more, and 'tis your brother who now seeks the life of Douglas."—The first part of the sentence was only heard by Lady Emma, who fell senseless into the arms of her husband, and was immediately conveyed to her chamber by her ever ready attendant. A hasty council was then held between Father Anselm and Douglas. "You had better take the advice of that faithful fellow, and give way. You know," continued the friar, "the dreadful temper and baleful passions of Richard De Mowbray. Not only your own life, but that of your wife, may fall a sacrifice to his fury, were he to find you. I am well aware that he has long considered his sister as an incumbrance on his succession, and will either cause her to be shut up in a monastery, or secretly destroyed." Douglas shuddered at the picture, and asked the holy father what he should do.—"Retreat to my secret chamber in the first instance; it were madness, and worse, to attempt to exclude Baron De Mowbray from his castle, even if we had sufficient strength within, which you know we have not. I shall cause Lady Emma to be conveyed there also when she recovers; we must resolve on some scheme instantly; the secret of the spring is unknown to all but your faithful friends."

Douglas allowed himself to be persuaded, and was soon joined in his retreat by Lady Emma and Edith. Flight, instant flight was resolved on; and the timid and gentle Emma, who had hardly ever ventured beyond the walls of the castle, declared she was ready to dare every thing rather than be torn from her husband, or be the means of his being consigned to endless captivity, or, it might be, a cruel and lingering death. Father Anselm set off again in search of Ralph, and soon returned with the joyful intelligence that De Mowbray was still at a castle a few miles distant; that those of his followers who had already arrived were carousing deeply; and as soon as the first watch was set, a pair of fleet horses would be waiting at the small postern, to which Douglas and his lady could steal unobserved, wrapt in horsemen's cloaks. The short interval which intervened was spent in making such preparations as were required for the travellers, by Edith and by the churchman, in fervent petitions to heaven for their safety. At length the expected signal was given from the chapel, and the agitated party stood at the low postern, where Ralph waited with the horses. It was some moments before the lady could disengage herself from the arms of her weeping attendant; but the Father hurried them away, and soon their figures were lost in the gloom, and their horses' tread became faint in the distance.

Well it was for the fugitives that their plans had been so quickly executed, for ere midnight the trumpets of De Mowbray sounded before the castle gate. There all was uproar and confusion. The means of refreshment had been given with unsparing hand, and the wild spirits of the mercenaries whom he commanded were then in a state bordering on stupefaction from their lengthened debauch. The few who accompanied him were not much better, and he himself had all the evil passions inflamed by the wine he had quaffed with the Lord of Barnard Castle. Hastily throwing himself from his reeking charge, he entered his castle sword in hand, and ordered his sister to be brought before him, and the castle to be searched, from turret to foundation-stone, for the presumptuous Douglas. Pale, trembling, and in tears, Edith threw herself at his feet. "O my good lord, my lady, my dear lady, is ill, very ill, ever since she heard of the death of her honoured father. To-morrow she will endeavour to see you."

"Off, woman!" he exclaimed. "This night I must and shall see my sister, dead or alive;" and he arose with fury in his looks. But Wolfstone, his lieutenant, a brave young man, stepped before him, and, drawing his sword, exclaimed, "You must pass over my dead body ere you break in upon the sacred sorrows of Lady Emma." There was something in the brave bearing of the gallant foreigner which even De Mowbray respected, for he lowered his voice, and, stealing his hand from his dagger, said, "And where is Father Anselm, that he comes not to welcome me to the halls of my fathers?" "He is gone," returned Edith, "to the neighbouring monastery, to say a mass for the honoured dead," and she devoutly crossed herself, turning her tearful eye on Wolfstone, who, with the most respectful tone, added "Go, faithful maiden, say to your lady that Conrade Wolfstone guards her chamber till her pleasure is known." "Now lead in our prisoner there;" but a dozen of voices exclaimed against further duty that night. "He sleeps sound in his dungeon floor," said De Mowbray's squire, "and to-morrow you may make him sleep sounder

if you will. A cup of wine would be more to the purpose, methinks, after our long and toilsome march." A hundred voices joined in the request. The wine was brought, and the tyrant soon forgot his projects of vengeance in the pleasures of a prolonged debauch. He slept, too, that unnatural monster slept, and dreamt of his victims, and the sweet revenge that was awaiting him. It was owing to the presence of mind of Ralph that the flight of Douglas was not discovered. He had the address to persuade the half-inebriated soldiers that the prisoner was actually securely fettered in the dungeon which he had all along occupied. No sooner did he see them all engaged in the new carousal than he fled, and joined Edith in the secret chamber, where they joined Father Anselm in his devotions, and prayed for blessings on the head of their noble lord and lady.

Meanwhile the fugitives had reached Scotland, and were now leisurely pursuing their way, thinking themselves far beyond the reach of pursuit. On their first crossing the Border, a shepherd's hut afforded the agitated Lady Emma an hour's repose and a draught of milk; the morning air revived her spirits, and once more she smiled sweetly as her husband bade her welcome to his native soil. From the fear of pursuit, they durst not take the most direct road to Drumlanrig, but continued to follow the narrow tracks among the hills, known only to huntsmen and shepherds.

It was now evening: the sun was sinking among a lofty range of mountains, tinging their heathy summits with a purple hue, as his broad disc seemed to touch their tops. The travellers were entering a narrow defile at the end of which a small but beautiful mountain lake or loch burst upon their sight; its waters lay beautifully still and placid, reflecting aslant a few alder bushes which grew on its banks, while the cana, or wild cotton grass, reared its white head here and there among the bushes of wild thyme which sent their perfume far on the air. The wild and melancholy note of the curlew, as she was roused from her nest by the travellers, or the occasional bleat of a lamb, was all that broke the universal stillness.

"Ah, my love," said Lady Emma, riding up close to her husband, "what a scene of peace and tranquillity! Why could we not live here, far from couris and camys, from battle and bloodshed? But," she continued looking fondly and fixedly at her husband, "this displeases you—think of it only as a fond dream, and pardon me."

"True, my Emma," returned Douglas, "these are but fond dreams; the state of our poor country commands every man to do his duty, and how could the followers of the bloody heart sheathe their swords, and live like bondsmen? Never, never! But ride on now; the smoke from yonder cabin on the brow of the hill promises shelter for the night, and, ere to-morrow's sun goes down, you shall be welcomed as the daughter of one of the noblest dames of Scotland. Ride on—the night wears apace."—Scarcely had the words passed his lips, when the quick tramp of a steed behind him caused him to turn round. It was Mowbray, his eyes glaring with fury, and his frame trembling with rage and excitement.

"Turn, traitor, coward!—Robber! turn and meet your just punishment."

"Coward was never heard by a Douglas unrevenged," was the haughty answer to this defiance, as he wheeled round to meet the challenger, at the same time waving to Lady Emma to ride on; but she became paralyzed with fear and surprise, and sat on her palfrey motionless. Both

drew their swords, and the combat began. It was furious, but short: Douglas unhorsed his antagonist, and then, leaping from his own steed, went to assist in raising him, unwilling farther to harm the brother of his wife. But oh, the treachery and cruelty of the wicked! No sooner did the tender-hearted Douglas kneel down beside him to ascertain the nature of his wounds, than Mowbray drew his secret dagger, and stabbed him to the heart.

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The moon rose pale and cold on the waters of this small inland lake, and showed distinctly the body of a female lying near its shore, while a dark heap, resembling men asleep, were seen at a little distance, on a rising ground—the mournful bowl of a large dog only broke the death-like stillness; soon, however, a horseman was seen descending the pass; he was directed by the dog to the female, who still lay as if life indeed had fled; he sprung from his horse, and brought water from the lake, which he sprinkled on her face and hands. Long his efforts were unavailing, but at last the pulse of life began once more to beat, the eye opened, and she wildly exclaimed, “O do not kill him.” “He is safe for me, lady,” said the well known voice of Ralph of Teesdale. “Thou here, my trusty friend!” murmured Lady Emma; “bear me to Douglas, and all yet may be well.” She could utter no more; insensibility again seized her, and Ralph, lifting her up, bore her in his arms to what he supposed to be a shepherd’s cottage, but found it only a deserted summer shealing. He was almost distracted, and, laying down his precious burden, wrapped in his horseman’s cloak, he ran out again in search of assistance, though hardly hoping to find it in such a wild district, still closely followed by the dog, which continued at intervals the same dismal howl which had attracted the notice of Ralph as they ascended the hill; the sad note of the hound was answered by a loud barking, and never fell sounds more welcome on the ear of the faithful vassal; he followed the sounds, and they led him to a hut tenanted by a shepherd and his wife. His tale was soon told. They hastened with him to the deserted shealing, where they found the object of their solicitude in a situation to demand instant, and female assistance. There, amid the wilds of Scotland, in a comfortless cabin, the heir of the warlike and noble Sir John Douglas first saw the light.—Long ere perfect consciousness returned, Lady Emma was removed to the more comfortable home of the shepherd, and there his wife paid her every possible attention. The care of Ralph consigned the remains of the rival chiefs to one grave. It was supposed that De Mowbray had expired soon after giving Douglas the fatal stroke, as his fingers still firmly grasped the hilt of his dagger. Their horses and accoutrements were disposed of by the shepherd, and thus furnished a fund for the maintenance of the noble lady, who was so strangely cast upon their care. Many weeks elapsed ere she was aware she had neither husband nor brother.

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Time, which calms or extinguishes every passion of the human heart, had exerted its healing influence over the mind of Lady Emma. She sat watching the gambols of her son on the banks of the peaceful lake, whose waters had first recalled her to life on the disastrous evening of his birth. There was even a smile on her pale thin lip, as he tottered to her knee, and laid there a handful of yellow wild-flowers. She clasped the bloom-

ing boy to her heart, murmuring, "My Douglas!" On her first awakening to a full sense of her loss and forlorn condition, it was only by presenting her son to her that she could be persuaded to live; and when her strength returned, she determined to go to Drumlannrig, and claim protection for herself and child; but the prudence of Ralph suggested the propriety of his first going to ascertain the state of the family, and, recommending his lady to the care of Gilbert Scott and his kind-hearted wife, he set out on his embassy. But sad was his welcome. The noble pile was a heap of blackened and smoking ruins, and the lady fled no one knew whither. Sad and sorrowful he returned to the mountain retreat, and was surprised at the calmness with which his honoured mistress heard his tale. Alas, he knew not that the pang she had already suffered made every loss appear trivial! The lonely shealing was repaired and furnished. Here lady Emma, in placid content, nursed her child, attended by her faithful foster-brother, who made occasional excursions to the neighbouring town to supply her with any necessary she might require. On an occasion of this kind, when the lovely boy was nearly two years old, she sat in the door of her humble dwelling, listening to his sweet prattle. It was the first time he had attempted to say the most endearing of all words. She forgot her sorrows, and was almost happy. Her attention was soon called to some domestic concern within the cottage. The boy was on his accustomed seat at the door, when a shrill and piercing scream caused her to run out. Need her anguish and despair be painted, when she saw her lovely boy borne aloft in the air in the talons of a large eagle! To run, to scream, to shout, was the first movement of the phrenzied mother; but vain had been her efforts, had she not been almost immediately joined by some of her neighbours, whose united efforts made the fatigued bird quit his prey, drop it into the loch. Many a willing heart, many an active hand, was ready to save the boy. He was delivered to his mother, but, alas, only as a drenched and nerveless corse. Human nature could endure no more. Her brain reeled, and reason fled for ever. Her faithful and attached follower returned to find her lady a wandering maniac. Year after year did he follow her footsteps, nor, till death put a period to his sufferings, did his care slacken for one instant. After he had seen her laid by her husband and brother, he bade adieu to the simple inhabitants, and it is supposed he fell in some of the border raids of the period, as he was never more heard of.

Reader, this tale is no idle fiction. On the borders of Alemoor loch in Selkirkshire may still be seen a small clump of moss-grown trees, among which were one or two of the crab-apple kind, which showed that here the hand of cultivation had once been. Within this inclosure was a small green mound, to which tradition, in reference to the above story, gave the name of the Lady's Seat; and about half a mile to the south-west of the lonely loch, is an oblong bench, with a rising ground above, still called the Chieftain's Grave.

[*Cham. Ed. Jour.*]

POPULAR INFORMATION ON LITERATURE.

HOMER—HERODOTUS.

IT is the lot of only a limited number of persons to become acquainted with ancient literature, or to have even the slightest knowledge of the languages in which it is chiefly written. Yet, owing to the importance of Greek and Roman literature and literary men, allusions to it are found at almost every step in our perusal of modern books—to the great puzzlement of unlearned readers, and the diminution of the utility of the works in which such allusions occur. By way of obviating this evil as far as possible, we shall give a brief account of the principal ancient authors and books referred to in modern literature, calculating our language for the use of those who know *nothing* on the subject.

By ancient, or, as it is sometimes called, *classical* literature, is meant the productions, in particular, of two civilized nations, which existed, two thousand years ago and upwards, at various places on the shores of the Mediterranean. These were the Greeks and Romans, of whom some account has already been given in the present work. People are sometimes heard to express wonder how the writings of these nations should be so much relished now-a-days, disguised as they are under foreign tongues, when there are so many books of as great literary merit, and more information, written in our own language. To this it must be answered, that, when our own nation had not as yet formed a literature for itself, the works of the Greeks and Romans were the only works of merit which existed; and they were then studied with so much admiration in the seminaries where learned men were brought up, that a fixed prepossession in their favour has taken root among those classes, to the exclusion, in some measure, of a taste for even the best modern literature. Another cause of their keeping their ground so long in our schools, is the fact of our language containing a large proportion of Greek and Roman words, so that it cannot be properly studied without a previous acquaintance with those tongues. A third cause is that which has suggested the present chapter, namely, that so much of modern literature has a reference to the ancient, that there is no understanding the one without some knowledge of the other.

The first, and, as it happens, the greatest, of all ancient writers, was Homer, the author of two long Greek poems, respectively styled the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. So little is known about this man, that he is by many supposed to have been altogether an ideal person, and his poems only a series of fugitive ballads which were gathered together from tradition, and arranged under his name, as Ossian's Poems are supposed by most people to have been with us. By those who believe him to have existed, he is represented as having been an old blind minstrel, who went about singing his poems for the purpose of procuring a wretched subsistence. He is said to have lived some time between the tenth and eighth century before Christ, and to have been a native of the western coast of Asia Minor, now called *Natolia*. Like many modern poets, he would appear to have been little regarded during his life time; but some ages afterwards, when the people, by greater refinement, were more able to enjoy his verses, seven cities contended for the honour of having given him birth; a ridi-

culous circumstance in more ways than one, seeing that the mere accident of a great man having been born at a certain place cannot possibly argue any merit in that particular spot of ground. He was, most probably, an Ionian, born in the neighbourhood of Smyrna, which country was then called Ionia, being possessed by a colony of Greeks of that denomination, and which, is, indeed, one of the oldest names by which the Greeks are known in ancient history; and this accounts for his possessing so perfect a knowledge of the Ionic, a dialect of the Greek language, in which his poems are composed. His poems are of the class styled epics—that is, long narrative poems, of a certain regular structure. That called “the Iliad” contains an account of certain incidents in the Trojan war, a transaction which happened one or two hundred years before Homer’s supposed age, and about the same time with the building of Solomon’s temple. The Trojan war was probably a very obscure and paltry affair, for it occurred at a time when the Greeks, who carried it on, were little better than barbarians—but it has been elevated by the fancy of Homer into something very magnificent, interesting even the immortal gods in its progress and issue. Troy is represented as a great Asiatic city, of such strength as to have held out for ten years against the whole strength of the Greeks, who were provoked into besieging it, in consequence of the abduction of Helena, the wife of one of their petty princes, by Paris, a son of the king of Troy. The immediate subject of the poem is the quarrel of two chiefs of the Greeks, Agamemnon and Achilles, during the progress of the siege. In one of the encounters between the Greeks and Trojans, the former became the victors, and obtained considerable spoil, among which were several female captives, one of whom, the daughter of Chryses, the priest of Apollo, remarkable for her beauty and attractive manners, falls to the lot of Agamemnon: Chryses beseeches Agamemnon to restore his daughter, which the chief refuses to do, saying he loved her better than his wife Clytemnestra. Under these circumstances, the priest prays to his god Apollo for assistance, and a severe plague is consequently sent upon the Grecian camp. The Greek council of war consults about what is to be done to avert this sad calamity, and is informed by an augur, or diviner, that the only method to obtain relief is to restore the daughter of Chryses. Agamemnon, whose affections had been won by the young priestess, is enraged at the augur, and hesitates to comply with the demand. But upon weighing the motives in his mind, and seeing the necessity of returning the captive, he swears that he will have Briseis, another beautiful captive, who had fallen to the lot of Achilles, in her stead. Upon his making this demand, Achilles declares himself grievously insulted, considering that he had shared the same perils and hardships as Agamemnon, and was, as well as he, an independent chief of Greece. To signify still more particularly the indignation which he felt, he withdrew his forces from the camp, and implored his mother, Thetis, (a fabulous divinity,) to exert her influence in his behalf. Thetis applies to Jupiter, the king of the gods, for his assistance, and, shortly after, the thunders of that mighty personage fall upon the Grecian army, and the deepest misery and distress experienced. In process of time, however, Achilles is reconciled to Agamemnon, and, by their united efforts, Troy is ultimately taken, and the object of the expedition accomplished. This is the whole subject of the twenty-four books or sections of the Iliad, though many characters and

incidents are introduced, which cannot be here specified. The mixture of divine and human agency in the poem gives it, upon the whole, a childish character; yet, if the reader gets over this objection, he cannot fail to be charmed by the dignity, and even sublimity, which the work exhibits throughout. There is no diffuseness nor extravagance in the imagery of the *Iliad*: every thing is dignified and concise, and from beginning to end one elevated strain is kept up. In the language there is often a surprising felicity, insomuch that one word will sometimes fill the mind of the reader with a delightful picture. But the great merit of the poem lies in the manly strength of thought, and the singular ardour of the imagination, which it displays. No poet was ever more happy, says Dr. Blair, in the choice of his subject, or more successful in painting his historical and descriptive pieces. There is a considerable resemblance in the style to that of some parts of the Bible—for instance, *Isaiah*—which must be accepted as a kind of testimony to the authenticity of the sacred writings, seeing that they are productions of nearly the same age, and of a part of the world not far from the alleged birth-place of Homer.

This illustrious bard composed another poem of about the same length, called the *Odyssey*, which looks like a production called forth by the success of a previous one, and inferior for want of the same interest in the subject. It relates the adventures of a distinguished Grecian chief, named Ulysses, on his way home from the Trojan war. Both poems have continued for much more than two thousand years to enjoy the admiration of mankind; and it is certainly surprising that no effort in the same style of poetry, though made under circumstances infinitely more advantageous than those of the blind old minstrel, has ever been in nearly the same degree successful. They are translated into almost all literary languages: in English, there are two excellent versified translations, one by Pope, and the other by Cowper, of which the former is considered the more pleasing, and the latter the more correct.

Another ancient Greek writer, of whom common readers must have heard a great deal, is Herodotus. As Homer is the first poet whose works have survived, so is Herodotus the first historian. He was born at Halicarnassus in Greece, now called Budrun, in the year 484 before Christ. In the part of Greece which gave birth to Herodotus, there was spoken a dialect called the Doric, which, like that of Scotland, as compared with English, was not considered a proper language for ordinary composition. But Herodotus, from disgust at his native government, removed in manhood to Samos, where the prevailing dialect was that elegant Ionic in which Homer had composed his poems; and he accordingly became familiar with this tongue, insomuch that his writings are said to exhibit it in a state of higher perfection than any other. Having formed a design of writing history, this ingenious man travelled for materials into Egypt and Italy, besides various parts of Asia, and in this manner acquired much valuable information respecting nations previously unknown, as well as of manners, customs, and habits, which have imparted great value to his pages. He is supposed to have profitted much by intercourse with the Egyptian priests, who for many centuries before this period had been remarkable for a mysterious kind of traditionary learning. After writing his work in nine books, and polishing it with much studious care, he read parts of it to his countrymen assembled at the Olympic games, and thus

obtained a larger and more immediate measure of fame than what was generally acquired by the writers of those ages, when there was no printing press to multiply copies of any literary composition. But for Herodotus, we should have now been ignorant of a large and important part of profane history. It is curious that this writer was more disbelieved in his own age than in the present. Many of the things which he told of other countries were so wonderful that they startled his contemporaries, and were for many subsequent ages looked upon as doubtful; but not a few of these things have been ascertained by modern inquiry to be true, as Herodotus related them. This shows that scepticism or disbelief may be the mark of ignorance, as well as it sometimes is of knowledge, of which another remarkable illustration is afforded by Bruce's Travels in Abyssinia, which were scoffed at forty years ago, but have since been authenticated. At the same time, it must be mentioned that Herodotus communicates some fiction along with his facts, though apparently in no case where he was not himself deceived.

ODD-FELLOWS.

HAVING seen an article some time since in a Macon paper, purporting to be a history of the rise and progress of our Order, in the State of Georgia, and claiming for that city, the honor of having first introduced the order in this State, I have determined to give a plain and unvarnished history of its first introduction among us.

The first Lodge ever instituted in this State, was opened on the 4th March, 1842, by the Rev. ALBERT CASE, of Charleston, S. C., (on a dispensation granted to five brothers of the Order) in the Lyceum Hall, under the title of "Oglethorpe Lodge, No. 1," of the State of Georgia. Mr. A. N. MILLER, of this city, was elected the first presiding officer, to whom the Order owes its origin in this State. As it was an entirely new Order, and its friendly precepts were not understood, it did not progress as rapidly at first as it was expected. At the end of the first quarter, however, we numbered about thirty members. We persevered, having full confidence in the institution, believing that it would not be long before it became known.

We met weekly and soon found that we continued to increase gradually, until the beginning of the present year, when one of our members, in conjunction with four others from other Lodges, applied for a dispensation for a Lodge in Macon, to be known as "Franklin Lodge No. 2." At the same time five members of our Lodge applied for a Lodge in this city, to be known as "Live Oak Lodge, No. 3," both of which were granted.—The Order from that time took rapid strides and members came flocking in, and we now number in this city, over two hundred members, composed of persons of all persuasions, professions and callings, from the Minister of the Gospel, down to the laborer, and among these members are some of the first men of our land, and the sons of the first settlers of our State.

I have, Gentlemen written much more than I intended, but I hope you will excuse it, as I was anxious to have it known where the Order was first founded, and to whom the honor was due.

At present, there are four Lodges and one Encampment in this State, the three I have mentioned above, and one in Milledgeville. Before the end of the year, there will likely be three more opened, one in Augusta, one in Darien, and one in Sandersville. The Encampment was opened in this city a few nights since.

The rise and progress of the Order in this State has been astonishing, and in a few years, there will scarcely be a village in our State without a Lodge, for the principles have only to be known to go ahead.

AN ODD-FELLOW.

Savannah Rep.

WINDFALLS.

THERE are some medicines and intoxicating draughts which cannot, without extreme danger, be largely used at first. It is only by beginning with small doses, and by gradually increasing them, that the system becomes habituated to their qualities, and in a manner fitted for their reception until at last the original quantity produces no perceptible effect or excitement, and copious drenchings are undergone with apparent impunity. In the same way that drugs of this kind act upon the body, the possession of wealth operates on the mind. When money is amassed by slow degrees, by the regular profits of business, the use of it is learnt during the acquisition; but when it plumps upon a man suddenly, and he who yesterday was a hard-working tradesman, obliged to fare frugally, and to be content with coarse clothing, finds himself to-day the master of a fortune capable of supplying a luxurious table, splendid furniture, and rich attire, he is as it were taken by assault, reduced under subjection to a powerful invader, and frightened from his propriety, so as to be incapable of managing affairs discreetly for the future.

He who has formed a resolution to go cautiously and steadily forward in the pursuit he has chosen, accommodates his desires to the station in which it places him. There is no one, indeed, devoid of ambition; and he, like other men, hope to better himself, and looks forward to enjoyments beyond its present circumstances: but it is by almost imperceptible steps that he advances to attain them. He does not see the full height of the mountain before him, nor pant with eagerness to reach its top; but terraced eminences present themselves successively, and with patient foot he climbs one after another, saving his breath most methodically, although his view does not extend to the next ascent. Far from losing his all upon a cast, he would not risk the merest trifle on *the chances*, and his is the heart that never fluttered responsive to the most flattering *perhaps*. His last pace is measured with the same steadiness and self-possession that characterized the whole of his progress; and, knowing every inch of ground over which he has passed, he is prepared to recede, if it should be necessary, with no less composure. Such is the character of the prudent man of business—unwearied industry being its strongest feature. All acknowledge him to be clear-headed, and many load him with the imputation of being also cold-hearted; but this is very frequently a mistake: He knows how he has got every penny he possesses, and he never parts with the

smallest sum, without being assured of a good and sufficient cause for the outlay. He is not wanting in the common kindnesses and charities of life; on the contrary, he devotes the whole of his time and talents to the acquisition of means by which he may confer benefits on all who are connected with him—but they are every one sober unostentatious benefits, distributed considerably from a sense of duty, and not from any high-flown notions of generosity. By steady attention to the concerns of trade, he makes himself the stay of many industrious families, who in his service are sure of employment, and equally sure of their wages. He whose hand gives liberally to the poor is blessed; but doubly blessed is he who enables them to live without depending upon casual bounty.

The man who looks to lucky turns in trade, and makes bold ventures, is sometimes as successful as his neighbour who plods on its regular routine; but he seldom employs his advantages so wisely for himself, and so beneficially for others. He is of a sanguine temperament, and has accustomed himself to think that money is only to be made by fortunate hits. Excitement and stir present to him charms that are irresistible; so he takes care to devise and execute a number of schemes, sufficient to keep him constantly upon the tender-hooks of expectation. They often fail; but he is not discouraged. Persuading himself that his plans were the best possible, and conducted in the most judicious manner, he attributes their discomfiture solely to casualties which nobody could have foreseen. "If it had not been that that fellow who bought my last consignment from—was a villain, I should at this moment have been in possession of a fortune of £30,000," says the disappointed speculator; and he speaks truly: but he overlooks the circumstance that he sold his goods so very advantageously, that it would have been apparent to any one, not blinded by an over-eagerness of gain, that the purchaser had little intention of paying the price. A person with better regulated notions would aim rather to dispose of a great number of commodities, at moderate returns, than of a few at a large profit; but for this sure and liberal system of dealing the daring commercial adventurer entertains a sovereign contempt; a small advantage he does not think worth accepting, and accordingly his transactions are all of a hazardous kind, either issuing in a dead loss or in enormous gains. By this hap-hazard species of traffic, an immense fortune is occasionally accumulated, and may be considered in the light of a wind-fall to its owner, as much as if it had presented itself in the shape of an unexpected legacy. It comes upon him as unprepared to use it in moderation, and is for the most part as injudiciously squandered. Indeed, in whatever way it comes, the result is nearly the same.

"What an unfortunate wretch I am!" exclaims he who finds himself the holder of an unsuccessful lottery-ticket, "to pitch upon No. 999, when, if I had taken the one above it, I should have got the £20,000 prize."—Now, mark the bad logic of the man: he calls himself unfortunate in not selecting No. 1000, as if he were certain it would have turned out a prize *if he had held it*. But so willing is he to interpret chances in his own favour, that a doubt on this exceedingly problematical point never enters his head; and he considers himself to have been so very close upon gaining a large sum, that he is sure of it the next time he makes the trial.—Well, perhaps he *does* succeed the next time, or the next, or the time after; and how does this vast influx of wealth find and affect him?—it finds him very much in need of it, and very eager to wallow in it, and,

ten to one, he is soon in a worse condition than ever. This suddenly acquired wealth does not seem to have the same blessing with it that generally accompanies the gains of patient industry, or of an honest ingenuity, exerted from day to day. Sudden wealth may be compared to a tornado, which produces nothing but havoc and desolation; the slow earnings of industry to the silent dews by whose influence the face of nature is beautified, and vegetation invigorated and refreshed.

The above arguments bear with full force upon the life of the gambler, who is simply a person given up to delusive hopes of acquiring wealth without working for it. In general, we find moral writers and dramatists, in their endeavours to check this vice, go no farther than to show the horrible results which are apt to spring from its indulgence. It might be advantageous also to explain the rational principles upon which gambling is a worse means of endeavouring to obtain money than an industrious course of life. To assume a language which will be intelligible to those who are addicted to it, it is attended with a *worse chance* of ending in the desired result. If twenty persons are engaged in one street, each in his own honest business, it is certain that some profit will be made amongst them, so that most of them, at least, will be able to exist without coming upon their capital. But if twenty persons be engaged as industriously in gambling, it is certain that no profit will be made amongst them—on the contrary, money will be lost in paying for the rooms, and for the materials of the sport. Supposing the twenty persons were kept by themselves, and that they began with a considerable stock of money amongst them, they would by and bye find themselves reduced to pennilessness, by reason of this constant drain upon their resources. Now, if money cannot be made by any community of gamblers among themselves, what hope is there, except in that vanity and self-love which speaks delusively to every bosom, that an individual will enrich himself? Evidently none whatever. Thus gambling, in every case where it does not suppose a simpleton to be pilaged, is proved a mere fallacy; while, in cases where that is supposed, it is the meanest, because the safest of robberies. In no point of view can there be any advantage in this course of life—for if wealth be lost, it produces all the usual evils of that contingency; if it be gained, it never thrives, and is apt to be again quickly lost, either by play, or by irregular and expensive living. Upon the whole, while some must be greater losers than others, there is no *general chance* in favour of the gambler, as there is in favour of the honest and industrious man—he is almost certain of being, in the long-run, worse than when he began. He may be compared, indeed, to a merchant who exposes his capital to an almost absolute certainty of being impaired, by assuming a line of speculations in which the chance of loss is invariably and palpably greater than the chance of gain. The only individual who can thrive by this unhappy vice is the person who keeps the gaming-house: the players, as a whole, *must* be losers.

Of all classes of society, the young are the most apt to give themselves up to a practice of longing for windfalls. The male human being, from six to sixteen, is constantly dreaming of pots of money found in the earth, or of large fortunes made in foreign adventure, after the manner of Whittington with his cat. From sixteen to four and twenty, he dreams of handsome fortunes made by the simple and rather agreeable process of taking a handsome woman to wife; and he is constantly on the outlook for such a chance of placing himself, as it is called, upon his feet. Others dream of legacies from rich and hitherto unheard-of uncles, who will be

dying some of these days in India, fifty years after they had been given up by their relations for lost. *All* are *more or less* taken up by the idea of ready-made fortunes, which are to save them the trouble of making one for themselves; and, in this gasping and grasping hope of becoming suddenly enriched, they spend perhaps the time and energies which ought to be directed to better objects. We would warn our young readers against giving themselves up to these vain phantasies. The proportion of those who have been so *fortunate*, as it is called, as to fall in possession of wind-falls, is so very small, as compared with those who do not, that it ought never to be taken into account in our calculations as to the means of providing ourselves with a subsistence. If we would just reflect for a moment upon what the most of us are at our outset in life—bare, unlicked creatures, with merit all to be proved, if it really exists at all, but most probably it does not exist—merely individuals in the great herd of the beardless, none of whom seem any different from the rest—we would never flatter ourselves that there was any chance of fortune singling *us* out as her own peculiar favourites, or our gaining any thing whatsoever, till we had somehow asserted our right to it. It is nothing but an overweening self-love, and a blindness to the degree of estimation in which, while as yet untried, we are likely to be held by the rest of mankind that leads us into this error; and he, for certain, has the best chance of quickly investing himself with the good things of Fortune, who is soonest cured of so fatal and bewildering a delusion.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

AMONGST the various agencies that are at work, aiming at the amelioration of the condition of our race, there is none deserving of more attention than the institution of Odd-Fellowship. It claims our attention, because it is founded upon truth, and the spirit of all its doctrine is that which if carried into effect cannot fail to bless mankind; and amongst all organizations of human origin, there is none so admirably adapted to bring into recognition the great truth of *human Brotherhood*, and to carry into practice the divine commandment which teaches us to “do unto others as we would have others do unto us.” It is an institution whose foundation is benevolence and charity, and while it urges upon its subjects a due observance of religious forms, and the maintenance of a spirit of reverence and devotion, still it calls with a louder voice for performance of *acts* such as the world is too seldom blessed with, and which would cause the soul of the relieved sufferer to arise in gratitude for assistance rendered in the hour of need. The widow in her bereavement—the orphan in its loneliness—are objects over which its sheltering wings are extended;—the Brother, whom misfortune has reduced to destitution and want, receives from its treasury that which will procure the means of relief, and in the hour of sickness the kind watchings and care of a beloved fraternity. We know of nothing more lovely, more beautiful, or more in accordance with the religion of the Saviour than this, and we cannot find it in our heart to say else than bid them onward, always *doing* as their principles require, and to preserve their ranks free from those whose unworthiness shall prove a barrier to its progress and usefulness.—*Symbol.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Independent Odd-Fellow.—We have received the January No. of this Periodical. Its general contents are interesting—we have however exception to offer to the subjoined extract from the leading Editorial article.

“We had hoped that we should this year live in peace with the Covenant. For its Editors we have the highest regard; they are good fellows, singly and collectively; but whenever they mount the chair editorial they seem to be entirely bewitched, and lose sight, in their efforts to sustain their charge of that justice to others, which on all other occasions they cheerfully mete out. They well know that one of the most practical and talented members of the Grand Lodge of the United States at its last session, (the lamented Hinman, of Connecticut,) was most decidedly opposed to all schemes for an official magazine, and the resolutions of the Grand Lodge of Connecticut clearly expressed the views of that intelligent body. The Grand Lodge of Virginia has never countenanced the scheme, and a large number of our most intelligent members, North and South, are opposed to it. Nevertheless, after expressing our disapprobation, we were determined to try and help it on as far as we could—to throw no obstacles in the way, provided it attended to its own business, and let others alone. Ever since its establishment it has been attempting to undermine individual effort; *and we have now determined if it is ever again the case we shall, in detail, first give our reasons why we are opposed to it, and then lay before the Order all that we know of its affairs, and the means by which it was continued.* We are tired of these repeated attempts to supplant other periodicals—we will not submit to it—and it now remains for the Official to say whether we shall have peace or war.”

We beg to premise what we have to say in reference to the above with a single remark in relation to other matters contained in the Editorial from which this extract has been taken. Its personal assault upon our respected assistant Editor, Bro. P. G. M. Case of Charleston we leave to himself. We are informed in the paragraph quoted “that we well knew that one of the most practical and talented members of the Grand Lodge at its last session, (the lamented Hinman of Connecticut) was most decidedly opposed to all schemes for the Official Magazine”—conceding this statement to be true, although the Senior Editor of the Covenant received from the lips of that distinguished brother the assurance, that finding his opinions

had not been responded to by other State Grand Lodges, he was not disposed to take any active steps adverse to the work, we ask, conceding the statement to be true, what does it amount to? to the simple fact that the individual opinions of the Brother so far as they were influential were exerted against the continuance of the work—nothing more surely—the extent of his influence, instead of being of the exalted authority relied upon, may be seen in the six votes against the Magazine.

“The Grand Lodge of Virginia has never countenanced the scheme” we are further very gravely informed. We have not yet learnt that any proposition has been submitted to that body *soliciting* her countenance. The Publisher of the “Official” has not yet descended to the position of *soliciting* a recommendation of the Covenant from State Grand Lodges with a view to the influence of such bodies upon subordinates or individuals—she has preferred that the Magazine should like a bright mirror reflect its own character. We know not whether the Grand Lodge of Virginia has spoken upon the subject in her corporate capacity, but one thing we do know, that one of her distinguished Representatives, the frank, sincere, talented and high minded Seegar at the last session, did deliberately record his vote in favor of its continuance—for which he may have subjected himself to the displeasure of *Bro. Ford*, but we venture to hope, not to the rebuke of the intelligent Grand Lodge whose interests and whose character he so ably represented in part in September last.

We have italicised the most impotent and absurd part of the extract referred to, which we beg again to quote in the following words—“and we have now determined if it is ever again the case we shall in detail first give our reasons why we are opposed to it, and then lay before the Order all that *we know* of its affairs and the means by which it was continued.—This paragraph can be regarded in no other light than an imputation upon the friends of the “Official Magazine” and as such on their behalf we demand the facts. Let us know Worthy Brother what *you* know, that the impure fountains may be purged, and corruption may not longer prevail in the high places of Odd-Fellowship.

The Representatives present during the session were as follows:—Guild, Hersey, Ellis, Palmer, Hinman, Brown, Wilson, Treadwell, Vn. Sickell, Harris, Hillyer, Stokes, Kneass, Skinner, McDonald, Marley, Sanderson, Neilson, Moore, Webb, Seegar, Campbell, Hurlbut, Seymour, Salomon, Dicks, Kezer, Marshall, Shaffner, Stewart, Coleman, Sherlock. P. Grand Sires Wildey, Glazier, Kennedy, in all 35 votes. When the question was taken, of these twenty-two voted affirmatively and six negatively, one of which votes, viz: that of Rep. Kneass of Pennsylvania cast by his colleague in his absence, would have been voted affirmatively had he been present. There were absent, Glazier, Ellis, Palmer, Hinman, Salomon, Dicks. We are authorised to say that the vote of Rep. Salomon and Dicks would have been cast affirmatively had they been present, and we believe we might also venture to add the name of P. G. Sire Glazier—in any event had there been a full vote, giving to the minority the benefit of all the doubtful members, the result would have been affirmative 22 who voted and Rep. Salomon and Dicks who were absent 2, making 24—negative 6 who voted and absent Glazier, Ellis, Palmer, Hinman making 10 in all, so that by a vote of more than two-thirds would the Official Magazine have been sustained, yet we have *Bro. Ford* prating about, keeping

back legislation "to the heel of the session, when a large number of Representatives had left" "in order to shove it through when the Lodge was thin and no time left for the members duly to consider it"—away with such ribaldry!

In sober seriousness, the Senior Editor of the "Official Magazine" was over and again consulted by Representatives as to his opinion upon the propriety of continuing the work, and he is proud to say that he avoided all interference either by argument or counsel in the premises—and the respected committee who considered and reported upon the subject, matured the scheme unprompted, as their high and exalted character sufficiently guarantees, by foreign suggestions. In concluding this article we may be permitted to say that we are pained at the general character of the course of the "Independent Odd-Fellow" and it has served to excite doubts in our minds as to its value to the Order. We have felt it due that some notice should be taken of the unwise article upon which we have commented, in order that our passiveness might not be construed into an admission that there was even the semblance of truth in its statements.

CELEBRATION IN CHARLESTON, S. C.

THE introduction of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows into this State was commemorated by anniversary celebration on Monday the first day of the 'new year.' The day was warm and pleasant, and the proceedings were such as to gratify the members and the citizens. The R. W. Grand Lodge assembled at Masonic Hall, corner of King and Wentworth streets at 10 o'clock, and was opened in ample form—the M. W. Peter Della Torre, Grand Master presiding. After the transaction of business, the Lodge was closed, and prepared to join the Subordinate Lodges and Encampments in procession. Howard Lodge No. 3, Jefferson Lodge No. 4, and Palmetto Encampment No. 1, having formed in procession at Rame's Hall in Meeting street, moved to Masonic Hall, where the procession was formed in the following order:

Jefferson Lodge No. 4 took the lead under the direction of Wm. B. Thompson, its Marshall. Next came Howard Lodge No. 3, conducted by V. Dawson, its Marshall. This was followed by Marion Lodge No. 2, Marshall, Wm. Walter. Then came South Carolina Lodge No. 1, Marshall, J. M. Eason. Next came Ashley Encampment No. 3, in new and beautiful regalia, with rich and costly crooks and emblems, Marshall, J. E. Hertz. Then followed Palmetto Encampment No. 1, Pat. G. C. Geddes, Marshall—and R. W. Grand Lodge of South Carolina, the whole conducted by Major Charles Kanapaux, W. Grand Marshall. The procession took up its line of march down Wentworth to Meeting street, down Meeting till it reached Tradd, when it halted to allow Howard Lodge No. 3, to receive a Banner about to be presented by Mrs. Geddes, the accomplished lady of Capt. C. Geddes. Br. Geddes and the M. W. Grand Master entered the mansion of Br. Robertson, and soon appeared in the balcony, the Grand Master bearing the flag-staff, Br. Geddes with his lady holding to his arm with one hand, and in the other the silken folds of a rich and beautiful Banner, which she gracefully flung to the gentle breeze, amid

the inspiring strains of music by the whole band. After the music had ceased, Capt. Geddes in his usual felicitous style addressed the Lodge and brethren as follows:—

Brethren of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows.—In behalf of Mrs. Geddes, I will briefly state, that entertaining a high respect for the charitable purposes for which the Order of Odd-Fellows has been established, she thought that some particular mark of approbation was due from her sex to our Order, for our pledges to support the widow, and educate the orphans of our brethren.

These feelings have induced her to tender you a Banner, exhibiting the generous purposes of our Order.

On the one side of the Banner is represented the chamber of a sick brother kindly attended by two Odd-Fellows, and while one prepares the medicine that is intended to heal his bodily infirmities, the other directs his thoughts to that true source of comfort—that God, who healeth the sick, and has appointed a place of happiness beyond the grave, where they who believe in Him, shall enjoy eternal rest.

On the other side of the Banner, are Faith, Hope, and Charity; and there sits the distressed widow with her fatherless children, sad in her bereavement, while she looks round on a scene that presents no friend to aid, no refuge in her distress, and no resource on which to depend for succour and support.

It is in cases like these, that the Odd-Fellow shows his true character. With outstretched hand, and with the feelings of a brother, he tenders the means of support to the widow and orphan.

And now Brethren—Mrs. Geddes, in evidence of her best wishes for the prosperity of the Order of Odd-Fellows, presents this Banner to Howard Lodge No. 3, and the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows generally.

The address of the gallant Captain in behalf of his amiable and generous lady was feelingly received by the fraternity, and as the standard was raised in front of the Lodge, John E. Carew, Esq., R. W. Dept. Grand Master, a member of No. 3, replied as follows:

Mrs. Geddes.—In receiving at your hands the splendid and appropriate Banner which you have this day presented, permit me as the Representative of Howard Lodge, and in the name of the Order generally, to return you our most sincere and heartfelt acknowledgments, and to assure you that the gift is highly and properly appreciated. Scenes and occurrences like these, while perhaps they have but a trifling value in the eyes of the mere spectator, are to us the immediate participants, full of interest, and teeming with importance. They are the welcome plaudits which carry joy and gladness to the heart, and assure us that our exertions are not only observed, but that they are smiled upon and approved by the beautiful, the virtuous, the good. Such commendation is surely a fit object of a high and elevated ambition.

He who seeks no victor's wreath as a reward for a conquest obtained through the tears and distresses of the widow and the orphan. He who carries along with him no chained and fettered captive to grace a triumphal procession, may surely be excused for feeling a glow of honest exultation

when the smile of beauty rewards his efforts in the cause of humanity.— And should we hereafter require any stronger incentive to continued exertion in the great and noble work in which we have engaged, than the satisfaction arising from the consciousness of doing good, we will point to that Banner now waving gracefully in the breeze—call to mind that it was presented by the *fair*, as a token of approbation, and march onward with accelerated pace in the cause of Friendship, Love and Truth.

The procession then moved up Tradd to King street—up King to Clifford—up Clifford to the German Lutheran Church, where it halted, opened a few paces and faced inwards. The Grand Lodge then passed through the whole line, followed by the Encampments and Subordinate Lodges, and the whole were seated in the Church. The galleries had been previously thrown open to the ladies, and were filled. Immediately after the procession had entered, the house was crowded throughout. After a voluntary on the Organ, the Rev. Dr. Bachman, Pastor of the Church, addressed the throne of grace, in a fervent and appropriate Prayer. The choir then sung a Hymn—after which, Br. W. D. Porter, N. G. of Marion Lodge No. 2, delivered a very chaste, appropriate and eloquent Address, which was listened to with great satisfaction by the immense concourse of people assembled. The choir then sung an Ode, written by Miss Lee of this city. At the conclusion of the exercises the procession was again formed, and moved down Clifford to King—up King to George—down George to Meeting street—down Meeting to Wentworth—up Wentworth to the Masonic Hall, and entered in inverse order.

The whole having been seated in the saloon of the Hall building, the Grand Master called to order, and the Grand Lodge was opened, with Prayer, by P. G. M. Rev. Albert Case. Resolutions were then passed, voting the thanks of the Order to the Orator for his Address, and requesting a copy for publication—to the President and Vestry for the use of the Church, and to the Rev. Dr. Bachman and the choir for their acceptable services, and the Grand Lodge was then closed.

The procession was large,—the brothers dressed in their neat and appropriate regalia, the splendid banners borne by the different Lodges and Encampments—the excellent music, and the good order with which all was conducted, conspired to render it one of the most beautiful processions we have seen—save that at the Dedication of the Hall in Baltimore in September last. The streets were thronged with people, and the windows and balconies of the houses were filled with bright eyes and fair countenances, all waving a hearty approval of the union of their fathers and lovers and brothers and husbands in the glorious principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. An Order so generally favored with the approbation of the beautiful and fair cannot do otherwise than prosper; it will go on with a mighty stride until the whole community shall *feel* the influence of the principles we 'hold dear.'

This was the third anniversary celebration of the Order in this city, and from this, as from a starting point of the Order, or a kind of breathing-place in its hasty journey, it will go on with renewed encouragement and glorious prospects. It is well that the brethren improve by the exercises of the season in which they met to greet each other with a 'happy new year'—that they carefully review the past, and gather lessons of experience

and prepare for the vicissitudes of the future. As Odd-Fellows, our lives should be lives of improvement—every day should witness some good deed performed, some error corrected, some unholy passion subdued, some evil habit broken—some affection sanctified. Let us improve our time well, and ‘do with all our might, whatsoever our hand findeth to do’—and when, our years ‘like a tale shall be told’—when our labors in the terrestrial Lodge shall have ceased, and time’s changes and sorrows are over, may we all as one vast brotherhood, receive a more joyous than a new year’s greeting in the celestial Lodge above, and forever celebrate the praise of the Supreme Grand Master, whose Friendship is constant, whose Truth is eternal, and whose nature is Love.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN NEW ENGLAND.

DEAR BRO. RIDGELY—As I have an hour’s leisure, I may occupy it in giving you some account of Odd-Fellowship in New England. I have seldom seen a more spirited and zealous Association than that of our Brothers in the good city of Boston, where I have been staying for a few days past. The Lodge rooms are every evening filled; and even the Degree Lodges—which, you know, are in some places almost entirely deserted—are here usually crowded by scarlet members. Dr. Robins, who is the Degree Master here, is a very efficient and popular Brother of Massachusetts Lodge; his plan of instructing the members in the various degrees is a very happy and successful one, and I think he deserves much credit, both for its efficiency and originality. The Order in Boston and in places contiguous is steadily increasing,—the increase, too, is *healthy*; great care and watchfulness are evident in the various Lodges; and, from present appearances, I think there is little danger that the Order here “pass under evil imputation”—on the score of unworthy members. I would not forget to mention that Dr. *Albert Guild*, the worthy and respected D. D. G. S. for the greater portion of New England, and the father of Odd-Fellowship in this part of our country, is a most assiduous and indefatigable laborer in the cause: he is possessed of the entire confidence of the brethren, and is the very best man who could have been selected for the post he fills, with much credit to himself and our fraternity.

I can hardly give you a correct description of Odd-Fellowship in Portland, Maine. I was there but a very short time, and did not visit a Lodge. But you may imagine what is doing, when I tell you that, in three months time, some four hundred members have been initiated in that place; all, as I am credibly informed, “good men and true.” They have a Lodge also in Thomaston, and one in Saco; and the D. D. G. S. Bro. Churchill—who, by the way, is doing much for our Covenant—informed me that he should soon open another in Augusta. Bro. *Robinson*, in Portland, a very worthy young gentleman, introduced the Order among what you Baltimoreans would call the “people down east.”

In New Hampshire, also, the I. O. O. F. is in a flourishing condition. The Granite Lodge, No. 1, at Nashua, N. H., which was instituted a short time since, numbers some sixty members. In company with the D. D. G. S., Dr. Guild, I visited Manchester, N. H., on Thursday last, where I was invited to assist in opening the Hillsborough Lodge, No. 2. After

the ceremonies of installation and conferring degrees were concluded, fourteen gentlemen were initiated, by the officers of Granite Lodge. On the following day the three first degrees were conferred on six brothers, by Brother Haskell, from Boston, with much energy and effect. The Manchester Brothers have a very fair commencement, and I trust they will do well.

The Order in Providence, R. I., is flourishing. "Friendly Union Lodge," No. 2, was installed by Dr. Guild on the 14th inst., under very favorable auspices. I was honored with an invitation to deliver an Address before the Brothers of the two Lodges in Providence, which I accepted. Of *that*, however, I must not speak. And indeed, as "my sheet is filled," I must close here somewhat abruptly.

Yours, as ever,

PASCHAL DONALDSON.

Boston, Dec. 23, 1843.

REPORT OF D. D. G. SIRE ALBERT GUILD.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—In conformity with my duty I proceeded on the 21st day of December to the pleasant and thriving village of Manchester in New Hampshire, the place of location of Hillsborough Lodge No. 2, and with the assistance of several of the brethren from Massachusetts and Granite Lodge No. 1, of Nashua, N. H. Instituted Hillsborough Lodge No. 2; after the installation took place, the Lodge proceeded to initiate 14 new members, and I can truly say that, I know of no place where the Order has been established in a more congenial soil for its growth, prosperity, and usefulness; they have a beautiful Hall well furnished, and the brothers now composing said Lodge are of the most enterprising class of men in the village, and have taken hold of it with a zeal and energy that will no doubt do credit to themselves and the Order. On the 14th inst. I installed the officers of Friendly Union Lodge No. 1, of Providence, and I am happy to state that they have procured and furnished in a style that does them credit a beautiful Hall in the centre of the city, where they are determined, if prudence and energy on their part will build up the Order in that State, it shall be done; they are adding weekly to their numbers of the best men in community. I am also extremely happy to state that Eagle Lodge No. 2, of Providence, is doing remarkably well; they are determined if possible to be a pattern for other Lodges.

Boston, Dec. 23d, 1843.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

Canada—Extract of a letter from P. G. G. Matthews, dated Montreal, December 10th, 1843.

I opened and established Queen's Lodge No. 2, I. O. of O. F. and am pleased to inform you, under the most flattering prospects, 18 propositions having been received on the same evening, many of them, the first men in this city. Every thing that tends to add dignity to our institution, is promised by the young Lodge.

Extract of a letter from P. H. P. and P. G. Thos. Hardie, dated Montreal, December, 1843.

I am well convinced that there is no better field (than this) open at the present time under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the U. States, for the establishment of the Patriarchal Order. Prince of Wales Lodge No. 1, now numbers about 75 members of the most respectable and wealthy inhabitants of this city, and is yet rapidly increasing in numbers; last week Queen's Lodge No. 2, was opened under the most favorable auspices and I have no doubt but that it will be a most valuable acquisition to the Order.

Maine—Extract of a letter from D. D. Grand Sire Churchill, dated Saco, December 8, 1843.

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER:—Above you will find a Draft for \$30, for the Charter of Sabbatis Lodge, No. 6, at Augusta, Maine. I wish you would forward the ——— without delay. I shall report in full soon.—The Order is in a fine condition in this State, you may depend.

Extract of a letter from D. D. G. Sire George W. Churchill, dated Saco, December 20th, 1843.

Odd-Fellowship is all the rage in this State—and you may expect an application for a Dispensation for a Grand Lodge soon, we now have 5 Lodges, one Encampment, and a dispensation for the sixth Lodge, and over 400 members. And less than six months has elapsed since the first Lodge was established—a circumstance unparalleled in the history of the Order—men of the first standing in society take hold and are the most forward in the work, and you may depend that our beloved Order finds a congenial soil in this noble State—and will in time I doubt not be equal to any State in the Union, and be truly a star in the East.

New York—Extract of a letter from P. G. D. Sands Battey, dated Buffalo, December 11th, 1843.

The location of Michigan Lodge is such as to render it a source of gratification to every member interested in the welfare of our fraternity.—And I feel grateful in having been made instrumental in instituting the Order in our sister State. A wide field presents itself to their views—and if they are careful in the admission of candidates to membership the happiest results cannot but be anticipated. God grant it may be so and that they may go on “conquering and to conquer,” prosperous and happy, is the sincere wish of their friend and brother.

South Carolina—Extract of a letter from D. D. G. Sire Albert Case, dated Charleston, January 4th, 1844.

I have this day received the returns of Ocmulgee Encampment No. 2, for the first term, ending December 31st, 1843. It has initiated 27.—

Received \$276 75, and forwarded \$27 67 the amount due Grand Lodge of the United States.

The officers for current term, are

C. R. PARSONS, C. P.
JACKSON BARNES, H. P.
THOS. J. MOULTON, S. W.
J. M. KIBBER, J. W.
F. J. OGDEN, Scribe.
A. B. HARTWELL, Treasurer.

Past Officers.

JAMES WOOD, M.D. P. C. P.
W. A. ROBERTSON, P. H. P.

Georgia—Extract of a letter from Secretary Wm. C. Derry, dated Mill-edgeville, December 22d, 1843.

Sylvan Lodge is desirous of the benefit accruing from the perusal of your excellent and cheap Periodical. It wishes you and your coadjutors complete success, for, in the success of the "Official Magazine," Odd-Fellows believe and feel that they see the prosperity of that cause on which they have centered a goodly share of their hopes for worldly peace and happiness.

Odd-Fellowship is yet on the gain with us, and will continue to be, so long as its pure principles influence the hearts and control the lives of its members. Sylvan Lodge now numbers hard on to sixty members. A few months since and not an Odd-Fellow could be found in our city, now, already, sixty sons have been born unto the Order and she may well exultingly exclaim "a troop cometh."

Extract of a letter from Dept. Grand Master Guy L. Warren, dated Macon, 5th December, 1843.

Agreeably to instructions from Alvan N. Miller, Esq., M. W. Grand Master of this State, I proceeded to Columbus, and on the 17th ult. instituted "*Muscogee Lodge No. 6*," I. O. O. F., and on that and the succeeding evenings twelve of the most respectable citizens of that city, (among whom was the Mayor,) were received into the Order. From those who are engaged in it, I am confident that the work of the Order will be well done, and reflect credit on the brethren. I have no doubt that in a few months Muscogee Lodge will vie with any other Lodge in the State, both as regards members and respectability.

I found the brothers in Columbus had not been idle, but had fitted up their Hall in a manner that would do credit to any Lodge in our larger towns. Their Hall is about 45 feet long by 25 wide. On entering the hall I was struck with its arrangement. In front was the stand of the N. G. tastefully hung in scarlet, with festoons and drapery, extending to the walls on either side. Over the front of the stand, in large gilt letters, was this motto "*In God we trust*," in the centre was the *all-seeing eye*, and in the pannel-work in front, was painted the insignia of office. On the

right and left were the Secretary and Treasurer's desks painted white, with the jewels of their office thereon. At the other end of the Hall was the V. G.'s stand similarly hung with blue—above was the motto "*Friendship, Love and Truth*," and in front a suitable emblem. In front of the P. G.'s chair was painted the *hand and heart*—on the wall above was the cross swords, with the word "*HONOR*"—on the opposite wall was the word "*antiquity*," with a suitable emblem, and at suitable distances on the walls were tastefully painted the various emblems of the Order. The ante-rooms are conveniently arranged, and the floor is covered with a neat and durable carpet. This is the first Lodge chartered by the R. W. Grand Lodge of Georgia. There will be several more instituted under this jurisdiction during the present season.

Ohio—Extract of a letter from Representative Sherlock, dated Cincinnati, November 11, 1843.

Two new Lodges have been Chartered since my return, and another is in progress. When they are instituted I will advise you. Every thing goes on right.

Extract of a letter from Rep. Sherlock, dated Cincinnati, Dec. 26, 1843.

Since I wrote you last, two Lodges have been instituted in this State, viz:—Central No. 23, at Columbus, and Chilicothe No. 24, at Chilicothe, Ohio, both under fair prospects of success. Charters for two others have been granted, which will probably be put in operation during the coming month.

Kentucky—Extract of a letter from Grand Representative Shaffner, dated Louisville, October 19th, 1843.

I am home, well and engaged at my professional business.

On my return I stopped a short time at Wheeling, and was informed that the Order was progressing quite fast. I held converse with some of the most distinguished members, and was highly gratified to be informed of the bright and glowing prospects of their success in promoting and extending the benign principles of our Order.

I stopped at Maysville, Ky., a short time to impart all and severally such information as necessary. De Kalb Lodge, located at this place, has been in operation about one year, and have had much difficulty since her commencement. I am happy that her prospects are brightening—glowing indeed.

At Covington, I remained a few hours, and imparted to them such information as was in my power. The Order has been established in this place for some years. Their prospects are much better than they have ever been before. The Encampment of this place has been quite inactive, but reviving now very fast. On my arrival at Louisville (my home) I was informed that the Order was progressing rapidly. Harmony and union glows in every Lodge. Much satisfaction has been manifested in relation to the action of the Grand Lodge of the U. States, on the English affair. It appears to meet the general approbation.

The Grand Lodge of Kentucky held a procession on her anniversary, (the 14th of Sept.) on which occasion Gen'l. Wm. S. Pilcher delivered a very eloquent address. I will endeavour to give you all the news of Kentucky.

Extract of a letter from T. P. Shaffner, dated Louisville, 6th of November, 1843.

Yours in relation to the Covenant was received yesterday, which shall meet my immediate attention. The representatives of Kentucky were not instructed to vote upon any measure. But their action has met with unanimous approbation, and particularly on the English question, abolishing the *proxy* system and the Covenant and Official Magazine. The last of which is the most popular. The truth of which is demonstrated by the following resolutions which passed both in the Grand Encampment and the Grand Lodge of Kentucky *unanimously*.

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge most cordially and fraternally recommend to the Order in Kentucky and in general, to encourage and patronize the Covenant and Official Magazine.

Further Resolved, That the Grand Lodge of Kentucky entertains the highest opinion of the integrity and ability of P. G. M. James L. Ridgely of Maryland, Editor of said Covenant and Official Magazine.

The Grand Encampment of Kentucky met on Friday the 3d, nothing of much interest was done—much interest is manifested here to sustain the Patriarchal department of the Order, we have now four Encampments and expect before next session of Grand Lodge of the United States to charter two more.

The Grand Lodge met on Saturday the 4th, quite a full attendance.—There was much local business transacted. I will send you the proceedings when printed. We are now doing very well. Harmony glows deeply. Union shines brilliantly and each soul is bound together with the cords of Friendship, Love and Truth.

Be fully assured, sir, that we are determined that Kentucky shall hold an altitude with the pre-eminent. The cloud which has heretofore dimmed the rays of her honor has been dispelled never to return again, and hereafter she *shall* be a bright and a brilliant star.

Tennessee—Extract of a letter from Grand Secretary L. L. Loring, dated Nashville, October 28th, 1843.

I am happy to inform you that the question of difference between the Grand Lodge of Tennessee and Ridgely Encampment No. 1, of Nashville, since the action of the Grand Lodge of the United States on the subject, assumes the appearance of a reconciliation; and that the Grand Lodge has kindly tendered to the Encampment the use of Odd-Fellows' Hall.

Above all other considerations, we are determined to have harmony among ourselves, even though we may differ in our views, as to the proper manner of proceeding to sustain it.

The report of our Grand Master, and that of our Representative at our late Quarterly Communication, were both lengthy and interesting—embracing most, or all, of the important decisions of the Grand Lodge of the

United States—congratulating us upon the rapid increase and prosperous condition of the Order throughout the Union—recommending a speedy and amicable adjustment of every matter before us, tending to impede the cause of Odd-Fellowship—and in words of tenderness and affection, zealously portrayed the beauty and necessity of conforming to our professed principles of “Friendship, Love and Truth.”

Be assured therefore, that the Order in Tennessee is on the wake, and promises in the future, the gathering of a rich harvest.

Extract of a letter from P. G. M. T. Kezer, dated Nashville, Nov 12, 1843.

I shall take pleasure in rendering you any assistance in my power tending to advance the prospects of the “Official Magazine.” The prosperity and necessity, of having an official paper, in an “Order” so widely diffused as ours—speaking one, and the true language to all parts of the country at the same time—is so strongly impressed upon my mind, as to admit of no doubtful utility. An official experiment of the true work of the Order—speaking by authority—is calculated to unite and harmonize all conflicting opinions, and to correct and purify all errors of a local nature. Social publications have a contrary effect, their tendency is to create dissensions, and engender local prejudices and sectional feelings. These being my views, I would go great length to sustain the national work.

Without intending any compliment, I can say, that I am proud of the present arrangement for the prosecution of the work in future, and whilst it continues, no fears need be entertained of local periodicals, for they will not be deemed good authority, when differing from the acknowledged head.

Mississippi—Extract of a letter from Grand Secretary John R. Dicks, dated Natchez, October 28, 1843.

I must acknowledge that I have been negligent by failing to communicate at an earlier date, officially, the condition and future prospects of the Order in the State of Mississippi.

This Grand Lodge has been reminded by your repeated regrets, expressed in your annual reports for 1842 and 1843 to the Grand Lodge of the United States, that you found it difficult to maintain a regular official correspondence with the Order in Mississippi. That the officers of this Grand Lodge have not more frequently communicated officially the condition of the Order within their jurisdiction, cannot justly (though seemingly so) be attributed to a want of interest, a manifestation of zeal, or energy of character on their part in any one particular, upon which depended the advancement and prosperity of Odd-Fellowship. The seeming remissness in that particular which has been a cause of complaint, must be attributed to the fact, that members of the Grand Lodge (not officers) have frequently during the past year communicated to the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the United States, information in relation to the progress of the Order in this State, extracts from which I have noticed were occasionally published in the Covenant. This was held, and taken for granted a sufficient reason why the same information was not officially communicated. It is no doubt a reasonable excuse, but at the same time I do not contend that it entirely obviates the difficulty by you set forth.



Your report upon the state of the Order in the different States, should be made up of facts from the various jurisdictions, officially communicated, and in justice to themselves, every State Grand Lodge should keep you apprised of such information necessary to be embodied in your annual report. I trust this requirement, for the future, will be promptly responded to by the Grand Lodge of Mississippi.

This Lodge closed a quarterly communication on the 16th inst., all the officers and a goodly number of Past Grands were present. It was evidenced by the reports from Subordinate Lodges (eight in number) that the Order throughout the State is in a prosperous condition.

As an evidence of its future prospects, the Lodges by practical economy, are now all out of debt, having sufficient funds for all legitimate purposes and are making daily additions to their number. It is a source of great gratification to the friends and supporters of Odd-Fellowship in the South, to know, that the accessions to its ranks, are men of exalted character, talent and moral worth. Men who cheerfully obligate themselves to use their influence to improve the condition of society. Men whose daily examples teach every observer the true secret whereby they may walk in the paths that lead to moral altitude, human perfection and earthly happiness. Men who charitably respond to every call on their munificence, who would in the fullness of their benevolence, disdain to "*repudiate the bond*" of good fellowship, that teaches them to administer to the wants of destitute brothers and to relieve the distresses of a fellow creature.

At the annual communication in July last the following brothers were chosen as officers for the current year.

M. W. G. M.	R. GRIFFETH, of Vicksburg.
R. W. D. G. M. F. O.	WADSWORTH, Natchez.
R. W. G. W.	JAS. FRUNTY, do.
R. W. G. Sec'y	JOHN B. DICKS, do.
R. W. G. Treas	WM. SHAW, do.
R. W. G. Chap.	S. B. NEWMAN, do.

It is in contemplation to open a new Lodge in this city during the present winter. Only one death reported for last quarter, among all the members of the Order in this city scarcely a case of sickness has occurred during the past season.

PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

Frontier Encampment No. 2, Weston, Missouri.

Ex act from the Journal of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, November Session, 1843.

P. G. Shaffner offered the following Resolutions, which were adopted, viz:—

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge most cordially and fraternally recommend to the Order in Kentucky to encourage and patronize the Covenant and Official Magazine.

Further Resolved, That the Grand Lodge entertain the highest opinions of the integrity and ability of P. G. M. James L. Ridgely, Editor of said Covenant and Magazine.

I. O. O. F.

THE COVENANT

AND OFFICIAL MAGAZINE

OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

VOL. III.

MARCH, 1844.

No. 3.

THE STUDENT PRESSED DOWN BY POVERTY.

How many young men are there who are borne down by the hard iron hand of poverty, in the very dawn of manhood? How many have felt its pressing hand when in the early germs of reason? How many have risen to honor and renown, in this transitory life, by surmounting obstacle after obstacle, which have clustered about and hemmed them in with doubt and darkness? How many have been borne onward on the billow that threatened to overwhelm them, and have risen from the shock that dashed them back with two-fold vigor? They are too numerous to mention. But we select one for an example, out of the vast number, which are borne down by poverty. We see him step forth into an active life; notwithstanding his mother's toils are daily and nightly with his father's, who has to earn his bread by the sweat of the brow—he shows himself industrious and persevering in the course of self-culture. Receiving only the rudiments of an education, before he is sent, by a kind father, to toil either amidst the clanging of machinery, or to smite with the hammer, delve with the spade, or go down upon the ocean's bosom, and there toil for a living. Like thousands of young men, he was in duty bound and obliged to leave his fond home and launch upon a cold and unfeeling world to seek a living. When toiling with sinewy arm, he is looking, as is natural for man, for higher sources of enjoyment; (for no man is ever satisfied in his present situation;) the mind is forever upon the wing in the pursuit of new objects and new acquirements, which are continually fleeting and always elusive. He is now upon the wide and avaricious world; he has duties to perform and ends to secure. Not being one of those who plunge recklessly into the dissipation of a gainsaying world, in hopes of finding the pleasure for which we seek; but being one of those who is reaching after the happiness, by cultivating the higher powers, that will not desert him when youthful bloom, and strength, and beauty have faded, but will sparkle around his soul in flowers which thought and reason have decorated with undimmed lustre.

We see the student step forth into the field of science, with his Theorems and Problems—mounting upon the wings of knowledge, to soar aloft after that enjoyment which is of the most intrinsic value to the mind; although he is compelled to toil from the rising to the going down of the sun, and then carry home his small earnings, which are devoured with pleasure—he never complains of being too poor to learn. Here, he breaks forth, full of ambitions, in language too melting for an indolent student—“Although early dawn calls me to my daily toils, and fallen night to rest my weary limbs, yet I find hours and minutes which I can devote to gathering up garlands that will never fade, but breathe undying fragrance. Oh; how often have I been led to exclaim in the language of that ragged and barefooted weaver’s boy, who battled on through poverty, until he received the professorship in one of the first Universities of the age:—‘want was my earliest companion.’ How often have I travelled too and fro in my room, at midnight hours? Yes, when all was still and silent as the tomb, having on my mind some problem or question to solve; when poverty would stare me in the face with all the miseries that flow from it, and cause me to turn aside from my intellectual pursuits, to gratify my selfish principles, by counting over the few coppers which I possessed.”

This only gave him temporal pleasure, which was soon gone; it brought no lasting enjoyment to the predominant part of man—the mind—the human mind with all its capabilities laid dormant, while he was gratifying his selfish propensities. He soon found that this could not do, and immediately turned aside from perishable objects, again to adorn the mind with unfading flowers. Having his ambition excited more into the path of literature, by contemplating upon that long bright host which have risen to honor and renown, although they have crumbled into the dust, yet their names are echoed and re-echoed with reverence in our halls of justice and around our high places of honor. These are men that have worn the rags of poverty, and carried the hard hands of toil, but they commenced in their early years to ponder over the written volumes of instruction, both sacred and profane, which were partial lights or torches in their hands, that excited them onward to the fountain of knowledge.

Here he resumes the subject again: “When I read how great men have acted, how they have struggled on through poverty, and the hours they have spent alone,—like that man who lived in the caves beside the boisterous ocean, to cultivate his powers, by displaying his eloquence alone, upon the rock, the beach, and in the woods, which when cultivated, he rushed forth like the Barbarian and made all Europe, as it were, tremble. When I look over our great charter of liberty, and there behold signatures of hands that have worked the printing-press, and wielded the lap-stone and last, and know that such men were strong defenders of this goodly heritage, which we now have the extreme felicity of enjoying; and also know that they plucked the laurel’s wreath from the brow of Europe, and handed down to us the star-spangled banner of liberty. When I see such precious jewels plucked by those that have waded on through poverty, can I turn aside from the path that leads to the fountain of unfading delight and honor, to gratify my selfish desires merely because I am poor? No. I will climb the rugged cliffs, and battle on over the billows of poverty; for many a beautiful flower has been plucked from the thorny bush. God has given us a mind to be improved—the immortal

mind; which 'bears no mark of high or low, of rich or poor. It heeds no bound of time or place, of rank or circumstance. It asks but freedom. It requires but light. It is heaven-born, and it aspires to heaven. Weakness does not enfeeble it. Poverty cannot repress it.' The difficulties that I experience, do but stimulate its vigor. And if we rightly improve this mind, it will result in our own happiness. What a helpless being the new born infant is; the barking whelp evinces more knowledge than the prattling child, and there is no more perfection among our beasts that roam in the forest, birds that sing among the branches, or among our own domestics, than there was before they came forth from the 'Ark of Noah.' But what has man done? Has he built the lofty pyramids of Egypt?—Has he encircled Thebes with a lofty wall, and hung her brazen gates? Has he carved the statues which grace the pedestal of modern art? Has he discovered continents? Yes; and he has bridged cataracts, tunnelled rivers, scaled mountains, and linked the distant regions with bars of iron, on which the thundering car is hurled with a velocity that nothing has equalled! But is this all? No; behold the fair bark with her white pinions spread to the inviting breeze, passing the stormy cape to the delightful shores of Hindostan. The mariners' compass which dotted our ocean, as it were, all over with white sails. But this is not all—man has descended into the bowels of the earth, and there gathered up knowledge from buried monuments of past ages, and with a string has gone aloft to the vaulted heavens, and there leaped from planet to planet, from system to system, through the blue ether, to measure their distances from each other. The dark ages have been dispelled, governments have been overturned, and man is going onward and upward in the path of knowledge, and yet there are in the distant regions of futurity stores of wisdom for us to ransom from their chaotic states, and be raptured with bliss at every new truth which dawns upon the mind, like an Archimedes who leaped from the bath in the city of Sarycuse, transported with delight, because he had found out an important truth. What, shall I let the mind lie dormant because I am encircled by poverty? what man has done, man can do. 'I will try.'"

Here he forms new resolutions, and resolves to abide by them; having his ambition aroused by contemplating upon what man has done, and the volumes of mystery which still remains to be unfolded by the present or future generations, he is determined to turn aside, when hours or minutes present themselves, from the dusty and beaten thoroughfare of business, and quaff from the fountain-breeze of knowledge. Listen to the strains of eloquence that comes from the innermost recesses of his soul,—“I will plough the classic fields when I have hours or minutes in which I can turn aside from my toils; and when evening has mantled her shades around, I will go out and scale aloft to the curtained heavens, and there roam among the illuminated worlds which glisten like diamonds in the crowns of angels, and with an eye of faith will I wing my flight far—far above those circling suns and radiant systems, until I drink into the fountain of God's everlasting love. I will taste of the pleasure that sparkled around the brow of that poor laboring shepherd's boy—James Ferguson, who struggled for many years through the most oppressive poverty, and at last became the renowned and honored philosopher. I will drink deep into the rivers of enjoyment which must have flowed into the

bosom of our great champion of liberty, when the lightning came quivering from the distant cloud; or in other words, when he bound the lightning with a hempen cord, and brought it harmless from the skies—a poor printer, eating his roll through the streets of Philadelphia became the ‘playmate of lightning?’”

Here is the student which was borne down by poverty; compelled to leave his home and toil for a living upon this cold and unfeeling world, now fired with ambition in the flight after literary fame, which is truly lovely. The seed of ambition was sown within him in his boyhood, and circumstances called upon him to nourish it, and it “grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength.” He did not give up in despair when the want of earthly treasures pressed upon him; but it called upon him to light the midnight taper and endeavor to ascend the mount of distinction. Ambition, and the spirits of the numerous trains of statesmen, orators, heroes, and poets which have risen to usefulness and glory, lead him forth undaunted into the path of education, which at first was beset with briers and brambles, but as he advanced they disappeared, and unfading flowers sprung up in their stead, with which he adorned his mind, because, says he, “they will continue to live and bloom while the marbles of Palmyra and the Acropolis, the mystic symbols of Isis and Osiris, which now excite the admiration and wonder of the antiquary and the traveller, shall have crumbled or faded away.”

Now let us go back to the time when he first launched his frail bark upon the tempestuous sea of life, encircled with poverty. Follow him to his retirement, and there mark his furrowed brow; the cloud of anxiety which perpetually enveloped him in regard to obtaining a livelihood, and compare them with his present circumstances, present trials, and the happiness which flow from them. In instituting this comparison, it will be seen what man can do, and what fountains of unfading bliss there are from which he can quaff. In youth he enjoyed happiness, which was but a little superior to that which the beasts enjoy. In another stage, he approached more in the likeness of angels, being made one, he grasps at the fleeting things of this world, which are perishable; in the other, things that are immortal, imperishable, and that breathe undying fragrance.

Now where “others can see naught but monotonous plains, dismal forests, and hideous mountains, he is enraptured with the grandeur and sublimity of the scenes before him.” Objects that once appeared void of interest, are now clothed with eloquence. Ah; let the hero express himself: “every new truth that opens itself to view, brings with it joy that can be better imagined than described. Once I grovelled among the low fleeting things of this world; now I can scan the broad heavens and the mysterious earth, and search skilfully among the relics of ancient lore, and drink of the prelan spring. I now can see eloquence and wisdom gush from all animated nature, like waters from the smitten rock; although my locks are blossomed for the grave, and I am leaning feebly upon my staff, being poor in purse; yet I can exclaim in the language of Solomon:—‘There is gold and a multitude of rubies: but the lips of knowledge are a precious jewel.’ I can look back over the chequered paths through which I have travelled, and behold a rainbow beaming with its soft and beautiful colors, along those rugged mountains which I struggled over.—Although poverty called me to toil amidst the turmoils of this world, with

its pressing hand, yet I can look back upon them with pleasure; for along those thorny paths I plucked flowers that will never fade, but breathe undying fragrance. I can now look forward to the setting sun as I sink into the grave, and behold those blackened clouds that once darkened the cheerful sky, and threatened me with a storm of sorrow, changed to the brightest hue."

These are the sentiments of a man, who battled on through life's rugged paths, and built monuments which possesses greenness and beauty, that never will be shattered by the storm of poverty, or withered in the glittering sun,—riches which so many are blinded by: but from them will continue to flow the immortal rivers of delight. He plucked fresh and fadeless flowers upon the greenest hills. He stood as an ornament and pillar to his country. The halo surrounded his brow, when he stood upon the verge of the grave. Although dead, yet he speaks to us through the living organs—books, in language too plain to be misunderstood:—"There are higher sources of enjoyment. I have come up through poverty, and have won laurels, by persevering in a course of self-culture that will never cease to bloom. Now young men, who are in a similar situation to that I was in, go and do likewise."

T B.

Charleston, S. C.

DREAMS OF THE DEAD.

BY BRO. J. B. ROGERSON, OF ENG.

It is the midnight's still and solemn hour,
 And eyes and flowers are folded up in rest,
 And glides the moon from out her sapphire bower,
 With veil of clouds and star-embroider'd vest;
 And now there comes a voice to memory dear—
 I *WEEP* to hear it, and yet *LOVE* to hear.

It soundeth not as it was wont to sound,
 It greets me not with glad and laughing tone:—
 Ah! how is this?—I call and search around,
 Save mine own echo all is still and lone;
 Nor voice nor form—perchance my senses dream—
 I hear what is not, yet I waking seem.

It was *HIS* voice, the voice of my *DEAD FRIEND*—
DEAD!—speak the tenants of the silent grave?
 Have not earth's attributes a final end,
 When sinketh life in death's o'erwhelming wave?
 The spirit's destiny is hid in gloom,
 All mortal things must perish in the tomb.

'Twas but remembrance of what once hath been,
And liveth still within the sorrowing heart :
Oh, mystic Memory ! for ever green
We view the past by thy all-potent art ;
Thou can'st restore the forms whose loss we mourn,
Thou rend'st the grave, and bursts the funeral urn.

And not alone unto my waking eyes
Is imag'd forth that lov'd, familiar form ;
In the night's visions doth the past arise,
And thoughts of him who dwelleth with the worm :
I see him then—I hear, but not as now—
His voice is glad, and health is on his brow.

I hear him then as I was wont to hear,
I see him then as he was wont to be,
And comes his accents on my gladden'd ear,
As when of old we roam'd in converse free ;
And each to each sought only to impart,
Without disguise, the secrets of his heart.

My buried friend ! thou unto me wert bound,
Not by the ties which sordid beings bind,
But I in thee a kindred nature found,
Thou wert to me a brother of the mind ;
Thou could'st not brook the worldling's narrow skill,
And wert the martyr of thine own proud will.

As one who sleeps and walks near rushing streams,
Surrounding dangers passeth heedless by :
So did'st thou live, wrapt in aspiring dreams,
Viewing the world with a regardless eye ;
With sickening soul mingling with soulless men,
Thou liv'd'st and died'st a god-form'd denizen.

Thou wert the child of high and lofty thought,
Borne by the tide of thine own heart along ;
With chainless mind thine uncheck'd spirit sought,
On soaring wing, the towering mount of song ;
Thou died'st or ere its proudest height was won—
A tameless eagle stricken near the sun.

O R A T I O N .

BY PATRIARCH EDWARD J. ARTHUR.*

THE task of introducing the principles of Odd-Fellowship into this community, at a time when the subject was invested with the charms of novelty and curiosity, has already been most ably performed, and with the most eminent success. To me has been assigned the more difficult duty of attempting still further to develop the principles of our noble Order and of endeavouring to establish in its behalf a more permanent and stable interest.

In the discharge of this duty the most confident might feel hesitation and embarrassment, and with such feeling do I approach the subject.

Relying, however, on your kind forbearance and earnestly soliciting your generous acceptance of this imperfect effort, I will proceed to speak of Odd-Fellowship, not as it has been already spoken of, in the language of hope and promise, but of its practical and beneficial operation upon society and its own members, as it has thus far been imperfectly developed.

It may be expected that I should on this occasion make particular allusion to that peculiar Order whose anniversary we are this day celebrating, but as in its objects and purposes, it does not differ essentially from other branches of Odd-Fellowship, I apprehend it will suffice for me to state, that it is merely a higher Order of the same institution, by which the ties that unite us are drawn closer, and the duties and obligations of which, are higher and more binding.

Experience has taught us, that of all the branches of education which have occupied the attention of mankind, none is so difficult of attainment as that which is generally so much neglected, the education of the heart; and amid the innumerable schemes which have been devised for the amelioration of the social and moral condition of man how few have been able to withstand those severe tests of all human institutions, time and experience.

Independently of the intrinsic difficulties of the subject itself, much of their ill success is attributable to the erroneous thrones upon which they have proceeded. Based upon false principles of philosophy, or vainly attempting to reduce all mankind to the visionary standard of perfectability, all their efforts have proved fruitless of practical good, and their ephemeral existence has lasted only long enough, to demonstrate the utter fallacy and absurdity of the scheme, attempting too much and by inadequate means they have effected nothing, and instead of regenerating mankind, have brought upon their own head, merited ridicule and contempt.

But far different has been the career of Odd-Fellowship. Introducing itself in the modest guise of an association for the purposes of mutual assistance among its members—originating with and for a long time confined

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to the working classes—it was at first regarded merely in the character of a mutual insurance association, which by means of a trifling periodical contribution, was enabled to protect its members from the usual pecuniary vicissitudes and casualties of life.

Suddenly however, and as if by magic, it has grown to its present enormous magnitude and influence. From England where it is said to have originated in its present form it has spread throughout the vast continent of Europe; crossing the Atlantic, it has disseminated itself throughout the immense extent of our own country, extending to every ramification of society, and embracing all professions and callings, and every variety of political or religious interests or opinions. In our Legislative Halls, in our sacred Temples of Justice, among our artizans and our rulers, in the lowly walls of the workshop, and in the lordly mansions of wealth and affluence—at the sacred desk of the man of God, and at the counter of the man of business, are to be found the members of our Order. From the populous cities of the East, to the utmost verge of civilization in the vast, and almost untrodden wilds of the West; from the snow-clad hills of the North to the smiling and voluptuous plains of the South, Odd-Fellowship has extended and is still rapidly and steadily extending, its already almost boundless and universal influence.

To whatever cause this unparalleled success is to be attributed, whether to the beautiful simplicity of the morality it teaches, or the fascinating charm of the profound mystery in which its rites and ceremonies are shrouded, it is nevertheless quite manifest, that an institution, uniting as this does in one common bond, every grade and station of society, and every diversity of sectional or political interests, binding together in the most sacred ties, men of every clime, government, and religion, cannot but exercise an unbounded influence, either for good or for evil. The utter fallacy of all fears of the injurious tendency of Odd-Fellowship has already been most ably and satisfactorily demonstrated, by those who have preceded me in the task of expounding the doctrines, and vindicating the principles of our Order. I shall therefore take it for granted, that the vulgar prejudices which may once have existed against us, have long since been exploded, and instead of attempting to allay fears and lull suspicions which do not exist, I will endeavour to excite your respect and admiration for Odd-Fellowship, by pointing out in what manner it is likely to become a most powerful engine of good to society. In doing so I will allude to those practical benefits which have already been derived from it, and which give such undoubted evidence of its future usefulness.

By some it may be thought a rash undertaking, at this stage of our existence, to place our claim to popular favor on the ground, of the good which we have already effected—yes, I hold it to be a sacred duty we owe the public that they should be satisfied of the utility of our institution. In a government like ours, where the popular will is the source of all power, the people have a right to know, by what means and in what manner, an institution possessing such unbounded influence as ours, and conducting its proceedings under the dark veil of absolute secrecy, intends to effect the ostensible object of its organization.

I would, however, by no means admit the right, either moral or legal, of any man, or of any government, to pry into our secret rites or mysteries; and although in the present state of information on the subject of Odd-Fel-

lowship, we have no reason to apprehend persecution or opposition, yet if we desire more than the forbearance, and would gain the approbation of the public, we must so far disclose our operations and intentions, as to satisfy the world, not only of our inclination, but of our ability to effect some useful object. The readiest means of doing this, is to show what we have already done, that thus the public may be enabled to judge, what we are likely to do, when our institution may have become perfected, by time and experience. Among the many beneficial effects likely to be produced by Odd-Fellowship as established in the United States, by no means the least important, is its tendency to promote a union of feeling and interest, among the various portions of our widely extended and highly diversified country. In a country like ours, embracing every variety of soil, climate and production, and every diversity of pursuit and interest, it was necessary that a government should be established, which while it maintained the several interests of the parts, preserved the integrity of the whole. To effect this our Federal form of government was adopted; a government composed of several independent sovereignties, united as one people, in their relations to the other nations of the earth, but separate and distinct, in their internal and local regulation and government.

It was thought by this system, a system at once of attraction and repulsion, the independence of the several States might be sufficiently preserved, for the protection of their several interests, while sufficient consistency and coherence would be given to the union, to make it respected among the nations of the earth.

Experience has taught us the extreme difficulty of maintaining the proper equilibrium between these conflicting forces; and while on the one hand, by increasing the powers of the general government the interest of the smaller and weaker States have suffered, on the other hand by diminishing its strength, our respectability and influence as a nation has been lessened, and the existence of our union seriously endangered.

After various modifications and alterations, our government has at length assumed a sufficiently consolidated form, to make itself felt and respected by the other powers of the world; yet is there something wanting, which while it interferes not with the sacred prerogative of State sovereignty, will unite us more closely as one people in the sacred bonds of Friendship and brotherhood.

I do not pretend that this great political problem has been solved by Odd-Fellowship, yet I do maintain, that its principles when well understood and thoroughly carried into practice, are well calculated to establish a union—not of consolidated power—but of brotherly love—not of force, but of sympathy—which may long preserve us against those intestine divisions and broils, which have so often threatened to rend asunder the fair fabric of our government.

The system upon which our Order has been organized in the United States, gives colour and plausibility to the view I have presented. An organization extending throughout the several States of the Union, yet for certain purposes, and under certain restraints, acknowledging the control and direction of one common head. The Lodges of the several States, revolving in harmony around their respective centres, the Grand Lodges of the States, and those again moving peacefully in their several orbits,

around the great head of all, the Grand Lodge of the Union. Here we have a thoroughly organized system, based upon the principles of one political confederation, and by the heavenly precepts of unity and brotherhood, strengthening those natural ties that should bind us together as fellow-citizens of one great republic. Could any system be devised better calculated to remove those local prejudices and sectional feelings, with which our beloved country has been so often distracted; can any scheme be fixed upon, by which the bitter asperities of party feeling are more likely to be allayed than this. When the citizen of the South is taught to look upon the citizen of the North as his brother, and the citizen of the North find himself received in the open arms of Friendship at the South; when the Odd-Fellow from the East feels the cordial grasp of fraternity from his brother of the West; and the member of our Order, from whatsoever quarter of the Union he may come, or wherever he may go, finds himself no longer a stranger in a strange land, but surrounded by brothers and friends; surely this, if any thing, will serve to bind together, in the indissoluble bonds of unity and brotherhood, the various portions of our beloved country. If thus Odd-Fellowship, without becoming a party engine, has a tendency to strengthen our political fabric, and without increasing the already dangerous powers of the general government, of binding still closer the bond of our union, I ask, should it not be entitled to the highest consideration from the statesman and patriot? and should we not all unite, in promoting the interests of a cause, calculated to effect that, which was the fervent prayer of the great Father of his country, the perpetuity of our glorious Union?

But need we confine the benefits of Odd-Fellowship, in ameliorating the political condition of mankind to our own country, and will I be accused of extravagance, if I venture to make a still more extended application of its benevolent principles, and dare hope that through its influence an important reformation, if not an entire revolution, in the Political History of the World, may some day be effected? To those who understand the nature of the obligations we owe to each other, and the ties by which we are united, it will by no means seem impossible, that by its means the political agitations and devastating wars that have so often laid desolate the fairest portions of Christendom, may be, if not entirely suppressed, at least greatly alleviated and modified.

It has long been a subject of regret to men of extended and liberal views and benevolent hearts, that no method of adjusting serious differences between nations has yet been devised, except an appeal to arms; and the attention which has of late years been bestowed upon this subject, shows that there is a strong disposition on the part of all good men of the present day, to co-operate in effecting the entire abolition of this most disgraceful relic of a barbarous and savage age. Every Odd-Fellow who hears me, and who understands the duties he has assumed, and is properly impressed with the solemnity of the obligations he has taken, will at once understand what an efficient auxilliary our institution must be in effecting this glorious reformation.

Who that has read those well authenticated instances in history, when amid the blood and carnage of the battle field, the uplifted steel has been stayed in its descent by one mystic word or sign, can doubt the efficacy of Odd-Fellowship in alleviating the dreadful horrors of war; who

that has experienced, the unity of sympathy and feeling it produces, among citizens of countries the most remote and governments the most diverse, will dispute its power in eradicating that savage principle of our nature which prompts us to look upon every stranger as an enemy? If by enlarging the circle of human sympathies, and by teaching men their duty to, and dependence upon, each other—if by uniting around one common altar, the Jew, the Turk, and the Christian, the subject of the potentates of the old world, and the free citizen of the new, and teaching them to mingle the incense of their hearts in one common offering to a God whom we all unite in adoring, if by doing this we can teach men to regard each other as brothers and members of one great family, and can allay those bitter feelings engendered by diversity of interest, government or religion, surely we may claim the honor of having contributed somewhat to promote the spreading of that heavenly message, which bespeaks peace on earth and good will towards all mankind.

To the uninitiated these expectations may seem extravagant and visionary, but the worthy Odd-Fellow will never despair while so great a moral good remains to be effected, and while he is led on by the glorious inspiration of Hope, which like

“The bright pillar that rose at Heaven’s command,
When Israel marched along the desert land,
Blazed through the night, on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path a never failing star.”

But by far the most beautiful feature of our institution is its tendency to elevate and enoble man’s moral nature. We teach morality, not by the inculcation of dry moral precepts, or the infliction of rigid and severe penalties, but by means of a beautiful system of theoretical and practical virtue, which while it instructs us in the principles of morality, enjoins upon us the practice of every social virtue. It is not content that men should know the right, but requires that they should the right pursue; and while it teaches us to regard each other as brothers, enforces by rigid laws those practices towards each other which would naturally be the result of such a near relationship. It learns us to love virtue for its own sake, and to practice it because of its tendency to promote our temporal and eternal happiness—it inculcates humanity by enjoining upon us to open our hearts in sympathy with the afflicted, and teaches us the beauty of benevolence and charity, by requiring us to relieve the wants of suffering humanity whenever it is in our power so to do. It undertakes to instruct the mind and discipline the heart, to develope the good and control the bad impulses of our nature.

But Odd-Fellowship has a tendency to establish a high standard of morality in a community. To gain admission into our Order, the applicant must come with an unstained character and an unblemished reputation. Wealth, talent, influence, station and office are of no avail if the moral character of the man be bad. The vicious man, though arrayed in the panoply of wealth and power, has shrunk from our severe ordeal, or else has been exposed in his vain attempt to pollute our sanctuary with his unholy presence. Haughty vice has been thrust back, and humble merit brought forward. The arbitrary and foolish distinctions of society, founded upon wealth alone, are not known in our Lodge, and the humble

but meritorious brother has found that among Odd-Fellows at least his worth is duly appreciated.

In a community where wealth is power, and haughty ambition rides over humble merit in its career; where vice and crime are no impediments to success in political and worldly affairs, it is cheering to the heart to know that there is at least one sanctuary where the bad man may not come, and where ability without virtue is insufficient to ensure success.

But Odd-Fellowship is also a highly social institution. Its tendency to promote friendship and good feeling among its members is one of its most beautiful features. In this age of selfishness, where individual aggrandizement is the chief motive of human actions, and men in their daily struggles for wealth or power, are continually coming into violent collision with each other, it is pleasing to reflect that an institution has been established, by which confidence among men is created, and an opportunity given for the free exercise of all the finer and nobler feelings and impulses of our nature. Nothing is so fatal to friendship as distrust, and when men are taught to act towards their most intimate friends, as if they might some day become enemies, they soon learn to check all those exhibitions of feeling and sympathy which might expose them to the schemes of the cunning and designing, or subject them to the ridicule of the worldly and heartless. But among Odd-Fellows, where man meets man as his brother and equal—when, from the moment he enters our sacred walls, he becomes indissolubly united to his fellow members in the holy bonds of Friendship, Love and Truth, and becomes bound under the most sacred obligations of secrecy—here and here alone, does he feel safe in opening the inmost recesses of his heart—and laying bare all his cares, his woes and his sorrows—and here alone can he give full scope to all the warm affections and noble impulses of his nature, or seek the consolation and sympathy of his fellows without fear of exposure or ridicule.

In the ordinary intercourse of society, our advances of Friendship may be met by coldness, indifference and scorn; our confidence may be followed by treachery and betrayal, our exhibition of sympathy may be received with suspicion and distrust, and our charity may be bestowed upon an unworthy object, and perhaps turned into ridicule by the very recipient of our bounty. But Odd-Fellowship, by establishing a reciprocal confidence, opens the pure fountains of Friendship and Love, and gives full opportunity for the development of all those noble impulses and kindly affections of the heart, which exalt our nation above the dull things of earth, and place us but a little lower than the angels in the scale of created beings.

But viewed merely in the light of an association for the purpose of affording pecuniary assistance to its members in case of need, Odd-Fellowship presents many features worthy of our highest admiration. By means of association—that great principle of modern civilization by which cities have been built, rivers turned from their channels, and even “old ocean’s gray and melancholy waste,” made subservient to the wants of man, Odd-Fellowship proposes to effect that which individual charity never could accomplish.

Under the best of governments and in the most prosperous times we are liable to misfortunes, which no human foresight can guard against, and no human prudence prevent. Independently of the natural causes

which may in the twinkling of an eye, blight our fairest hopes, and lay prostrate in the dust the hard earnings of many a weary hour of toil and labour, there are other causes continually at work, to sap the foundations of human happiness and prosperity. Envy, hatred, and rivalry, are still to be found in the world; and in the fierce struggle for wealth and honors, no man knows how soon he may be supplanted by a wily adversary, or foiled by a malignant foe. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, and success in worldly matters depends so often upon accidental circumstances, that the great race of human life may be well compared to a game of chance, where although much depends upon the skill of the player, still more depends upon the wild caprice of fortune.

To guard its members against these strange vicissitudes is one of the objects of Odd-Fellowship, and thus it may not improperly be called a mutual insurance association, where, in consideration of a trifling weekly contribution, the worthy brother has guaranteed to him a regular allowance during sickness, and assistance in case of actual necessity and want. Thus the Odd-Fellow is not thrown upon the cold charity of a heartless world, but applies for assistance to that fund which he has contributed to raise, and upon which he has a *right* to rely for aid. He feels none of that galling sense of dependence which the reception of charity from strangers produces, but fearlessly throws himself upon those resources to which he has a legal and equitable right, with the full confidence that they will not be denied him or grudgingly bestowed.

The subject of education is one entitled to great consideration by our Order. It is true, that has not yet attracted that attention to which it is so justly entitled. By many it may not be known that we have a fund sacredly set apart for the education of the orphan children of our deceased brothers—a fund, inviolable for any other purpose, and consequently so far steadily on the increase—already in some of the Northern Lodges schools have been established, expressly for the education of the children of deceased Odd-Fellows—and at a recent celebration at Baltimore the pleasing spectacle was exhibited of some fifty or sixty orphan children moving in the procession, who were being educated and supported by the Lodges of that city. As yet in our own State we have been able to do but little in the cause of education, yet who can tell but from this feature of our institution, a system of education may arise which will put to the blush all the feeble efforts heretofore made by our legislators and statesmen. But it is in the house of sickness, and by the couch of the dying man, that the Odd-Fellow finds full scope for the exercise of the glorious principles of benevolence which we profess.

When the cold clammy sweat of death hangs upon the pale brow of a dying brother, and the dark shadows of oblivion are stealing over his external senses—when his feeble lamp of life flickers in its socket, and he is about closing his eyes forever upon the world, which never before seemed so bright and fair. Oh—who is it then that is found by his side offering him words of heavenly consolation, and sustaining him in that last dark hour of his earthly existence? Who is it that accompanies him as it were to the very portals of the grave, encouraging and cheering him in that last fatal encounter with the dark angel of death? Ask the bereaved families of those of our number who have already been summoned to appear before the awful tribunal of eternal justice, and they will tell you

it was the faithful Odd-Fellow, who was the first to obey the summons to the bed of sickness, and the last to desert the house of sorrow and mourning. It was upon him, that the cold glazed eye of the dying man was last turned, in grateful acknowledgment of this final act of devoted friendship. It was the cordial pressure of his friendly hand, as it returned the feverish and convulsed grasp of the dying man, that tingled through his palsied nerves, awakening the dying echoes of his heart to Friendship, Love and Hope. Oh! when my time shall come to join that innumerable throng that are daily and hourly launching forth from the shores of time, upon the endless ocean of eternity, and the dark shadows of death are hovering around me, then let me see gathered around my dying couch the friendly and sympathizing faces of my beloved brothers—and when the scene shall have closed—and the last sad and solemn words “dust to dust and ashes to ashes,” shall have been pronounced, let them encircle my lowly resting place, and renewing to each other our pledge of Friendship, Love and Truth, cast upon my coffin the sweet emblems of a blessed immortality beyond the grave.

Ladies—courtesy and custom, as well as my own inclination, requires that I should devote a portion of my address to you.

It is not my intention, neither do I believe it would be acceptable to your good taste and judgment, to lavish upon you on this occasion those common place epithets of flattery and adulation, which are so easily bestowed and are worth so little. I am sure I would but ill represent the wishes and feelings of my brother Odd-Fellows, whose organ on this occasion I am, neither would I be doing justice to my own sentiments were I to treat lightly your influence in promoting the success of any moral enterprize—and more particularly one like ours, whose object is the promotion of those virtues for which your sex is so pre-eminent. On the contrary, we most earnestly desire and most respectfully solicit your kind assistance in the cause of Odd-Fellowship. Whose heart so keenly alive to human suffering, or delicately attuned to human sympathy, as woman—and who so ready to afford relief to the needy or consolation to the afflicted as she is? Indeed, charity seems to come with a double grace from her fair hand, and words of consolation to fall with a more delightful cadence when conveyed by her soft voice.

But it may be my fair hearers, that you are unwilling to sanction that which you do not sufficiently understand, and are reluctant to yield your approval to an institution of whose useful tendency you have not yet had sufficient evidence. If such be the case, all we desire is, that you will not decide against Odd-Fellowship without allowing us an opportunity of demonstrating its usefulness. I have been told by the experienced in such matters, that when your final determination, in matters of more serious and personal import is demanded, it is not unusual to grant time for consideration—what we now desire is, that, if you are still undecided you will delay your verdict, until time shall have demonstrated the worthlessness or utility of our Order.

In the mean time let me caution you against the erroneous opinion, that because we are Odd-Fellows we are bound to be single-fellows, and although some of us are still to be found in that most unfortunate predicament, be assured that it is not in consequence of any obligation we have taken as Odd-Fellows.

Let me also caution you against any undue prejudice which your exclusion from our society may have created in your minds. Believe not the vile slander which imputes to us a suspicion of your ability to keep a secret, *without calling to your assistance, a few of your most intimate friends*. By no such unworthy motive are we actuated—no such vile slander do we believe—and whatever philosophical reasons might be urged against your admission, rest satisfied with the assurance, that as at present advised it is quite manifest to members of the Order that *ladies* never can become *Odd-Fellows*.

Brothers of the Order, allow me to devote my closing remarks particularly to you.

You have placed yourselves in a conspicuous position before an intelligent and highly cultivated community, who are not to be deceived by false pretensions, glitter and show. They have the right to know, and rest assured they will know, your claim to the high stand you have taken. By your conduct will the Order be judged—and according as your “outward life and behaviour” conforms to, or conflicts with the great moral principles we profess, will be the verdict of the world on Odd-Fellowship. I trust then, that each and every Odd-Fellow will feel the responsibility which rests upon him in maintaining the high character of our noble Order, and will endeavour to conform to its noble precepts.

If there is any Odd-Fellow here, who is prepared to say that I have drawn too flattering a picture of our principles—that our Friendship is but a name—our Faith a phantom, and our boasted Charity a cheat—to him I say, beware! for although he may be numbered in our ranks, he is far from understanding the nature of the duties he has assumed. Let him immediately set about a reformation of his feelings. Let him thoroughly inform himself of the solemn duties of Odd-Fellowship, and if he finds himself unable, or unwilling to discharge them, it were better for him, ten thousand times, that he had never entered within our sacred walls. If he be unwilling to unite in the common bond of brotherhood and equality with his fellow-members, or is reluctant to acknowledge their claims to his sympathy and confidence—if he suffers his heart to be polluted by envy, hatred, or malice towards them—if, after the gratification of an idle curiosity to learn our secrets, he can see nothing to admire in the Order, and disregards the duties which his admission imposed—or if, above all, he has made use of Odd-Fellowship merely as a means of promoting his own selfish views and interests, he has violated his duty as an Odd-Fellow, and has added hypocrisy and falsehood, to base perfidy and villainy. If any such there be, then have I been most woefully mistaken in the estimation I have placed upon the influence of Odd-Fellowship—for before God, my brothers, I stand not here intentionally to bear false witness either for you or myself. If I have drawn too flattering a picture of our Order, and represented you as possessing virtues to which you can lay no claim, believe me, it was not from any disposition to flatter you—but because such I sincerely believed to be the theory of Odd-Fellowship, and such I fondly hoped had been and would be its practice.

Brothers! we are now in the full tide of success and prosperity—we have thus far gained the good will, and maintained the confidence of the community, let us take heed that we abuse not that confidence. The tide may turn, and Odd-Fellowship may become a bye-word, and a reproach

among men. Experience has taught us, that secret societies cannot prosper without the full confidence of the public, and to maintain that confidence we must show ourselves worthy of it by our acts. Remembering, that it is not in the power of mortals to command success, let us do more, let us deserve it. In the mean time, while possessed of power, influence, and popularity, let us devote them all to the cause of Benevolence and Charity—and then let the worst come that may, the recollection of the good we have done will be our never dying source of consolation and reward. Then may we say, in the language of the poet,

“Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features, which joy used to wear.
Long, long, be our hearts, with such memories filled,
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still.”

And finally my brothers, let us remember, that Odd-Fellowship is based upon those everlasting truths and great moral precepts which were taught by him “who spoke as never man spoke,” and that by their observance we may not only ensure our happiness and prosperity here below, but be prepared to meet with christian fortitude that great change to which we are all hastening, when this mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruption, incorruptability. Then,

“So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves,
To that mysterious realm, when each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Then go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach the grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

POWER, GENIUS, PRIDE, VIRTUE.

BY MISS M. J. J. R., OF BALTIMORE.

SAY, what avails the monarch proud,
The gorgeous, haughty throne,
Where oft the trembling suppliant bow'd
And mercy craved her boon?
Oh! what avails the sov'reign sway
Tho' streams of wealth may flow?
All, all with wings will pass away,
To rottenness must go.

And what avails the Genius bright?
 Poet! what avails thy lay?
 Thy wasted lyre must hang in night,
 Thy strains must all decay.
 And tell me, what the fertile mind
 Imbued with wisdom's laws?
 'Tis but at last, frail human kind,
 Vitality must pause.

Enrob'd in purple's fairest hue,
 Why, man exult in Pride?
 Why strife and discord sow
 Where peace should ere abide?
 What avails thy wreath or fame;
 Say, what thy noble birth?
 The beggar's hopes, and yours, the same
 Beyond this dying earth.

But thine, fair Virtue, thine avails;
 To erring man a light,
 To guide him while on earth he dwells
 And guard his spirit's flight—
 Nor art thou fleeting as the day,
 Nor like Time's short-lived hour;
 For endless ages bound thy sway,
 Eternity thy power.

ELIZABETH LATIMER.

It is hard, that, with man, talent, combined with perseverance, should be almost omnipotent to overcome obstacles the most numerous and formidable, while in the hands of woman, it is often wholly useless, unless fortunate circumstances, such as wealthy or literary connexions, obtain for the possessor the opportunity of gaining by its display, fortune and fame. Few and rugged are the paths by which her genius, unaided and alone, may climb even to competence.

Such an isolated being was Elizabeth Latimer, who, at twenty-four, found herself in possession of an accomplished mind, a memory stored with reading of the best kind, and a judgment accustomed to exercise itself from its earliest development; and this, with a graceful person, and a countenance of great sweetness and intelligence, was pretty nearly all that Elizabeth possessed. She had been for many years the only daughter of a merchant, who, though he did not, like some of the merchants of Boston, draw his resources from all the ends of the earth, yet possessed enough for the indulgence of luxury. The indications of talent which he very early discovered in the young Elizabeth, determined him to bestow on her an education that would save her from adding to the number of those precocious geniuses, who, from a misapplication of their powers, become unfit either for the daily concerns of life, or to hold a place among

those who are gradually procuring indulgence and respect for female intellect.

We will not detail the progress of Elizabeth's studies. They were such as opened her young mind to all that was lovely in virtue, and lofty and excellent in intellect. She lived principally in the country, in a small but intelligent circle, sufficiently enlightened to save them from the dominion of a gossiping spirit, yet not so learned as to allow her to acquire any thing like a pedantic one.

The tranquillity of their own house had received a startling shock when Elizabeth was about fifteen, by Mr. Latimer's bringing home a second wife, very little more than her own age, but of entirely different temper, habits, and tastes. It was then that Mr. Latimer perceived that he had done wisely in giving to Elizabeth habits by which she could abstract her thoughts from the jarrings of a stepmother who was jealous of her. But their school of trial did not last long. Mrs. Latimer only lived to present her husband with a son.

When Elizabeth entered into society, she carried with her many warnings from her father to avoid the display of acquirements which were not common to all. She listened, determined to profit by his advice, though she felt there was some injustice in laying this embargo upon wit and learning. But poor Elizabeth found herself sadly at a loss when she encountered a bewildering number of new faces, whose ready smiles and pliancy of expression concealed all that was passing in the heart. She felt it as impossible to catch the light tone of those around her, to talk of nothing, to express rapture and enthusiasm where she felt only indifference, as it would have been for one of the gay circle to have shone forth as an improvisatrice. Being perfectly unaffected and simple, she took refuge in silence; but her speaking countenance often betrayed the listlessness she felt.

We seldom reflect long, amid the enjoyments of affluence, upon their precarious nature. Elizabeth retired from the world, and devoted herself to her father and to the education of Louis, her brother, whom she loved with all a mother's tenderness. He was indeed a sweet and gentle child, fond only of books and sedentary amusements, and Elizabeth's time passed away as happily as time passed in the exercise of duty usually does. She was often uneasy, often tormented by vague fears of future poverty and distress, but these were only clouds that overshadowed her at times. Her horizon generally was bright; but the blow anticipated fell upon her at last. Mr. Latimer had ventured his fortune in a speculation which was to enrich Louis and his posterity for ever.

After many months' suspense, the news reached Mr. Latimer that he was ruined. He did not long survive it, and his son and daughter found themselves friendless and poor. A few hundred dollars was all that could be collected for them, nor had they any claims upon others. They had but few family friends, and Elizabeth's was not a spirit to brook dependence. Poverty at first sight is not so frightful as when it comes near enough to lay its cold, gripping fingers on us; and, in the present excited state of her feelings, the prospect of maintaining herself did not appear so difficult as she afterwards found it.

Mr. Latimer had insisted, some months before his death, that Louis should be placed at a large public school. Elizabeth had consented to his

plan with readiness, though it grieved her to part with the little companion whose quickness enabled him to catch with facility every thing she taught him; but she was aware that a public school is indispensable towards acquiring manly habits, and that independence of ridicule which are necessary to all who walk the world, however retired be the path they choose.

It was evening, and she was alone when she took possession of two small rooms in Darton street. Dull and dreary was the aspect of every thing. The window of the little sitting-room was close to a high stone wall, nor were light and beauty shut out from that entrance only. From her chamber window nothing could be discerned but a long range of warehouses. There was not even the sight or sound of labour to cheer the prospect. "A cobbler or a blacksmith would enliven the scene," thought Elizabeth, "but I hope I shall not stay here long." Her first attempt to escape from her new dwelling was a letter to a lady with whom she had long been intimate. Her plan was to open a school, and she solicited Mrs. Graham's assistance, or rather patronage, without taking into consideration how little that lady had to bestow. She answered Elizabeth kindly, explaining to her that her influence was confined to five or six families, none of whom had it in their power to engage for their children an instructress whose accomplishments would entitle her to a higher salary than is given to those who teach the elementary parts of education.

Over this first disappointment Elizabeth did not long weep. Keeping a school is a very depressing prospect, and she felt almost relieved by Mrs. Graham's letter.

Her next application was to a lady who was desirous of procuring a governess for her daughters—one of those ladies whose *beau idéal* of a governess is that of a being with every talent and every virtue under heaven, combined with a degree of humility that will endure every insult that narrow minds bestow upon the unfortunate.

One lady objected to her because she could not teach velvet, painting. It was in vain Elizabeth, who liked the mild tones of this amateur in footstools and sofa covers, urged the superiority of the higher branches of painting. "That might do for artists," said the lady, and Elizabeth took her leave. Another expected her to teach embroidery and shoemaking to six daughters; but the most fatal bar to her success was the want of a knowledge of music.

After many failures she relinquished the hope of obtaining a situation, and turned her thoughts to her last resource. She determined with a heavy heart, to offer her services as a translator to a publisher whom she had often heard spoken of as a man of taste and liberality. Translating is a fatiguing and inglorious task, but she had no alternative. While she was hesitating whether to address him by letter or apply to him in person, Mr. Warren was announced. Elizabeth knew him well, for he had been a frequent visitor at Mr. Latimer's. He was remarkable only for his extreme dulness, and his desire of being thought a man of genius and learning. He picked up scraps from pocketbooks and newspapers, and wearied his friends by commonplace remarks, uttered in a tone of oracular wisdom. His address to Elizabeth was hesitating and confused. He proposed—and how infamous the proposal—that Elizabeth should write papers for him, of which he should appear as the sole author; and in the meanwhile left her to make up her mind.

"He has made me laugh at least," said Elizabeth, after his departure. "I always thought him a fool, but never expected such an excess of folly from him; but it will cure me of attempting to set bounds to the folly of a foolish man."

She then threw down her pen, and abandoned herself to despondency.

By the time Warren returned, Elizabeth had so balanced the advantages of his scheme against its objections, as to give him the assent he expected. His presence revived the ridiculous ideas that his proposal had at first suggested. The tone of his voice was expressive of extreme dulness, and there was a stupidity about him that completely oppressed Elizabeth. She began to be ashamed of acceding to his plan, doubting, indeed, if any production, supposed to be his, would obtain a reading from the editor.—However, a short time would decide her fate, and she resolved to make the experiment. She inquired beforehand what was to be the compensation for her trouble. He named the probable sum. "You rate intellectual labour very low," said she; "but no wonder. However, that four or five times repeated, will be enough for my purpose. You are aware that you must furnish me with books. I must have a great many authorities to bring to the field. A man like you will be expected to be very accurate." He professed himself willing to be guided by her in every thing, begged her to try and catch his style, and urged her over and over to exert herself to the utmost, before he relieved her of his presence.

Though Elizabeth wrote with facility, she was obliged to refer to so many authorities, to correct and strike out so many redundancies, that she sat up a great part of the night previous to the latest day on which Warren was to call for her little essay. It was finished at last, and she committed it to its trial with a beating heart.

Great was the astonishment of the editor when Warren presented himself in his library with a manuscript of an imposing size in his hand.—Greater still at sight of the subject; and it rose to its highest pitch after reading the first few sentences. He knew little of Warren, but he had always heard his name used as a synonyme with dulness, and he was betrayed into abruptly exclaiming, "Mr. Warren! I had no idea—I mean I did not expect—Mr. Warren, is this yours?" The blush of guilt flew to poor Warren's face, but Mr. Leslie hastened to apologise. "Leave it with me for an hour or two," said he, "and you shall hear from me to-morrow."

Elizabeth had once before charmed Mr. Leslie by the playfulness of her conversation, and the occasional acuteness of her remarks. There was a nameless something in her style that pleased him, and he accepted Warren's production without hesitation, determining, at the same time, to vindicate him from the charge of ignorance and stupidity.

As soon as Warren received what gave him a delight, he hastened, in a transport of generosity, to divide it with Elizabeth. It was more than she had hoped for, and the consciousness of possessing the means of contributing to her own support, gave an exhilaration to her spirits to which she had long been a stranger. She walked to the school where Louis was making a progress that repaid her for parting with him, and paid, with a thrill of delight, the first fruits of her industry to his master.

She continued to supply Warren with materials for the same he was acquiring, though there were times when Mr. Leslie strongly doubted

his positive assertions that he was the author of the manuscripts. There was a taste, an elegance in their style, and a sensibility, that he felt never came from the coarse mind of Warren. However, he had no means of elucidating the point, and gave it up, hoping that accident might one day or other expose the deception.

In the meantime, Warren, who began to find the sums he received from Mr. Leslie extremely convenient for his own purposes, began to reduce Elizabeth's share to a third, and then a fourth of the whole. "She cannot want much," he argued with his conscience, "living in those little garrets. I don't see how she can possibly spend five dollars in six months, and always plainly dressed too. I really think I give her more than enough. I dare say she can manage a little to great advantage."

People who are extravagant themselves are often wonderfully ingenious in devising plans of economy for others. Elizabeth was surprised at this falling off; but, in the simplicity of her heart, she never suspected him of such a pitiless fraud. "I have overrated my own productions," said she, "and yet I certainly think I have improved. I have studied the rules of good writing; I read with a deeper spirit of observation; it is strange my pieces should appear of less value to the publishers in proportion as they seem to me more spirited and better finished. Perhaps they are thought studied. I myself find a sameness in them."

A year passed on, and she found that she had just enough to defray Louis's school expenses, and nothing to lay by towards sending him to college. Her health, too, was impaired by constant application, and her spirits crushed by the unvaried sameness of her employment. She felt her health languish: her head ached incessantly; but still she went on for several months. On one occasion she called at Mrs. Graham's, where she expected to meet her early friend Mrs. Leslie, but was disappointed. In a conversation which ensued in her presence between Mrs. Graham and her husband, relative to the pieces she had written, and which were said to be by Warren, she overheard Mr. Graham remark, that Warren had boasted to him, in Mr. Leslie's library, of having made two hundred dollars in six months by his productions—a sum far greater than she had received.

It is impossible to describe Elizabeth's indignation at learning how she had been deceived. She did not hesitate a moment how to act. Warren was to call the next morning for some manuscripts that she had ready for him, and she determined to speak to him of the baseness of his conduct, and break with him at once. But there is something in the mere presence of a fool that blunts our most eloquent reproaches. It would be absurd, she thought, to talk to him of defrauding the orphan; it will be enough to tell him he has acted dishonestly, and that I will no longer "lend him my pen."

Warren turned pale at her stern inquiry whether he had fulfilled his promise of giving her whatever he should receive from the editor. He solemnly declared that he had done so, but Elizabeth stopped him short by repeating, word for word, the conversation that had passed in Mr. Leslie's library. "Now, Mr. Warren, after this it is impossible that I can continue to give up time and health for you. You know the object of my labour; you know my anxiety to procure for Louis the advantages of a good education, and you have enriched yourself at my expense. Find

somewhere else a pen that will be at your service ; mine writes not another word for you." It was in vain Warren entreated, promised, swore. He even knelt to conjure her to retract. He offered to refund, to pay most liberally ; but she was inexorable, and he was obliged to depart, cursing his own folly for boasting.

And now, what was to become of Elizabeth ? She thought of sending her papers to Mr. Leslie, but that would instantly betray Warren, and she had promised him to be silent. She was strongly tempted, but resisted. "He has behaved ill to me, certainly," said she, "but I must not, on that account, forget my own principles. It is the spirit of retaliation that makes dishonesty travel on like a snowball. I must not think of such redress ; but what am I to do ? The Grahams have already proved their inability to assist me. However, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,"—and, hurrying to her room, Elizabeth put on her bonnet, and set out for the publisher to offer herself as a translator. In this species of writing she had the good fortune to find some employment from Mr. Carlier, a bookseller. But her task proved tedious and difficult. Eighteen months of seclusion and application, uncheered by success, and rendered still more painful by the privations to which poverty is liable, had destroyed the vigour of her mind, and injured a frame that had never been robust. Her headaches were so frequent and so intense that she frequently spent whole days in correcting the mistakes of the preceding ones. The very attitude necessary for writing gave her pain, but she felt that she could not stop, and some days after the time appointed by Mr. Carlier she walked with a beating heart to his house with her translation. She was shown into a parlour at the back of the book-shop, where she sat absorbed in her own feelings, unconscious that she had drawn the attention of a gentleman who entered some moments after her, and who stood gazing with painful interest upon her anxious and excited countenance, which he was sure he had seen before, but could not recollect when or where. And, indeed, Elizabeth was changed since he had seen her last. The calm, high, meditative brow was now contracted by pain, and care had dug caves for those once placid eyes. She sat leaning her head upon her wasted hand, lost in her own anxious thoughts, till Mr. Carlier came in.

"Ah ! you have brought the translation. However, I have changed my mind since you were here last." Elizabeth, who had learned to anticipate injustice, lost all self-command, and clasping her hands, burst into a passion of tears. "Nay, do not suppose," said Mr. Carlier, distressed at his own abruptness, "that I have forgotten our agreement. I have no idea of depriving you of the price of your labours."

He unlocked a desk, and took out bills which he put into her hand, saying. "I only meant to tell you that I have deferred the publication of this work for a few months, as there are so many new books in the press."

Elizabeth hardly heard him. All she thought of was to be at home, and alone. Yet still the future occurred to her. She offered her address to Mr. Carlier, saying in a voice of hopelessness, "Should you have occasion to employ any one in the drudgery of literature, in copying, correcting"—she paused, feeling as if she were soliciting charity. The card dropped from her fingers and she hurried away.

Mr. Leslie, for it was he who had been an unobserved spectator of Elizabeth's distress, took up the manuscripts that lay on the table. "A

singular young person, that," said the bookseller; "I must try and find her some employment. Yet I cannot understand how such an elegant and accomplished woman should be in such extreme distress. But what astonishes you?" for, as soon as Leslie had cast his eyes on the handwriting, he recognised that of Warren's manuscripts. Every thing was the same—the folding of the paper—the very silk with which it was fastened. There could be no doubt as to her being the charming writer he had so long wished to discover. "Latimer!" he exclaimed: "surely this must be the daughter of him who was involved in the ruin of B—— and T——."

Upon making inquiries, Mr. Leslie found that she who was now struggling with poverty and neglect had once been among the favourites of fortune. He described to his wife the scene in Mr. Carlier's parlour, and she readily joined with him in the wish to serve Elizabeth. But it was too late to serve or save. She had returned to her lodgings, and, throwing herself upon her bed gave way to utter despondency. A low fever had been for some time hanging about her, and she now lay down, expecting to rise no more.

Elizabeth had not moved from the spot where she had first thrown herself, when her landlady announced Mr. Leslie. His name excited no emotion. She rose mechanically, and went down. Leslie had been examining the books which crowded her little apartment, and every thing he saw convinced him that he was right in his suspicions. He delicately stated to her his discovery, and expressed a wish to remove her to a station where her talents might procure for her competency and respect.—The words sounded like mockery to Elizabeth. Her mind was in that state of abandonment and depression, that, had the honours and riches of the world been within her grasp, she would not have extended her hand.

Mr. Leslie proceeded to offer her the superintendence of the education of six young ladies, all of that age when a desire to learn saves the teacher an infinity of trouble. She was about to decline, but the thought of Louis roused her. She lifted her languid head, and attempted to thank Mr. Leslie. "Yet give me a short interval of rest before I begin any new employment. It will be but short, for now I feel as if the prospect of accomplishing the first wish of my heart will give me new life and spirits. It is not to contribute to my own necessities that I have struggled with misfortune; but I have a brother dependent upon me—a boy of such uncommon abilities, that I feel it would be neglecting one of Heaven's best gifts, were I to repress them by devoting him to an employment better suited to his circumstances." "This, indeed," thought Leslie, "is woman's love! This is woman's pure, self-sacrificing spirit! That which has supported the sage in his dungeon, the martyr at the stake, and many a misnamed hero, is not wanting here. She is satisfied with her motive, looking forward to a reward so uncertain as the promise of talent in boyhood—a promise as deceitful as the winds or water."

He left Elizabeth with excited hopes, that prevented her from feeling for some hours the fever that was preying upon her. But the hour of reaction came. All night the wild images of delirium danced before her tortured eyes; and on the morrow, when Mrs. Leslie called to invite her to her house, Elizabeth's ear was deaf to the soft voice that tried to awaken consciousness.

As soon as she was well enough to bear removal, Mrs. Leslie carried her into the country, where the sight of the green hills and slopes made her feel as if she could again brush the dew from their summits : but even Nature—beautiful Nature—once so beloved, and, during her long gloomy hours in Darton street, so anxiously pined after, failed to restore elasticity to her step. It was autumn, a season she had always loved. But now, those softly shaded days, which once filled her heart with a pensiveness that she would not have exchanged for mirth, gave a chill to her frame as though the season had been December. Elizabeth felt that her race was run ; but the heart, where despondency had long made its cheerless abode, was now soothed by the new and welcome feelings of gratitude and love. Mrs. Leslie was one of those benevolent beings who seize upon our affections as their right. The heart gave itself up to her with perfect confidence. The greatest sceptic as to the existence of virtue could not look upon her open, candid countenance without feeling staggered, nor witness the happiness she diffused around her, by the influence of a heavenly disposition upon the daily events of life, without feeling that the source from whence they flowed was pure.

"Look, dear Elizabeth," said she to her languid pale companion, as they were returning from an excursion to some of the beautiful villages on the Connecticut: "Look! that is Mount Holyoke. He overlooks my native village. I hope the time is not far off when we shall climb his rugged sides together." Elizabeth shook her head. "Do not deceive me. I feel that ere long I shall be no more. And yet I cannot say I die without regret, for I am yet young, and youth, even though oppressed with care, shrinks back at sight of the grave. Yet, as I feel drawing nearer to it, much of the fear that it once excited subsides, and, perhaps, before my last hour comes, I may cease to think even on Louis. Poor Louis! If I could have lived a few years longer."

Mrs. Leslie wept. She understood how dreadful was the uncertainty of Elizabeth's mind as to Louis, and she lost no time in consulting her husband about removing the only weight from her heart. He willingly agreed to her benevolent proposal, and that very evening Elizabeth was made happy by his assuring her that Louis should receive the same advantages of education as his own son. She could only weep and press their hands.

Elizabeth lingered only a month longer. The Leslies would not part with her, and their attachment grew stronger as the object of it was fading before their eyes. There were times when all her delightful powers seemed renewed ; when the treasures of her memory and imagination charmed away the winter evening ; but the flushed cheek and glittering eye warned them that the lamp of life was burning fast away.

One evening she left the drawing-room earlier than usual. Mrs. Leslie saw with alarm the extreme paleness of her countenance, and, after a few moments' hesitation, followed her to her chamber. She paused a minute at the door, for Elizabeth had sunk on her knees at the foot of the bed. One arm hung by her side, her head had fallen on the other, which she had flung across the bed. Mrs. Leslie trembled as she saw her motionless, then rushed forward ; but the hand she grasped was icy cold.—The spirit had quitted its earthly tabernacle forever.

LINES ON ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY MISS PENNA MOISE, OF CHARLESTON, S.C.

[The following lines are based upon the assumed idea, that a gentleman after having sustained many reverses of fortune, is disabled by disease from continuing his exertions for self support; that the society of Odd-Fellows, of which he was a member, being apprised of his condition sent him the regular allowance, which in rebellious pride would refuse but for the judicious expostulation of his wife.]

I CANNOT use this money love—'tis *Charity* at last,
 I cannot so forget the independence of the past.
 Alas, that it should come to this! that I the child of wealth,
 Bereaved at once of competence, of energy, and health,
 Should feel my spirit bowed so low, so crushed by sudden blight
 As to accept for maintenance, the Covenanter's mite!

Behold among the mysteries of our fraternal clan,
 That ruined "palace of the soul," the skull of mortal man!
 Look farther on, and you will see that dark and narrow dome
 In which the weary pilgrim finds a cold, but peaceful home.
 Oh! rather let my aching head be fleshless as the first,
 Than that this sad reproach should be by memory rehearsed.
 And rather let my prostrate form be confined in its prime,
 Than flourish upon bounties, ever registered by Time.

Thus spake the haughty invalid to his afflicted wife,
 Who mourned to see his manly breast, a prey to moral strife.
 Ah woe is me! (she faltered out) that I should live to hear
 A language so imperious, in lieu of humble prayer;
 Instead of meek thankgivings to that Omnipresent power,
 Whose angel of Benevolence descends to us this hour.

Dearest, have I not heard you say, in days of brighter mood,
 How feelingly *this Fellowship* the sense of shame subdued?
 How well with human frailty all its features harmonized?
 How soothingly its statutes want and wealth had equalized?
 Proud poverty from *such* relief, you thought would never shrink,
 Nor feel that in the social chain, 'twas but a broken link;
 That you would be the first by whom this *Lodge*, if fortune failed,
 As the light-house of philanthropy, would joyously be hailed.

The time is come by God's decree that mast thy firmness test;
 Reclaim the portion thou hast lent, the boon has been thrice blest!
 More sanative the cordial that humility shall sip,
 Than the beverage which luxury once offered to thy lip.

In salutary penitence the stricken husband wept,
 He took the balm of *Charity* submissively, and slept.
 With renovated vigor soon his hand the pen resumed,
 The fruits of plenty were restored, and health's carnation bloomed.

Now frankly he the fact relates amid assembled hosts,
 And of the once rejected mite, with gratitude he boasts.
 His consort and the Covenant his orisons divide,
 For "Friendship, Love, and Truth" in both, are ever found allied.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP—No. 1.

MAN is so constituted, that the things he likes best, will from necessity become the leading subjects of his contemplation; he is the most ready to talk about them on all proper occasions, and we think it reasonable to conclude that he is best able to write about them. Some may be able to express their ideas in more beautiful language than others, yet all may convey intelligibly, any idea that they hold distinctly.

Odd-Fellowship has a great work to perform both in the physical and moral world, and if we would know what that work is we must know what weak and erring man seems to require; we must know something of the distress and misery that flesh is heir to, and last, but not least, we must know the principles on which the institution is based.

Man is a being constantly acting, and as constantly being acted upon. His whole life is made up of little incidents, which when viewed in themselves appear trivial enough it is true, but when viewed in relation to the whole, they assume an almost infinite importance. If we would know the physical resources of our country, we must survey the land, we must follow up the various streams that beautify and fertilize it until we have arrived at their various fountain heads. Thus after making ourselves acquainted with the numerous particulars, we can calculate with an almost absolute certainty as to general results. We are associated together for noble ends, and our motives should be high and holy. No good Odd-Fellow need be told that he has espoused the cause of Truth and Virtue.—The cause of God and of humanity. But believing as I do that our institution is one of the great moral rivers that is to beautify and fertilize the world, I cannot but feel anxious that its tributaries should all be explored; for by so doing we shall be made acquainted with our moral resources and thereby be enabled to send forth with certainty the most healthful and harmonious action. In order that we may better comprehend the particular uses our institution is designed to perform, let us briefly consider the great end for which we are associated. Every age of the world has had its leading characteristic—has manifested something peculiar to itself, which constituted its common centre, and around which all else seems to have revolved. This common centre we call an idea, which in itself is capable of penetrating all minds, and which by its convulsive throes, shakes the nations of the earth until it has marked itself out into a living manifestation. The age in which we live has its peculiar idea. An idea which constitutes the common centre, and around which all else revolves. So powerful is its action, so manifest is its struggle for dominion that the most common observer can bear testimony that there is not a motion on the face of earth that is not affected by it. This great idea is the amelioration of the condition of man. The religious, moral and civil world is

at this moment contributing much towards its development, and all associations that have not this great idea for their end are doomed to sink into eternal oblivion. We see in the history of the past much that has been done to ameliorate the condition of man. But when we scrutinize closely, we find that those efforts were local, and from the nature of things could not produce a general action. Ours is a widely different age. It is an age of most rapid progression. The invention of printing, of gunpowder and steam, has produced a most wonderful change. By them commerce is extended to every part of the globe. Nations are made to respect each other, and useful knowledge is being generally diffused.—There has been, is, and will be, different associations, diversities of opinions, parties in politics, sects and creeds. Yet amidst all these the great idea is working itself out, or coming forth into active life, and if we interpret the signs of the times correctly, Odd-Fellowship is one of the great engines that is to develop her moral beauty and clothe her with her proper garments. We say then that the true cause of the unprecedented progress of our Order is to be found in our ability to help into existence the great idea of the age; or in other words by a well regulated system of mutual aid to ameliorate the condition of man.

Odd-Fellowship in its present organic form appears to be just what this great idea would have; it lays hold on the sympathies, quickens moral sensibility, restores chaotic minds to order, and cultivates the higher feelings of the soul. So long as the members of our Order practice the principles they profess the good cause will march bravely on, and thousands on thousands will present themselves at our altars and pay their devotions to the God of Friendship, Love and Truth.

Having premised the great design of our institution, and its relation to the spirit of the age in which we live, we will now proceed briefly to consider the duties which we as Odd-Fellows are expected to perform, or the *utility* of our Order. I would however first remark, that what is required of us is, that as far as we can see what is wrong we endeavor to correct it, and what our Order requires to be done we should give ourselves to the work with a uniform and untiring energy; we should neither expect to accomplish every thing in a moment nor on the other hand despair of being able to effect any thing. In a word, we should devote the powers we have to their true end.

We are all bound together by solemn obligations to cultivate a feeling of *brotherly love*. By our lectures, and by our charges this is made one of the great duties of every individual member, and it seems of vast importance that we should well and truly understand its import. It is not enough that we hail each other by the endearing title of brother. Every act, every word, yea! every look should manifest the evidence of our sincerity, whether in the Lodge or out of it. To be a peace-maker among the brethren should be one of the highest aspirations of an Odd-Fellow.—Being differently constituted by nature, and surrounded by different circumstances in life, it is not to be expected that all will enter with equal zeal into this great labour of love. Yet all may learn that "it is better to suffer wrong, than to do wrong." Until we have learned this great lesson we cannot appreciate the holy principle of *brotherly love*. If a brother offend against us, let us examine our own hearts well, and see if we have not given just cause of offence. If so, then let us frankly acknowledge it;

but if not then let us remonstrate with him in a spirit of love, and if he will not hear us, it then becomes our duty to report him to the Lodge.—Let whatever difficulties that may, arise, we cannot cherish a spirit of revenge, and be at the same time good Odd-Fellows. I know that this is a hard lesson to reduce to practice. It is but recently that the few have become many; and as a body we have scarcely commenced the practice of self-denial. The old spirit of retaliation is not yet driven from the door of our hearts; and we have more to fear from enemies *within*, than from enemies without. We have to build up comparatively a new social system. One in which the feelings and interests of a brother are identified with our own, whether we had before been acquainted with him or not.—I do not mean by this that we should think less of our intimate friends, but simply that we should extend our sympathies where heretofore we have considered them uncalled for. There is danger of our being too much under the influence of selfish feelings; the greatest enemy man has ever had to contend with is self-love. It has been, and still is, a great bane to human happiness, and is ever striving to manifest itself in us, sometimes openly, and sometimes in disguise. Whence come wars, bickerings, and strife; evil words, evil practices, and worse than all, evil designs? Do they not arise from our endeavour to carry out our own selfish views, and to gratify our own selfish feelings, from our not regarding the good of others equal to our own? If so, then we have a principle within us that is wrong—a principle, that is ever ready to deal out death and destruction all around us, if, by so doing we could advance our own narrow, contracted and selfish ends. I would not be understood to advance the idea that we can act independent of self, for that which has not self in it is not morally our own. I simply mean that self-love should not be supreme. We should follow the golden rule “to do unto others as we would have others do unto us.” The necessity of a strict observance of this rule, arises from the fact that we are all differently constituted. Who would be so vain as to set himself up as a perfect standard of moral excellence? We all have our failings, and if we do but examine our own hearts attentively, we shall find much room for improvement.—To correct these defects, and elevate our moral capacities is one of the grand objects of our Order, and can only be accomplished through the free exercise of brotherly love.

Bound in one common brotherhood, and acknowledging the same general head, we should cultivate the most friendly feelings towards all brethren that can prove themselves in good standing. We should never allow local causes to interfere with general principles; we should welcome to our Lodge rooms every brother that performs the duties of an Odd-Fellow. We are engaged in the same great cause and labouring for the same great end. If we are guided by the great principles of human liberty, making the good of the greatest number our aim, we cannot fail of working together in perfect unity.

Our Order is an Independent Order. It is not connected with any other association on the face of the globe except by the ties of a common humanity. Yet while we boast of our independence let us not forget that we are not the only association labouring to work out the great idea of the age in which we live. Let us cultivate a charitable feeling towards all those that are striving to ameliorate the condition of man. Let us learn

to love virtue for its own sake, and reward it wherever we find it. And as to *vice*, let us set our faces against it like a flint, no matter through what channel it comes, whether from the high or the low, the rich or the poor. If we permit immoral practices to pass unnoticed, our loved institution will decay. Her prosperity mainly depends on the moral improvement of her individual members. Let the motto of our Order be to us something more than a name, let us interpret it to the world by a good and virtuous life. Thus living we shall be able to overcome all difficulties, pass through the severest trials unhurt, and Odd-Fellowship will rise triumphant throughout the world.

GEORGIA.

A SERMON.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.*

[We thank our esteemed Brother, Grand Master Chapin of Massachusetts, for a copy of the above discourse—it is in his usual felicitous style—bold, fervid, energetic, and no less truthful in its sentiments than beautiful in diction. We commend the following extracts to the dispassionate consideration of politicians and men of State.]

* * * * *

AN influence emanates from men associated that can never be experienced by man isolated; and this influence retards or advances the moral progress of the individual. It is true that "that is the best government which interferes least with private actions and opinions." I would not attribute even a paternal authority to the State, for that might be perverted into an argument for the most flagrant despotism. With the opinions, the interests, the private conduct of individuals, if we confine its functions to the enactment of compulsory or restrictive laws, it has no right to interfere, when these do not encroach upon the public good. All human power is dangerous, and should be as limited as is consistent with the well-being of each and of all. Yet, without interfering with a single private right, without assuming any censorship over private opinions, or unlawfully restraining private conduct, a moral influence may breathe out from every institution and be embodied in every law, that shall infuse life and purity and power into individual souls. If magistrates are corrupt; if legislation is made a mere party-test; if the general welfare is sacrificed to selfish greeds and passions, and the maxims of a liberal patriotism are disregarded in the strife of party issues, will this have no effect upon personal character? If the body-politic at large escapes venal corruption, will not the moral life of individuals be tainted? On the other hand, who can doubt the *moral* influence of that administration which, clothed with self-respect, is the organ not of faction but of justice; which

*Delivered before his Excellency Marcus Morton, Governor, his Honor Henry H. Childs, Lieutenant Governor, the Honorable Council, and the Legislature of Massachusetts, at the Annual Election, on Wednesday, January 3, 1844.

elevates politics into a high public concern; whose laws purify as well as control, and appeal to conscience rather than force; and which plants thick and wide those institutions that act not as checks but as aids to the noblest liberty, and enshrine that eternal spirit of patriotism which cannot be entombed with the ashes of dead men, to do even a greater work in the future than it has accomplished in the past?

But, that I may not be accused of indefiniteness, let me specify one or two modes by which a State may affect the moral development of individuals, without encroaching upon private rights.

And first, *by cherishing the interests of education.* In no way can the wealth which has been rendered into the public treasury, be so appropriately distributed for each and for all, as by the establishment of public schools. In no way can the diversities of property be so lawfully and safely equalized, as by this method, which diverts the means of the wealthy, who have contributed much, to benefit the poor who can contribute but little, and places the children of both upon the same platform, by giving to each a manly preparation for those advantages that are of true worth and honor. Through no channel will wealth go so far. In no form will a small investment produce so rich a dividend. If the wildest scheme of agrarianism could be realized, a periodical distribution of property, to the neglect of this general culture, would be a curse, not only choking the springs of enterprise and paralyzing the motives to industry, but leaving mind to become enervated, and morals to rot under its influence.

I know that in speaking thus I utter no new truth. But I wish to show that there are lawful and great ends for legislation, beyond those temporal interests which it is bound to secure. I wish to indicate one of the most practicable agents by which the State may develop the moral character of the individual. I devoutly thank God, that in Massachusetts the spirit which threw up free schools in the first clearings of the forest, continues to this day, planting those institutions side by side with our churches, and providing with careful vigilance and wise liberality for their efficient operation. Wherever New England influence is felt—and where is New England influence not felt?—they extend a blessing. Wherever that spirit of enterprise that characterizes our people diffuses itself, there common schools contribute a better element to the colonization of our common country, than numerical strength, or physical wealth. And the citizen, to whose own fireside they bring indisputable benefit, must regard as a sacred immunity that system that educates his sons and daughters—that noble spirit of vigilance and culture, the richest gift that a republic can bestow—the omnipresent spirit of republicanism. His children are not taken from him, and disciplined to suit the private ends of government; but are prepared for their own usefulness and advantage. Yet in this way also the State gains citizens, valuable and efficient not merely for what they do, but for what they are. In this way, without breaking its members into trained castes, without manual drilling in public camps, there is created a reserved force, fit for every emergency, and that will sustain the Commonwealth when all other resources become exhausted. But not alone from motives of local pride, or public interest, let us thank God for public schools; but also because they furnish an opportunity for discharging those sacred obligations, which the State owes to each of its members—an opportunity that exists for the sake of the individual—an organ that

advances his highest good, his moral welfare, and, through the enlightened reason and the informed conscience, develops that *self-power* which makes him ever greater than his work—which not merely secures specific forms of success, but commands all its elements—which opens at will the sources of wealth and distinction, and controls every spring of outward good.

There is another method by which the State may secure the moral culture of the individual, without undue interference with any private right. And that is, *through its criminal legislation*. Society, as a general thing, is too prone to act upon the principle of retaliation. Men are sent to prison to pay for having done wrong—to serve so many years as an offset to so much crime, and then are turned loose to commit more crime, and to be shut up for another term of years. Nay, as has recently been seen, they break into the very prison from which they have just been liberated, and steal under the very walls that are erected to frown upon felony.—The State has not finished its work, when it has merely inflicted pain, or loss, or restraint upon the criminal. The public safety is not sufficiently secured when this is all that is accomplished. Crime is not *destroyed* thereby—it is only checked, and that for a season. Its embers lie smouldering in that guilty breast, ready to flame out again upon the least occasion. Without interfering with private rights, there is here a direct opportunity to exert a moral influence, by making the very punishment that so justly restrains the individual, also the means of his reformation. Let that moral influence be brought to bear directly upon the criminal: Let his punishment have relation not to *time*, but to *character*. Let him be held in durance not to fulfil a term of years, but for reformation. And when you endeavor to accomplish anything beyond mere *restraint*—when you seek to *reform* men—you can only secure your end by moral power, by which I mean not persuasion merely, but appeals to the conscience, the reason, the heart. Such appeals I call moral power, in contradistinction from the whip, the pillory, the gallows. “We can be subdued,” says Coleridge, “by that alone which is analogous in kind to that by which we subdue: therefore by the invisible powers of our nature, whose immediate presence is disclosed to our inner sense, and only as the symbols and language of which all shapes and modifications of matter become formidable to us.” By this reformatory discipline, then, which, while it abrogates no just retribution and relaxes no wholesome penalty, effects not merely the restraint but the removal of evil, a State may have a direct influence upon the moral character of its members. Without it, but little is done by the mere punishment of crime. Depend upon it, where the disposition to do evil is left unquenched, you can frame no law, you can devise no penalty, you can build no prison, you can erect no gallows, that shall eradicate crime and wrong-doing. They will exist in spite of these.

But this will act in favor of the criminal also? Yes; and I hope, after what I have said, I shall not be accused of morbid sympathy with him, or of a lax consideration for the public welfare, when I say that penal laws should be for the guilty as well as the innocent; that the penalty should be adapted both to the good of society and his own, and that any punishment that defeats this end, although only so far as *he* is concerned, is not decreed in the best spirit of legislation. The criminal is a man! God knoweth a guilty and an abandoned one. We shudder at him, all

scarred and bloody with sin. But still he is connected with us. He is a limb of us all. Some life from the common heart trickles down even to him; and surely his spiritual healing will be better for us than merely to chastise his flesh with stripes and cautery, while we leave that inward taint unremoved. He is a man! Our badges of terrible distinction cannot conceal that fact. We cannot brand him so deep as to burn out his nature. We will rebuke him who has broken the sacred law of right.—We will restrain him whose spirit is so fiercely evil. But if we act, in our legislation, from the dictates of true republicanism—nay, if we act from the spirit of Christianity, of which republicanism is a specific form—we will seek the reformation of that criminal. This is the great end of Christianity. It is not chiefly a legislative, or an executive, but a reformatory system. It seeks the improvement of the degraded. It visits the sick who need a physician. It assigns a worth to man as man. No matter how ignorant—no matter how debased; it discovers enough in him to call down Christ from heaven—enough to cause angels to rejoice at his restoration. It never despairs of its object. Loftiest when it condescends the most; grandest when its regenerating power has operated the most palpably, it comes to the low and the castaway, lays its hand upon them and says, “Rise up and walk!” It pierces the scum and the rottenness of society, the thick veils of ignorance, the meshes of sin, and seizing the hopefulness that glimmers even there, seeks to fan it into everlasting life. It breathes over dry bones that men have thrown aside and abandoned, until they move, quick and alive, and rise, regenerate, from their crumbling dust. And such is the true spirit of republican legislation.

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Have I not rightly concluded, then, that the obligations of the individual to the republic may be condensed into these simple words—that he must be true to his individuality, his *whole* individuality, under all circumstances? Whatever he may do, let him hold fast his loyalty to reason and conscience, and he is, he must be, loyal to the State. There can be no prosperity, nor virtue, nor glory in the aggregate, when the individual is false to the higher dictates within him. By night, by day, at home, abroad, in the field, the mart, the workshop, the closet, the caucus, the legislative hall, the magistrate’s chair, let him remember that wherever he acts, whatever he does, he acts as a complete moral agent, personally, directly responsible to God. Let him remember that he ever represents the State. Let him consider every public transaction in which he is engaged as a private affair, and, to that end, in private affairs, let him, at all hazards, do right. Let a vile deed, to which he has given the least countenance, no matter how remote in its operation from his immediate interests, tingle his cheek with shame, as if he had lost personal credit and respect thereby. Let the maxim that “all is fair in politics” sound as discordant to his ears, as the maxim that “all is fair in religion,” “all is fair in trade,” “all is fair in any act of intercourse between man and man.” Let him remember that no movement is so exclusively public, as to take away the force of individual responsibility,—that no multitude is so large as to absorb his moral personality—but there, in that public movement, there in that huge crowd, he stands as if he were standing alone in the universe, spiritually naked, listening to the judgment of God, and the beating of his own heart.

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It is because I yet have confidence in the vitality of moral principle in individual bosoms among us, that I cannot join with gloomy alarmists. I doubt the pertinency of the common remark—"We have fallen upon evil times." If we look back in history, we shall find that, in substance, it has been repeated for many hundred years; and yet the race has not deteriorated. Reason to be humble, to be vigilant, to be prayerful, indeed we have. I do not deny—no one can deny—that as a nation we have sinned, deeply sinned, and are corrupt. We are to consider these dark realities; but for what are we to consider them? To despond, or to forbode? No; but to address ourselves to the work of individual reformation.—Moreover, if we take every thing into the account—the perilous origin, the rapid growth of our country—the accidents and delays that must attend the gradual development of institutions like ours—the liabilities and probabilities to which all human enterprises are exposed—have we not reason to be thankful for the past, and hopeful for the future? Yes, *hopeful*. I cannot believe that our national dissolution is near. I see too clearly, in its early history, the tokens of a designing Providence. I cannot think that all those stupendous miracles—for we can hardly call them less—that brightened around its discovery and its colonization, indicated the birth of an empire that is to perish in a day. I cannot believe that as literature, the reformation and the press, burst with their light upon the world, and true men had become tired and sick of the mean oppressions and worn-out formalities of Europe, and saw these shores outstretched to welcome them, and heard these primeval forests shouting plainly—"Here is a theatre for those new elements—Here is a sphere for human freedom and progress;" I cannot believe that the promise was all delusive. I reason from analogy. Great causes do not produce such poor and abortive effects. But however this may be, and let others prophecy what they will, we, of all men, should not despond. We should not re-echo the half gloomy, half exultant speculations of foreigners. We have no business to despair. It is emphatically the thing we should not do. It is one way to create the very evils that we fear. Our duty is to stand here and work—to preach courage, and effort, and hopefulness. The means of reformation are with every man. Let no one despair so long as he has power over his own soul! Let the idea go abroad that he does the best work for his country, who secures his own intellectual and moral exaltation. By firesides, in workshops, in fields of toil, let it be felt that they alone do not serve their country who sit in its executive chairs, who contrive in its cabinets, who debate in its legislative halls; but every man who is true to his reason and his conscience, whatever may be his sphere of labor. Let him feel that the best distinction is honest manhood, and that the proudest title the state can bestow, is that of CITIZEN. And let any who, born among us, may go out from us to expose our weakness, to raise the sneer at our expense on foreign lips, remember that the sentiment of nationality, the love of country, the spirit that cherishes its birth-place, is holy; near akin to that filial affection which proudly hides from others the faults itself perceives. Let them remember him who babbled of the nakedness of Noah, and staggered under the curse of Canaan!

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ODD-FELLOWS' CELEBRATION.

THE first celebration of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, of the State of Georgia, took place yesterday. It is but a short time since the first Lodge was established in this place, and the imposing procession yesterday, with their banners, insignia and decorations, showed at once the rapid growth of this benevolent Fraternity in our midst. The procession, consisting of the excellent "Republican Blues" band, the officers and members of Live Oak Lodge No. 3, Oglethorpe Lodge No. 1, Magnolia Encampment No. 1, and visiting brethren of other Lodges, was formed on the Bay, under the direction of Bro. E. J. JONES, assisted by Bros. W. H. DAVIS, T. J. BULLOCH and G. W. MILLER. It then took up the line of march and proceeded through several of the most public streets, to the Methodist Church, where an Anthem was sung by the Choir and an appropriate Prayer made by Rev. Bro. CLAPP. The following Hymn was then sung with excellent taste:

Blest is the man whose tender heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain.

Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth,
A stranger's woe to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

Peace from the bosom of his God;
Peace shall to him be given;
His soul shall rest secure on earth,
And find its native heaven.

To him protection shall be shown:
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.

BRO. HENRY R. JACKSON, the orator appointed for the occasion, then rose and delivered a highly finished and eloquent oration, illustrative of the principles of the Order. We have not time to follow him in his remarks, or even give an outline of them, and this we do not so much regret, as a copy of the oration will, no doubt, be solicited for publication. We were in hopes that during his remarks, he would have given a sketch of the rise and progress of the Order, particularly in this country, as it would have proved highly interesting to the very large and crowded auditory of both sexes, present on the occasion. We cannot help expressing our pleasure at the liberal and extended views of the orator in relation to party politics and religion. The principles of Odd-Fellowship were designed to alleviate suffering—to make its disciples better men—better members of society. Charity and truth are the basis upon which their philosophy is founded. When a person becomes associated with the Order, he is instructed to write upon his heart the Saviour's golden

rule, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."—Their standing mottoes, "Faith, Hope, and Charity," "Friendship, Love and Truth," are also engraved upon the tablets of their memories.

After the oration, the Band struck up and played "The Odd-Fellows' March," in their usual good style. The Choir then sung with fine effect the following

O D E,

BY G. D. STEWART.

Not at the tyrant's 'hest
Our feet the ranks have prest
On gory field;
The voice of sacred right
Hath bid us arm with might,
And rush into the fight
Her sword to wield.

No trumpet, or cannon's peal
Invites us forth to reel
In seas of blood;
But friendship's deeper claim,
And love, whose holy flame
Is sweeter far than fame,
To deeds of good,

Inspires our yearning soul,
And bids us to the goal
Where sits distress,
With want, and wo, and grief,
Who vainly beg relief
From Priests, and Levite's deaf,
Who turn, nor bless!

For them, O God, we come,
And they whose lips are dumb
With sorrow's spell;
To bind the broken heart
With mercy's healing art,
And act a brother's part
Those ranks we swell.

Our kindred who are chained,
The stricken and the pained,
The lov'd and dear;
For them we rise to-day,
Nor turn the other way,
But give our hands and pray
And wipe the tear.

The starving orphan child,
The widow weeping wild
In hovel low ;
Their cry has reached our ear,
We come to quell their fear,
Their aching hearts to cheer,
And soothe their wo !

O Father make us strong
To break the Tyrant's thong,
Through Love, and Thee ;
To turn the Despot's will,
Bid sorrow's waves be still,
And conquer every ill
Till all are free.

The services were closed at the Church, by a Benediction, pronounced by Rev. Bro. STROBEL, after which the procession was again formed and proceeded to the Lodge, where it was dismissed.

[*Sav. Rep. Jan. 23.*]

EDITOR'S TABLE.

It is with inexpressible pleasure that we announce to the Brotherhood the agreeable intelligence that our fondest anticipations in relation to the reform of the Order in Great Britain are about being fully realised. We have received the Memorial of a number of the most distinguished brethren of Wales praying two warrants for the establishment of Lodges at the important manufacturing town of Tredegar in Monmouthshire, South Wales. These petitions have been granted, and the last steamer from Boston has borne the chartered authority from the Grand Lodge of the United States to our Welsh brethren to institute two Lodges according to the legitimate work of Odd-Fellowship as known and practiced by them in 1825, and as then and ever since known and practiced in this jurisdiction—among the signatures attached to this memorial we recognize the leading spirit in the name of P. Pro. G. M. John Davis, Brychan—with this veteran in the Order, we had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance—we met him at Wigan in Lancashire at the celebrated Moveable Committee to which we were accredited as special Deputy of the Grand Lodge of the United States upon the subject of uniformity in the Work of the Order. With him we had many earnest interviews and ever found him the bold, dauntless and devoted advocate of a Universal Order of Independent Odd-Fellows. In the debates before the committee, and upon all appropriate occasions he fearlessly maintained the American position as the true one, which it became all who regarded the permanent utility and certain preservation of the Order to unite in adopting under any and all circumstances—after the defeat of this zealous advocate of the universality of the Order, he with the few friends of the cause who had courage to follow his lead, invited the American Deputies to a conference at their lodgings, where a mutual pledge was interchanged that no effort should be left unemployed to reform the Order in England, by infusing into it, as an initiatory step the life-giving spirit, energy and healthfulness of the Institution as it existed in America. This pledge has now been redeemed by reciprocal co-operation with the aid of that *host* in Odd-Fellowship, P. G. Sire Kennedy, who kindly consented to conduct the correspondence. We now congratulate the Brotherhood that the Rubicon has been passed, the powerful array of the Manchester Unity to the contrary notwithstanding.—Three other applications will soon follow the warrants already issued, from the North of England, and we predict as we have before ventured to

do, that so soon as the constituency shall have had an opportunity of instituting the comparison between the work as we have it and the character of the Order as inseparably blended with its practice, and the condition of Odd-Fellowship in England, blurred all over as it is with associations utterly at war with its professions and teachings, that the same spirit which prompted the spartan band at Tredegar will pervade the whole country until "*the powers that be*" shall themselves hear, feel and be convinced. We have before intimated, and we take occasion here again to reiterate the remark, that the great body of the Order in England are anxious, nay eager to unite with their transatlantic brethren in defining a universal work—this feeling we witnessed in every quarter of the kingdom when it was our fortune to meet and address the brethren, and we should do injustice to the leaders at Manchester who so tactfully checked and killed off this feeling by the ingenious device of appearing to yield every thing in the conference, when in point of fact they imposed as a condition what they knew to be utterly impracticable in the American Deputation to concede, we say we should do injustice to them, did we impute their opposition to a common work to any want of conviction of the great importance of the measure and the vast benefits which would result to Odd-Fellowship thus constituted, as a means of benefaction to universal man. We conclude with the single remark, that it becomes every brother who feels as all should feel it to be a duty to promote the unity of our beloved Order throughout the globe, to co-operate with us in the crusade, which is now being entered upon, by correspondence with friends in that country, or by such other legitimate means as may present themselves. The heritage is a rich one. Let us enter and possess it.

THE INDEPENDENT ODD-FELLOW.

WE return our thanks to the person who forwarded us the January No. of the above paper. We know not to whom we are indebted for it, but as it contains a vile and unprovoked attack upon us we are glad that some one has favored us with its perusal.

The writer of that article accuses us of "invidiousness" and "unfairness," in some statements made in our bow, editorial. Of making "efforts to sustain the Covenant," detrimental to individual effort, and indirectly slanderous in their character. Hear him. "The worthy Junior Editor of the Covenant, in his new-born zeal, has in a grandiloquent strain denounced again, indirectly, individual enterprise; and as we have long since determined to arrest, at its onset, any such assumption of superior intelligence and utility by the Official, we call to notice the vauntings of our good brother Case."

This seems to bring the case directly home to us, and to demand a notice, although as Bro. Ford says "it is at all times disagreeable to notice *invidiousness* and *unfairness* in statements."

What he is pleased to term "*invidiousness, unfairness, denunciation, efforts detrimental, slanderous, &c.*" on our part, is contained in an article

in the December No. of the Covenant, in which we said, "there has been some manifestation of a disposition to crush the Covenant, or wrest it from the control of the Grand Lodge, and thereby open the door, and encourage the increase of papers by the brotherhood. But it is to be feared, that many of the papers that would have sprung up, if the Covenant had ceased, would not be conducted by brethren possessing a sufficient knowledge of the Order,—its principles and wants, and that through them the Order would be made to languish and suffer in public estimation."

What does the Editor of the Odd-Fellow find in all this to arouse his suspicions and cause him to vent his ill humor upon our head? We little thought when penning that article that we were applying a gimblet to the fingers of a cask whose contents were so highly fermented, and so bitter withal.

We made no allusion to the paper that has attacked us with such violence, nor to any other paper, unless it be one that "would have sprung up if the Covenant had ceased," and as the tenth number of the third vol. of the Odd-Fellow has been issued—and the 3d volume of the Covenant has just commenced it is reasonable to conclude that the former did not *spring up* after the decease of the latter; or since September last, and therefore it was not referred to at all.

Why then, this cry about an "attempt to put down other periodicals?" When was that attempt made?

We know but little of the Odd-Fellow, whether it has been well conducted or not, as we have seldom seen a copy of it. We had, however, supposed that it was endeavoring to be useful to the Order, and presume that it is so generally. But we very much doubt if such effusions as the one under consideration are calculated to benefit the Order, or the paper for whose columns it was written. We repeat, we did not in the article from which he quoted, and which so roused his choler, say any thing to discredit his, or any other periodical in existence, and none but an individual seeking for opportunity to file his declaration of "war" would have imagined that we made any attempt to "put down" the *Independent Odd-Fellow*, or any other periodical. We stated certain facts, which his *mis*-statements, cannot affect, and we presumed to state what was to be apprehended in case the "Official" was discontinued. We made no attempt to supplant any periodical in existence. The Editor of the Odd-Fellow, has not been called "to submit" to any thing of the kind at our hands, and as he has taken the precaution after a careful view of the shadow he supposed he saw, to prepare for 'war,' he may sheathe his dagger and be at peace if there is not a superabundance of spleen rankling in his bosom to prevent it.

What we said respecting the "serious attention and consideration" the Representatives gave the Covenant question is not affected by the assertion in Bro. Ford's note, so disrespectful to the Committee and the Grand Lodge. The committee did not keep back the report, but the worthy and talented chairman thereof labored diligently to collect the materials, that the report might be framed as early as possible. And the moment he was enabled to do so, it was presented. If all the members were not present it was the fault (if fault it be called) of the individuals absenting themselves, and not of the body, or the committee. That it was "shoved through, when the Lodge was thin" does not appear from the number of votes given when the report was adopted.

The worthy Editor of the Odd-Fellow says "if it would not be betraying the secrets of the confessional, in some sense, *we could a tale unfold,* *** and let him (Bro. Case) doubtless into some *secrets of the Order* with which he has never been made acquainted." Well, if there be '*some secrets of the Order,*' with which we have not been invested, we will wait with patience till we can receive them in a legal manner. We belong to the 'Official' and want no spurious Odd-Fellowship, nor are we desirous of arriving at the true, in any other but the true and constitutional way.—If Bro. Ford can satisfy us that he has important *secrets of the Order*, not revealed to us, and can give them officially, legally and constitutionally, we are ready to be instructed. But we would not have him betray the "*secrets of the confessional*" for the purpose of "*lauding and magnifying his own superior intelligence,*" or gratifying us. If however, he is in possession of awful secrets "with regard to the wire-working to continue the Covenant," we wish he would let us have them. Speak out brother but be cautious, lest in conducting us through the woods, you yourself approach a stream you are not able to ford!

Really, we are much surprised at the article to which we have alluded, coming as it does, with all its surmises and threats, from one who would claim to be a friend, and desire to live in peace. Away with such pretensions of *friendship*; there is no *truth* in them, and as for *love*, it 'thinketh no evil,' 'worketh no ill to its neighbor,' and never dictated that unprovoked assault upon us.

THE "SYMBOL."

We have (by mere accident) seen the February number of this paper, and are somewhat surprised that it sees in our article (at which the Independent Odd-Fellow took umbrage) the 'idea' expressed "that all other publications in the country, devoted to a like object, must crumble and fall before the imagined power" of the Covenant. The Symbol has discovered a beautiful idea, in the Odd-Fellow's attack upon us, and reiterates the whole of that scurrilous article.

Aye more! It swallows down, and gulps out the note of the Odd-Fellow, so full of falsehood and abuse to the respected committee on the Covenant, and so disrespectful to the Grand Lodge.

Where either of those periodicals discover an attempt or wish on our part to "put them down," or cause them to "crumble and fall," we are unable to discover. So far from expressing any such 'idea,' we said not a word respecting any paper in existence, save the one for which we were writing. Nothing but a squeamish jealousy on their part could have led them to misrepresent us in the manner they did. That the Symbol should aid in circulating the false and erroneous impression attempted to be made by the Odd-Fellow, will doubtless be matter of surprise to many. We had expected the leading Editor would have pursued a more high and honorable course; but in echoing the splenetic effusion of the Odd-Fellow, he has paved the way for a "distinction" which he *may* attain by perseverance, whether he aspires to it or not.

If we mistake not it would require but a few more phillipics of a similar character from the Odd-Fellow, accompanied by the mistaken and false imaginings of that Bishop of the Symbol, to gain for it an unenviable "distinction" with the brotherhood.

On a second reading of the remarks in the Symbol we think we discover some evidence that the leading Editor was averse to saying amen, to the unjustifiable article in the Odd-Fellow, and was induced through the apprehensiveness of his advisors, to speak out against the decisions of his own better judgment, as he was aware that "much comment" was "unnecessary." The reason why he imagines he discovered that "idea" is too plain, it cannot be hidden by the shallow veil with which he attempts to cover it. His symbolic language will be understood in a different light from that in which he has the vanity to suppose, and the reflection will be equally as unpleasant as the uncalled for and unauthorized assault was ungenerous and unkind.

We shall not be daunted by the threats, misrepresentation or ridicule of the uneasy spirits that have banded together, and waged war upon us, but shall pursue the even tenor of our way satisfied, if we are enabled to promote the interests of our beloved Order by our devotion to the Covenant and Official Magazine!

PRACTICAL HINTS TO THE ORDER.

THE flourishing condition of our Order, the multitudes that are constantly applying for admission into our Lodges are matters of gratulation to every good Odd-Fellow, and should lead us to consider well the course of action to be pursued on the different applications that come before us. We would not have our Lodges thrown open to the admission of *all* indiscriminately who may apply; nor would we knowingly bar the door to any man of good moral character. In balloting for applicants we should act from principle, and not be swayed by any petty jealousy or private pique. To the upright honorable man, a rejection on the part of our honorable society is truly mortifying, and is calculated to arouse suspicions against us, and injure the Order. His friends will be dissatisfied—aye grieved, and perhaps withdraw from an institution whose object is the promotion of honesty, benevolence and good-fellowship. But on the other hand we should scrutinize well the character, and if it be such an one as the wise and good do not approve—such as we are confident would not be benefited by, but be an injury to the Order, it becomes our duty to refuse his application.

Doubtless there have been men of good moral character and fair standing in the community, who have been prevented from enlisting under the banner of our Order, in consequence of some false supposition or private pique, engendered in the bosom of a member. It becomes us all to be cautious in this particular, lest we abuse our privilege, and injure the Lodge by an act which is extremely unpleasant, to the applicant, his family and friends, and perhaps to a great mass of the brotherhood. The man of honor, of good moral character, considers his reputation safe in our

hands—no matter whether he be rich or poor, if he entrusts it to our decision, let us not take advantage of the confidence he reposes in us, to injure him. It may be that during a long acquaintance some trifling dispute or hasty word has intruded to mar for the moment our good feeling, and that this is all we know against him. It is not wise, it is not proper; then that we should cherish a remembrance of that and allow it to outweigh all his good actions, and overbalance the virtues of his character. It may have been our fault or his, that the dispute arose,—the hasty word was uttered—and if his, it may have been deeply regretted. How wrong in us then to harbor ill-will, and manifest it, when he voluntarily places himself in our power? Let us remember that if

To err is human,
To forgive is divine,

and convince him that we that mercy show, which in turn, we would desire from him.

I have often been inquired of, if it is proper to reject an applicant on account of some private pique, or personal hatred, for which a reason cannot be given. And I have as often enjoined upon Lodges and brothers that it was not. Such a course would create unfriendly feelings among the brethren, and jealousy and suspicion in the minds of men without the Lodge. It might prevent many good men and true, who would be an honor to the Lodge, from allowing us to judge and decide upon their fitness to enter. A few such instances would be sufficient to bring the Lodge to a stand-still, if it did not cause its decline.

The writer has often said in different Lodges, that he would not cause an applicant to be rejected without he had what he deemed a sufficient reason, and that reason not of so trifling a character but that he could lay it before the Lodge. In all honesty and sincerity he would inform his brethren what were his reasons, and if they were not sound,—let them be explained away, and let no false supposition bar the door against the worthy and true.

FROM D. D. G. S. ALBERT CASE.

To Jas. L. Ridgely, Esq., R. W. Grand Secretary.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—On the 7th November I visited Sylvan Lodge No. 4, at Milledgeville, Georgia, received its Dispensation, delivered the charter, and received its returns for the quarter ending 30th September. You will perceive the Lodge had chosen *Sylvan*, for its name, which was inserted in the charter. W. S. Rockwell is the only P. G.

— Mitchell is N. G. for the current quarter.
Nov. 9th, visited Franklin Lodge No. 2, at Macon, received the Dispensation under which it had previously worked; and delivered its charter. This Lodge has 131 contributing members and an increasing fund. I received its returns of quarter ending 30th Sept. Officers for the current quarter.

Capt. ISAAC HOLMES, N. G.
JOHN J. GRESHAM, V. G.

J. M. KIBBEE, Secretary.
 JAMES A. NISBET, Treasurer.
 E. WOODRUFF PENN, Secretary.
 GUY L. WARREN, and

Hon. E. A. NISBET, P. G.'s.

Nov. 10th. Met the applicants for United Brothers' Lodge No. 5, at Odd-Fellows' Hall in Macon, and instituted said Lodge.

The officers for the present quarter are:—

JAMES WOOD, M.D., N. G.
 CURTISS R. PARSONS, V. G.
 FRANCIS J. OGDEN, Secretary.
 JAS. B. CARBACT, Treasurer.

Six Brothers were admitted by card—eight gentlemen were proposed for initiation and three were initiated.

Friday evening, Nov. 10th, assisted by Patriarch's George A. Kimberly, J. R. Howell and John J. Jones, I conferred the Encampment degrees on the following brothers—applicants for Ocmulgee Encampment No. 2, at Macon—James Wood, W. A. Robertson, Francis J. Ogden, W. B. Carbact, C. R. Parsons, James H. Bishop, Ebenezer C. Grannis, Jackson Barnes, and J. M. Kibbee.

Received application from the newly made Patriarchs, and G. A. Kimberly, J. R. Howell and John J. Jones, for the charter. An Encampment was then opened, the officers were elected and installed, and the Encampment was instituted in due and ancient form. After which seven brothers were proposed for exaltation, and at a meeting on the following night five were exalted to the R. P. D.

The officers for the current term are:—

JAMES WOOD, M.D., C. P.
 W. A. ROBERTSON, H. P.
 JACKSON BARNES, S. W.
 FRANCIS J. OGDEN, Scribe.
 C. R. PARSONS, Treasurer.
 JOHN J. JONES, J. W.
 EBENEZER C. GRANNIS, Guardian.
 J. R. HOWELL, Guide.

Nov. 13th. Received Dispensation from Live Oak Lodge at Savannah, delivered charter, and received its returns to 30th Sept., this Lodge has 69 members.

Officers current quarter:

GEORGE LEEDS, N. G.
 JOHN S. COOMBS, V. G.
 WM. A. CARSWELL, Secretary.
 DAVID E. HULL, Treasurer.
 EMANUEL HEIDT, Chaplain.

Nov. 13th. Received Dispensation from Magnolia Encampment No. 1, at Savannah, and delivered its charter. This Encampment is in a prosperous condition—it was formed in August last, and has 30 members.

On the evening of 13th Nov. I met the following P. G.'s at Washington Hall, Savannah, and instituted the R. W. Grand Lodge of Georgia.—Alvan N. Miller, John Dorsett, Gilbert Butler, and E. S. Kempton, of Oglethorpe No. 1; Guy L. Warren, of Franklin No. 2; Elisha Parsons, George W. Miller and Edward J. Jones of Live Oak No. 3.

The P. G.'s presented their proper certificates—the officers were elected and installed and the R. W. Grand Lodge of Georgia was instituted in due and ancient form, under a charter granted by the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States.

Officers for the year ending on the 2d Wednesday in August.

ALVAN N. MILLER, of Savannah,	M. W. G. Master.
GUY L. WARREN, of Macon,	R. W. Dept. G. Master.
ELISHA PARSONS, of Savannah,	R. W. G. Warden.
GEORGE W. MILLER, of Savannah,	R. W. G. Secretary.
ELISHA H. ROGERS, do.	R. W. G. Treasurer.
EDWARD H. KEMPTON, do.	R. W. G. Chaplain.
GILBERT BUTLER, do.	W. G. Conductor.
EDWARD J. JONES, do.	W. G. Marshall.
JOHN DORSETT, do.	W. G. Guardian.

Charleston, S. C., Dec. 1843.

NOBLE EXAMPLE—WORTHY OF IMITATION.

OFFICE G. SECRETARY G. LODGE STATE OF NEW YORK, }
City of New York, January 27th, 1844. }

In G. Lodge State of New York, Nov. Session, Dec. 29th, 1843.

To JAMES L. RIDGELY, Esq.

G. Rec. and G. Cor. Sec'y G. Lodge of the U. States.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER :—At this session of the R. W. Grand Lodge, among other proceedings the following resolution was adopted, viz:—

Resolved, That the Grand Treasurer, be, and is hereby directed to pay into the Treasury of the Grand Lodge of the United States the sum of fifty eight dollars, with interest at 6 per cent. per annum, out of the sum appropriated for general purposes at the last August Session, being the amount of dues standing against this Grand Lodge for the years 1830, 1831, 1832 and 1833, and remitted by a vote of the Grand Lodge of the United States at the October Session of 1834.

In accordance with the foregoing resolution I take pleasure in notifying you, that you are authorized to draw upon our Grand Treasurer, Moses Anderson, Esq., No. 35, Pine street, New York, for the amount under stated, viz:—*ninety eight dollars*.

Amt. of pro. of expen. char. 1830,	\$13 00,	4 yrs. inst. to 1834,	\$3 12
Do. do. do. 1831,	11 06, 3	do. do.	1 99
Do. do. do. 1832,	16 00, 2	do. do.	1 92
Do. do. do. 1833,	18 00, 1	do. do.	1 08

Total amount remitted Oct. 1834, \$58 06, amount of int. \$8 11

Amount remitted October 1st, 1834, - - - \$58 06

Interest from Oct. 1st, 1834 to Jan. 1st, 1844, 9 yrs. & 3 mos. 32 22

Interest to October 1834 as above, - - - 8 11

\$98 39

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

Tennessee—Extract of a letter from G. M. Wilkins G. Tannehill, dated Memphis, Dec. 15th, 1843.

I have been present at several meetings of "Memphis Lodge No. 6," during my visit to this city, and cannot refrain from congratulating the Order upon the success attending the operations of this young and flourishing Lodge. "Memphis Lodge No. 6," was instituted January 30th, 1843, and numbers over 50 members. At their next meeting they will receive seven new members—3 by initiation and 4 by card. They are about forming an Odd-Fellows' library, and have over \$200 subscribed.—This is the first effort made by the Order in this State, to carry out this laudable and praiseworthy object, and I hope soon to see similar steps taken by the other Lodges. This Lodge is composed of men—many of them advanced in years—of high moral and intellectual standing, all applying their energies to the dissemination of the principles of Odd-Fellowship. It is a most gratifying sight, to behold the interests of our beloved and cherished Order, confided to the keeping of such true and faithful Odd-Fellows. The members have selected the 1st day of January, 1844, for the dedication of their Hall, which is fitted up with great taste and neatness. They will have a public procession, an address from the Rev. Bro. Hyer, a minister of the Methodist church. The other Lodges in the State are in a flourishing condition, and I am happy to state that the unpleasant feelings that at one time prevailed towards the introduction of the "Encampment" into the State, has subsided, and both branches are now working harmoniously.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 5th, 1844.

At a meeting of the members of the I. O. O. F. of this city held at their hall for the purpose of hearing an address from P. G. P. Donaldson, the following resolution was unanimously adopted and the undersigned were appointed a committee to forward a copy for publication in the Covenant.

Resolved, "That the thanks of the Odd-Fellows of Cincinnati are hereby tendered to P. G. Paschal Donaldson of New York, for the kindness with which he accepted their invitation to address them and the ability and eloquence with which he impressed upon their minds the beauty and the strength of the principles of Odd-Fellowship."

You will confer a favor on your Cincinnati brethren by inserting the above in the Official Magazine.

Yours in F. L. and T.

M. P. TAYLOR,
THOS. SHERLOCK,
A. G. DAY.

Business on account of the Covenant and Official Magazine, transacted with Br. Albert Case, associate Editor, Charleston, S. C., will be the same as if transacted at this office.

 PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

Penobscot Lodge No. 7, Bangor, Maine.
 Bethalem Encampment No. 3, Aurora, Indiana.
 Washington Lodge No. 4, Somersworth, N. Hampshire.
 White Mountain Lodge No. 5, Concord, do.
 Burlington Lodge No. 1, Burlington, Iowa.
 Iovarian Lodge No. 1, Tredegar, Monmouthshire, Wales.
 Covenant Lodge No. 2, do. do. do.

Erratum.—Read, in "Progress of the Order" in last No. "Hillsborough Lodge," *Manchester*, N. H.—not *Hillsborough*, N. H.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE GRAND SIRE.

James M. Scantland, D. D. Grand Sire for Tennessee.
 Saml. York At Lee, D. D. Grand Sire for Michigan.

We have received from our estimable correspondent Louise a pretty story, the truthfulness of which will strike every reader, and hence it is full of useful moral. We beg to offer to her our salutations now that she has doffed the *invisible* and permitted us to see and know her as Miss C. Louise M. Bawner. It shall appear at length in our next.

We have the pleasure of presenting to our readers, in this No. of the Magazine, a very appropriate poetical production from the pen of *Miss Penina Moise*, of Charleston, S. C.

Such of them as have been patrons of the "*Charleston Courier*," for a few years past, must have enjoyed the beautiful creations of her muse over the initials "M. P." The poetic talents of this Lady are of a very high order, and we trust that she will permit the sweet and touching notes of her Harp to be heard more frequently than has been her wont of late.

We will give in our next number a Gem of minstrelsy copied from a little volume published some years since by Miss Moise, and which it has been our good fortune to meet with recently. We shall select from it the "*HERO OF GILEAD*," a poem uniting finished versification—touching pathos, and beautiful fancy. We bespeak for both an attentive perusal.

Editor of the *SYMBOL* please exchange—direct Albert Case, Charleston, S. C.

The Symbol says—"Br. Ford wields an able pen." This reminds us of catching fish with a "silver hook." Gold pens are considerably in use in these days of "individual enterprise."

DEATH OF BRO. JOHN LOCKE DOGGETT,

Of Florida Lodge No. 1.

THE Jacksonville TROPICAL PLANT of the 13th January, contains the announcement of the death of Judge Doggett, who expired on the 8th.

He was a native of Taunton, Massachusetts, but for the last 20 years a resident of Jacksonville, and for fifteen years he had discharged the duties of Judge of Duval County Court.

He was a valued member of Florida Lodge No. 1, and the first resident member that has been summoned to the celestial Lodge, since the formation of No. 1, near three years since.

The following is from the Tropical Plant.

At a regular meeting of Florida Lodge, No. 1, I. O. O. F., held at their rooms, Thursday evening, January 11, 1844, among other proceedings were had the following: The N. G. having announced the demise of our late beloved brother, JOHN L. DOGGETT, on motion, a committee of three, consisting of P. G. Rev. D. BROWN, P. G. GEO. D. MILLER, and C. C. ADAMS, were appointed to draft resolutions expressing the sense of the Lodge. The committee reported the following:

WHEREAS, far advanced in the third year of its organization in this city, Florida Lodge, No. 1, is called for the first time, to mourn the death of a resident member; with emotions of pious gratitude to the Father of Spirits, we are bound to acknowledge this distinguished grace of His preserving mercy, while we reverently bow submissive to this chastisement of His wise providence in taking out of this world the soul of our deceased brother, JOHN L. DOGGETT. In sacred accordance with our fraternal obligations, and agreeably to the prescribed form of sound words and solemn usages of our beloved Order, with sorrow have we committed his body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

Our brother, bound to us in the blessed bonds of Friendship, Love and Truth, is taken away, and we shall no more meet him here; and therefore we mourn his loss. The mortal remains of a brother are consigned to the silent sepulchre, and, sanctioned by the highest authority of example which the earth ever witnessed, our hearts and our eyes have wept. But we sorrow not with sad despair: the handful of dry dust is followed by the evergreen bough; the former, a figure of the dead and decaying body, mingling with its parent earth;—the latter, an emblem of the living spirit, the immortal soul, disenthralled from the encumbrances and entanglements of things earthly and perishing. The dust has gone to the dust, and we have dropped the parting tear, and our hearts are duly saddened with the solemn thought that no more we shall greet him as a brother beloved in our brotherhood of love below. But we remember the expressive emblem of life eternal; and we look on the lofty evergreens which surround and wave over his body's last home, pointing cheerfully to heaven, and our soothed spirits rejoice in the blessed hope of everlasting life above the stars for our departed brother and ourselves; and that there, in our Eternal FATHER's house of many mansions, with the spirits

of the just made perfect by the mediation of the ever-blessed Son, we may again meet no more to part forever. *So let it be!*

As an expression of our regard and sympathy, *Be it resolved,*

1st. That in the death of Brother JOHN L. DOGGETT, an enlightened man, a good citizen, and a good brother, we have sustained a loss to be long and deeply lamented.

2d. That, weeping with them that weep, we tender our sincere sympathies to the afflicted family and relatives of the deceased.

3d. That, to the memory of our departed brother, we will wear crape on the left arm for thirty days, and for three months clothe in mourning the emblems and furniture of the Lodge.

4th. That to the widow and the father of the deceased, the Rev. Simeon Doggett, of Taunton, Massachusetts, copies of these proceedings be forwarded.

5th. That the Tropical Plant, Covenant, Odd-Fellow, and Symbol, be supplied with copies of the above proceedings for publication.'

GEO. GROUARD, N. G.

THOS. LEDWITH, Sec'y, *pro tem.*

At a meeting of the members of the Bar of Duval county, held on the 12th January, 1844, to take into consideration the Providential bereavement and loss to the country of their fellow-citizen, the Hon. JOHN L. DOGGETT, Philip Fraser, Esq., was called to the Chair, and G. Yale, Esq., appointed Secretary.

The following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we view with feelings of sincere regret, the death of our late friend and brother, the Hon. JOHN L. DOGGETT, Judge of the county court of the county of Duval, whose kindness and urbanity upon the Bench, and whose gentlemanly deportment at the Bar, make us deeply sensible of the loss which we have sustained in him as a Judge, an associate, and friend.

Resolved, That as a token of respect to his memory, we will wear crape upon the left arm, for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathise with the afflicted and bereaved widow and family of the deceased, upon the irreparable loss which they have sustained in this sad visitation of Divine Providence.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these Resolutions to the widow of the deceased, and to his venerable father in Massachusetts, and request the several newspapers in East Florida to publish the proceedings of this meeting.

PHILIP FRASER, Ch'm.

G. YALE, Sec'ry.

I. O. O. F.

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No. 4.

THE HOUSE-SEEKER AND RENTED HOUSES.

BY MISS C. LOUISE M. DRAWNER.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL James," said beautiful Mrs. Newland, as she received her husband at noon, "I must certainly leave this establishment by the close of the week. It is utterly impossible to continue any longer with Mrs. Greenly, and be compelled to suffer as I have done through the past tiresome month—I am out of spirits, and out of patience."

"How do you expect me to reply to what you have uttered, Eliza?" the husband asked. "Really, my dear, I am entirely at a loss what answer to return to that very decided speech of yours."

"Not know what reply to make, James Newland! Well, it is surprising, that in the six years I have had the honor of bearing your name, I never remarked your obtusity of intellect before. Could you not enquire in what manner I have suffered?"

"Ah! certainly, my love," he answered, while a mischievous smile lingered about his handsome mouth, and a whimsical contortion of countenance accompanied his words. "Pray Eliza, 'in what manner have you suffered?' Inform me, love, who has been the means of causing you a moment's inquietude, and I am ready and willing to —"

"Thaw off hith head, papa," chimed in his little boy, putting his dimpled hand on the shining implement of his trade Newland laid upon a table.

"Go out and play, Frank," ordered his mother. "There are Somerton's boys in the hall—I wish to converse with your father."

"You thaid I mutht not go out by my own thelf," lisped the child, whose memory faithfully retained every syllable of a conversation supported by his mother and Mrs. Greenly, in which the former, offended by

some childish disputes between her own little boy and the Somerton's, (who boarded in the same house) had declared Frank should not be permitted to leave her apartments again, alone. She was angry when she so expressed herself, and had forgotten the circumstance until thus recalled. At a more propitious moment she would, probably, have smiled at the quickness of the little fellow, but now she was irritable—so awarding him an undeserved slap, she opened the door of an adjoining room, placed the trembling child within, and, turning to her husband, resumed the conference by saying, "That boy is getting so bold and unmanageable, associating with such a variety of children as one encounters in a boarding house, that I fear I shall never be able to reclaim him."

"*Never* be able to reclaim a child of four summers! Why, Eliza, if he numbered four times four, you could not talk more despairingly," replied Newland. "But what is this new trouble that makes you so anxious to leave Mrs. Greenly?"

"Oh! the trouble, or rather, troubles, are not entirely new—they are only aggravated old ones; Frank, with his mischievous propensities, being one great cause of my cares," said the wife.

"Frank again," exclaimed his father; "better send the boy 'to the house of correction,' for if he occasions so much unhappiness *now*, I fear he will disgrace us in a few years. From whom does he inherit this unfortunate disposition?" he enquired, with provoking nonchalance.

"Heaven bless me, James!—you never can be serious—you are the strangest *married* man I ever knew. I am not in jesting mood to-day; so pray look less careless and good humored, else I shall hate you."

"I do not feel the least alarmed by your threat, Eliza; but as I have only an hour to spare from my employment, and twenty minutes of that time having already expired," he said, looking at his watch, "I cannot stay to ask a string of questions, but, with your permission, I will guess at what you wish me informed of. You are heartily tired of boarding—your children create disturbances with other folk's children; you cannot always eat when you're hungry, or drink when thirsty—Mrs. Greenly, though an admirable hostess, is not what your mother was; and, in short, you are desirous of becoming mistress of an establishment—you are anxious for a house of your own. Am I correct?"

"Yes, James, exactly," replied Mrs. Newland, from whose fair brow the momentary shadow vanished, and drawing near her husband, she gazed up in his face with the same sweet, confiding expression in her soft eyes that had rested there when she promised to become his wife years before. He remarked the tender beaming of those dark orbs and felt, now the trifling anger had disappeared, that she was as perfect a little wife as ever blessed a man's heart.

"I am not stupid now, or incapable of comprehension, eh, Eliza," he observed, smiling, and when he felt the gentle clasp of her soft fingers on his arm, and the mute eloquence of her affectionate glance, he added, "I should have been satisfied to remain where we are sometime longer, but as you desire it, we will hire a house until my business warrants me in purchasing one."

"Thank you, dear James; I will seek one this afternoon, and I *know* we shall have less to contend with in a dwelling occupied solely by ourselves, than in this ever varying boarding house."

"Perhaps yes, perhaps no—we shall see; but remember, as this removal is of your own choosing, any inconveniences you may encounter must be borne patiently. Now release Frank from 'durance vile,' and I will take my dinner, kiss Lou, and be at my employment by two."

James Newland was a young mechanic; handsome, well educated, temperate, industrious, and possessed of one of the finest dispositions imaginable. By attentive labor, and unparalleled perseverance, he was gradually accumulating a little fortune, while many who were equally blessed with the means of copying his example remained exactly at the point from which *he* started. Eliza Merideth's attractions alone had ever in the least affected his heart, and she had loved him from their childhood, so their married life beheld few changes. True, a trifle would sometimes disturb her equanimity, but then her temper was evanescent as the April cloud that shadows the radiance of the sun an instant, and is gone. They had been comfortably domesticated in Mrs. Greenly's household since the demise of Mrs. Newland's mother, two years previous, but she now wished to change, and her husband acquiesced in the desire for two reasons; the first of which was to prove to his wife that *her* happiness was the sole wish of his heart, and the second, to impart a lesson, for he was convinced she would have much to contend with, much to repent of, ere she was done seeking and renting houses.

The afternoon was sultry, and Mrs. Newland, suffering slightly with head-ache, found the sun oppressive, and walking disagreeable; but as there was no use in getting tired at the beginning, she wandered up one street, and down another, and across a third; passed through this alley and that lane, surveying all the vacant tenements she beheld, but perceiving none that appeared as if they would suit. Some were so large and handsome that she knew the rent must be exorbitantly high, while others were too small, and others again looked so dingy and out of repair that she turned from them in disgust. At length, a new, clean, genteel structure attracted her observation, with the words "To Let" chalked in large letters on the door. She enquired next door for information respecting it, and a direction to the owner. A slatternly woman, almost Herculean in stature, after making her repeat the object of her call several times, invited her into a filthy back room, from which every breath of air was as sedulously excluded as though it were mid-winter instead of summer, and left her, she averred, to seek the landlord. A full half hour told its minutes on the face of a time-piece near, which Mrs. Newland occupied in examining every article around her; numbering the old half painted chairs and reckoning the missing spokes, till becoming restless and exceedingly annoyed at her unpleasant loneliness, she arose and entered the front room, intending to pass into the street, resolved to await no longer the presence of the proprietor of such a habitation. To her inexpressible horror the door refused to yield to her touch, and upon examination she perceived it was locked and the key withdrawn. Her trepidation and alarm increased, but mastering, by a powerful effort, all her courage when she ascertained there was no "open sesame" in that quarter, she retrograded, and just as she attained the back apartment again, and essayed to lay her hand on the latch of the yard door, a stout, burley man, half intoxicated, threw it wide open, (nearly prostrating our heroine on the floor) and entering, exclaimed roughly, "Who is dish in mine house. Pe a man called away two minutes on pizziness, some peoples are sure to pe found mitin his doors."

Mrs. Newland, her assumed courage vanishing again at the rough manner of the man, and quite sick from the closeness of the room and the smell of liquor and tobacco that perfumed it, could scarcely command words explanatory of her situation. At length, however, she stammered the object of her visit.

"Yaw—hem—dat is it : vell ax me de quesditions, for I pe de owner of mine own house. Sbeak out mine bretty vone—out mit your quesditions," said the man, with a smile intended to be encouraging, but which evidently had a contrary effect on James Newland's wife, for she trembled and turned very pale.

At this moment, while she was deliberating what course to pursue—for the inebriated landlord completely filled up the door denying all egress that way, and the other she well knew was fast—the woman who had first received her made her appearance. Some (to her unintelligible) words were exchanged, and the man, reaching a key from a nail, staggered through the front room, and unlocking the door, bade his visiter follow him to examine the house ; but no sooner had her feet touched the pavement than, with the speed of a fawn, she glided past the surprised landlord, and was lost to view in an instant, while he muttered, " Mine Got ! vet a pig fool dat bretty vone is—git mat mit me ven I ax her to look at mine house. Yaw—hem—I vind anoder and petter peoples to make a pargain."

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Newland felt little disposition to continue a search so unfortunate in the commencement, or enter another strange dwelling to institute enquiries, but the idea of meeting her husband without having accomplished her object, or at least having made greater exertions to do so, urged her to "try again," so encountering a young friend, she disclosed the nature of her business, and requested to be informed of any untenanted dwellings in her own or any other desirable neighborhood. To her extreme satisfaction the lady imparted information respecting one perfectly *au fait* : surrounded by respectable, sociable neighbors—near excellent water—possessing a clever, attentive landlord, and every other needful advantage. It was an immense distance for one already excessively fatigued, and slightly ill, to walk, but with a certainty of obtaining the required object, and accompanied by so delightful a companion as Louisa Hillen, our heroine forgot every thing but her friend's lively sallies, and actually started in amazement when the latter pointed out their destination. With glad exclamations of delight, she surveyed the pretty appearance of the exterior—the fresh, verdant trees in front—the newly painted door and shutters ; the beautiful little porch, so delightful to rest in at evening, were discussed, as if they already claimed her as a transient proprietress, and without a thought intruding that there could possibly be a "slip 'twixt cup and lip." The key had been left at a house in the neighborhood, and obtaining it from a child, they proceeded to institute a search "up stairs, and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber." Every part was in perfect repair, and calculated to please even a more fastidious person than Eliza, who said they suited her taste to a T. Closets and cupboards, and pantries ; and

garrets, and back parlors, and front parlors—precisely similar to those she intended to request James to have in their *own* house.

It is seldom, indeed, that the house-seeker—poor, wearied, unfortunate being!—is so happy as to procure such a faultless residence as we have described; for the owner, with exquisite ideas of comfort and convenience, had erected it solely for his own occupancy, and had only removed from it to inhabit one on a more magnificent scale. Mrs. Newland, repeating her thanks to her fair friend for having directed her so wisely, and regardless of indisposition, fatigue, and the declining sun, commenced with great animation of countenance to appropriate the different apartments—naming this as her own sleeping room, because it excluded the afternoon sun, and that for Louisa, or any friend who might pass the night with them; reserving a cozy Lilliputian chamber (against the spring) for Frank, and another for James's tools, books, &c.; but she was interrupted by the child who had loaned the key, and informed that the house was already engaged. Poor Mrs. Newland glanced despairingly at her friend, and gathered the folds of her veil over her face to conceal the tears that, in spite of her efforts to restrain them, filled her eyes, as silent and thoughtful she took her departure.

When they had walked nearly the length of a square she observed to her companion, "Oh! Louisa, how *could* you be so thoughtless as to suffer me to take this long walk only to be disappointed."

"How could I be so thoughtless, Mrs. Newland," returned the offended young lady. "You do not imagine for an instant that I *knew* the house to be engaged?"

"Certainly not *knew*, Louisa; but, perhaps, had you pondered the matter a little, the improbability of so charming a residence remaining long idle, might have occurred to you, and you could have prepared me for this unfortunate result. You expressed yourself sure, quite sure, I could obtain it."

Now Miss Hillen remembered, too late, that she had directed Mr. Fielding's attention to this very desirable residence two days previous, and that the little girl who loaned the key had informed them that the gentleman to whom the property was engaged, though unable from some peculiar circumstance to leave the dwelling he at present occupied yet, discharged the rent of the former to secure it. She *had* acted thoughtlessly, but offended by Mrs. Newland's implied accusation, she determined not to confess it, so she walked on beside the latter, whose weariness, increasing headache, and sad disappointment, (she had not yet become inured to such,) rendered her but an indifferent companion, until she reached ——— street, when she turned to separate.

"You surely will not part from me here, Louisa," remarked our heroine, looking mortified and displeased. "See, the sun has long since disappeared, and I cannot possibly attain my boarding house before night-fall—will you not accompany me home?"

"Really, Mrs. Newland, you must excuse me," replied the young lady, "for I have no disposition to continue a walk that has resulted in such apparent dissatisfaction. I promised Sophia Orde to call some day this week, and deem it as well to fulfil my engagement now as at any other time. Good evening."

She crossed the street and entered the residence of her friend, leaving

her jaded, dispirited companion to pursue her pedestrian exercise alone, and in the most unpleasant humor imaginable. "I do wish," she murmured as she continued her course, "that I had patiently waited until James was prepared to purchase our own house, for here has been a long afternoon expended in a disagreeable and fruitless search after one, while my children are neglected. Frank is, no doubt, taking advantage of my prolonged absence to exercise his mischievous propensities, and Luly, I dare say, (though usually asleep until this hour,) has awakened, and is annoying the household with her squalling. And now, to complete my vexation, here comes that fount of loquacity to detain me longer with her nonsensical jargon. How can I possibly avoid a *rencontre*," she mentally ejaculated, casting her eyes about, as the familiar and rotund person of Mrs. Anderson approached nearer.

We shall leave our heroine an instant to say a word of the object of her dread. Mrs. Anderson was a celebrated gossip—the reader can, doubtless, point out a similar character—known every where, and by every body: taking advantage of this notoriety on all occasions, she inflicted her tedious conversations and, not unfrequently, impertinent advice on every one who crossed her path. She *could* sometimes render herself useful, and had it not been so late Mrs. Newland would have submissively borne with the old lady's tongue, for the sake of ascertaining the whereabouts of a vacant tenement, but her present anxiety and weariness unfitted her for the meeting. To elude her, she turned aside and entered a grocery store, where she stood looking into the street, unthinking of the apparent singularity of her conduct. She was recalled to a knowledge of the impropriety of such a proceeding by overhearing a rough voice exclaim, "She is either drunk or crazy," and turning towards the speaker, she found herself the subject of remark. Apologising for the intrusion by explaining she wished to see some one pass, she purchased some undesired article, and left the store just in time to acknowledge Mrs. Anderson's salutation.

After several times repeating her surprise and pleasure at the meeting, the latter said, "Do, my dear Mrs. Newland, be so kind as to wait here until I purchase some of McGraw's Rappee, which old Mr. Leeds affirms is the cheapest and best in the city."

Vexed and impatient, yet compelled for politeness' sake to comply, Mrs. Newland waited at the door of the "Snuff Repository" while her loquacious acquaintance proceeded to discuss the use and abuse of the famed Virginian weed in all its various forms, and going back to her childhood, she informed the gaping youth behind the counter, while he folded up a huge paper of the article, in what manner she became addicted to snuff-taking.

"You see," discoursed the dame, "I warn't more than ten years old when I took a shocking cold in my head, and my grandmother—God rest her soul! she's been dead this age you must know—insisted that I should take a pinch of good old Scotch snuff. Well, I tried the experiment, Heaven bless you! and it succeeded so admirably that I continued to use the prescription until the cold disappeared, and then ——"

Here Mrs. Newland hemmed, and coughed, and rapped her parasol against the pavement, by way of breaking the thread of her discourse, which promised to be interminably long; but she might as successfully have

attempted to stop the progress of a fire among the prairies, as to have stayed the speaker's tongue until she had completely exhausted her subject.—Glancing towards our heroine, she observed "Go on, I'll catch up with you," and resuming her conversation, narrated to the statue-like clerk her progress in the admirable practice of snuffing, from her first sneeze, down to the moment of her rencontre with Mrs. Newland—then branching off, she commenced an elaborate description of that lady, when, upon looking towards the door, she perceived the latter had taken her at her word, and was far up the street.

Bidding her tired listener good evening, she made swift advancement in pursuit of the runaway, and reached her side, puffing and blowing like a jaded locomotive, just at the moment Mrs. Newland was congratulating herself upon having got rid of her. After discussing a budget of compounds, they came to the subject occupying our heroine's attention particularly, and forthwith, Mrs. Anderson, when she understood the former to be in search of a dwelling, mentioned some half dozen to be hired to good tenants, and proffered her services to accompany her "dear friend" the following morning to examine them; detaining her with a prolonged account of her own house-hunting days, and officiously advising what should and what should not be done in rented property—how she should conduct towards new neighbors, &c., and then at last, espying an acquaintance, she bade Mrs. Newland, to her extreme relief and delight, good bye.

CHAPTER III.

Without any accident, though extremely uneasy as night descended, and the myriad stars began to sparkle in the blue dome, Mrs. Newland attained her boarding house. The first person encountered was the proprietress of the establishment, who exclaimed, "Well, Eliza, I am truly thankful you have returned, for —"

"Good Heavens!" interrupted the younger lady, "What *has* occurred? Where are James and the children, for from your manner I apprehend something terrible?"

Mrs. Greenly smilingly replied, "You are causelessly alarmed—nothing has occurred, only we have endeavored, in vain, to persuade your husband to take tea without you, and I was about to express my gratification at your arrival on his account, he having promenaded your chamber, striving to quiet Luly, since his return from work two hours ago."

Mrs. Newland slowly ascended the stairs, and entering her sleeping apartment, could scarcely forbear smiling at the ludicrous appearance of its occupants. Frank, arrayed in cap and night-slip, the former with the ruffle at the back and the latter on wrong side out, was perched on a bureau to be out of mischief, and Luly, screaming as lungs like hers only could have screamed, was kicking at being forced to lie down in her father's arms when she had just risen from her afternoon's siesta; while James, coatless, bootless, and looking very unprepossessing, was singing as good humoredly as if about the most pleasant of employments. She laid aside her street accoutrements, and quickly relieved her husband from duty, and then when they had taken tea and the children slept softly, they found time for conference.

"How have you succeeded, my dear," asked Newland, "in your efforts this afternoon."

"Not as well as I could wish, certainly," replied his wife; determined the unpleasant incidents of her tramp should be concealed, lest her want of perseverance be condemned, or luckless adventures made the subject of merriment. "I have examined several habitations without being so fortunate as to secure a suitable one, but Mrs. Anderson has promised to accompany me in the morning, when I shall resume my search—she is well acquainted about."

"To the sorrow of those who dread her vollubility and shrink from her interference," rejoined Newland. "She will gladly assist you for the sake of ascertaining your means—how much rent you are able to pay, what stock of furniture you can procure, and learning as much as possible of those whose property you may chance to inspect. If you depend on Mrs. Anderson to find you a home," he added, "I fear another sunset, and another, and still another, will behold you boarding."

"She volunteered her services," returned Mrs. Newland, half conscious of the truth of his remark respecting the loquacious subject of their conversation, "and surely you would not have me act so impolitely as to decline what seems a kind attention. I cannot undertake the same errand again, alone."

Newland was aware of the timid, shrinking disposition of his wife, and felt tempted to procure the desired object himself, but then that would not be teaching her to rely on herself, or innuring her to the common difficulties of life. He resolved he would not interfere in the matter; however, he observed, "You will find Louisa a more interesting and suitable assistant than Mrs. Anderson—she is a staunch friend, ever ready to oblige; besides she has no duties to detain her at home and will gladly accompany you."

"I greatly prefer Mrs. Anderson's scandal to Louisa's tittle-tattle," was the reply, the speaker curling her lip contemptuously—she deemed it wisest to conceal for the present their misunderstanding.

"Louisa's tittle-tattle," repeated Newland, "why what freak is this? I never heard you or any one else say she was other than an amiable, intelligent and agreeable companion, very unlike many of our female associates whose minds are forever running on balls, visiting, dress, beaux and trivial amusements."

Mrs. Newland scrutinised her husband's animated countenance while he thus defended a general favorite, and the oldest and most charming of their friends, and said, with visible anger "Louisa is, undoubtedly, a beauty, and pens the most exquisite verses in reply to yours—I wonder you do not regret having wedded one, so prosaic as myself."

"You wonder at no such thing, Eliza," he replied; "for the unalterable devotion of six tranquil years, proves my love yours entirely, unmingled with regret for having secured such an affectionate companion. You are out of spirits—wearied with this new trouble, and ignorant of the meaning of your expressions."

Her husband's invariable good temper frequently stayed her own petulance, and Mrs. Newland soon forgot, as usual, her inquietude, and conversed pleasantly and happily on every subject unconnected with that which most interested her.

The morning dawned clear and cloudless, and a fine, cool breeze swept cheerily along, refreshing the pedestrians, and rendering the sun's rays less oppressive. Requesting Mrs. Greenly to permit a servant to take charge of her babe, and leading Frank by the hand, Mrs. Newland set out, accompanied by Mrs. Anderson, to try her luck a second time at house-hunting. After promenading two or three dozen streets, stopping for her loquacious companion to hold colloquies with the "dear, sweet friends," encountered almost at every step; and answering Frank's thousand and one interrogatories,—nine hundred and ninety-nine of which were perfectly undefinable—until fairly tired, she heard the welcome sound of "here's one of the pretty buildings I mentioned," and followed her conductor into a dwelling in the vicinage of the one designated. A lady received them, whose appearance was youthful and peculiarly attractive, and entertained them so agreeably while a boy was sent for the key, that our heroine mentally rejoiced at the idea of residing near so charming and lady-like a person. While awaiting the return of the messenger Mrs. Newland was compelled to listen to Mrs. Anderson's numerous and protracted dissertations, commenced and concluded in spite of her evident embarrassment, her frequent interruptions; her nods, glances, and sly touches, until she devoutly wished she had never accepted her assistance. After introducing and exhausting her own topics, the old lady, to the infinite horror of her companion, ventured with consummate tact, and unpardonable curiosity, notwithstanding the frowns and undisguised disapprobation of the latter, to institute a series of enquiries relative to the stranger's parentage, connections, &c., framing her interrogatories in such an artful manner, that it would have been next to an impossibility not to have replied to them. It was an unspeakable relief to her, when the messenger returned, though he brought word from the owner that his property could not be rented to any tenant with children. They bade adieu, and turned into the street, but, ere they were out of ear-shot, the ire of the occupant of the house they had left, exploded, and she showered heaps of invectives on "the old snagged tooth, snuff taking woman, with her impudent questions, and the ill-mannered brat, whose pin-scratches would remain on her side-board as long as it *was* a side-board." Mrs. Newland, vexed at having been so deceived by appearances, and mortified at the insulting language of the woman, hurried on; while Mrs. Anderson, failing, by reason of her deafness, to understand the tongue-lashing, talked rapidly of all that had been visible within the doors she had left, and all she suspected of the inmates.

They journeyed on until another vacant tenement attracted Mrs. Newland's observation, who was surveying its exterior, and reckoning the distance from her husband's shop, when her companion accosted one of her innumerable intimates; a tall, viragoish looking female, stockingless and slip-shod, who was endeavoring to sweep dirt from a pavement and gutter already scrupulously clean and neat. In reply to Mrs. Anderson's question relative to the owner of the untenanted property, the woman replied, "It belongs to us—John seed it was going low, and bought it because it was nigh this one we live in, and we could be pretty sure of our rent.—No sneaking off between two days, when such watchful eyes as *ourn* are close at hand."

Mrs. Newland, though not prepossessed in favor of the landlady, asked

permission to examine the premises. The woman—who bore the very euphonious and familiar cognomen of Smith—stayed her employment instant, and invited the ladies into her elaborately neat parlor, requesting them to be seated, while she retired to make some very necessary improvements in her disordered apparel. After throwing aside a flaming yellow turban, drawing on a pair of hose, pulling up the heels of her slippers, arranging her hair, and making the addition of a clean apron to her costume, she re-appeared, so much altered for the better, that our heroine did not quite despair of living comfortably next door to one who could perform so quickly and so well; albeit though she could not deliver her sentences in very grammatical order. The examination resulting satisfactorily, Mrs. Newland took possession of the key, and after a few preliminaries, the parties separated, Mrs. Smith remarking, “I dare say we shall get along pretty well as neighbors, for I never troubles no one, unless as they give me some mortal offence, and then I’m very hot for the time being.”

Mrs. Newland smiled, and expressed a hope that she might never be so unfortunate as to offend Mrs. Smith, but that their intercourse, if any was necessary, might be amicably conducted. She bade good morning, and permitting Frank to carry the key after much persuasion, and many promises that he would fasten his handkerchief to it and keep it very safely, she directed her steps homeward, partially relieved of her cares for the future.

CHAPTER IV.

Her companion stopped to chat with the renter, and we will take the liberty of transcribing the conference. When Mrs. Smith had minutely and particularly enquired the circumstances of her intended tenants, she observed: “She seems sort’o stuck up, and I did’nt half like the way she put in that ‘if there’s any intercourse necessary,’ as though she’d a notion my doings and *hern* would’nt exactly agree. I hope she do’nt consider her quality above mine, because she’s dressed and furbelowed off, to look for a house—if she *does* she’s out on it, for I’ve got a silk dress the very shade and pattern of *hern*, with one more fold than hers can boast too; and I put it out, and paid for the making.”

The speaker uttered this rapidly, and with a toss of the head and a flush on either cheek higher than ordinary, that plainly evinced her pique, and extraordinary self-esteem.

“Oh! I dare say Mrs. Newland had no notion of causing offence,” replied her hearer, “but I’ll inform you before hand, and as a secret, that she is wonderful proud, and unlike you, very touchy, especially about any insult offered to her children, one of whom, that little boy is the vilest child I ever knew and she does’nt take the least pains to improve him.”—Here the dame gratified herself with a huge pinch of snuff, her usual resort, when uttering any thing not strictly truthful. She was well aware that Frank’s only fault was a love of mischief, and that both parents strove earnestly to check all evil propensities in him.

“She need’nt shew any of her touchiness to *me*,” returned Mrs. Smith, “regarding her boy, for I aint fond of brats, no how; and I’ll soon set her down.”

"That will certainly be the safest way to settle the matter," returned Mrs. Anderson. "And as to the boy, you'd best discountenance him altogether, for taking notice of him utterly ruins him. I used to be very attentive to him, but he occasioned me so many awkward mishaps that I have ceased to do so. He once robbed my specs of both glasses, and his mother only laughed when it was discovered, because he said, Andy could see best through the two holes."—She did not tell her listener that a pair of spectacles, double the value of her own, were purchased by Newland as a reparation of the injury—"and on another occasion, he threw all my snuff—" here the narrator's fingers clutched the box containing her solace, convulsively, after supplying herself with an extra pinch—"into the fire, excusing the misdemeanor by saying that 'people talked nicer when their noses were not stuffed.' Another time he drew every needle from my knitting, unravelling a whole afternoon's work, and then had the shamefacedness to come and tell me, waking me from a sound nap, that he supposed I had forgotten to place them in my cap with the other one. Oh, he's an outrageous bad child and should be half killed, for he's got sense enough to give a reason for every thing he does."

"*You* keep an eye on him when they come down here, depend on it," said Mrs. Smith, "but bless me! I'm talking here all this while, and bread in." She hastened away and Mrs. Anderson followed Mrs. Newland who was strolling leisurely along.

"I could'nt for the life of me get away from that woman's inquisitiveness," she remarked, as panting, she rejoined the latter, "and you will have to be exceedingly cautious, when you are occupying her house, about what you say and do, for she's a terrible bad tempered woman. I've known her this long while, and she's master and mistress both—her poor, hen-pecked John never had a say in his life—bless your heart!"

Much more added the Gossip, but her listener heard her in silence, and parted with her at her own door with heartfelt satisfaction.

Mrs. Newland quickly attained her boarding house, and found the scene, fortunately, more inviting than on the previous day. Little Lou was singing a baby tune, thoroughly original, and amusing herself with a nondescript accompaniment to her voice, while her father was busily engaged with a work on Mechanism.

"We've got the houth," screamed Newland's heir, at the top of his lungs, "and it do'nt thmoke, and the thellar's dry. Give me my thord, Lou, for I'm going right to work to pack up all my toyth's to move," and hereupon the noisy gentleman began to exercise might, and the little lady whose chubby fingers grasped the favorite plaything, ceased her song, to begin one on a harsher key, but mama interfered and adjusted matters.

"Where is the key, son," asked Mrs. Newland, when she had imparted to her husband the requisite information respecting their hired home.

The boy thrust one white hand, and then its dimpled fellow into the opposite pockets of his coat, (neither of which could have possibly contained it,) and then said fearlessly, "ith lotht, but never mind ma' we can get in the windoths."

"Oh, Francis, Francis! you are too careless," exclaimed his mother, angrily. "You promised to keep it securely, and ——"

"Mrs. Anderson desired this should be handed to you," interrupted a servant, delivering a parcel to Mrs. Newland. The latter opened it, and

perceived the identical missing object, and upon enquiry ascertained that Frank had forgotten he had made a slip-knot in his handkerchief, attached the key to it, and afterwards fastened both to the skirt of his mother's companion of the morning. The child was punished, and promised to offend no more, but an hour subsequent the deed and its result were forgotten, and Frank ready for more mischief.

CHAPTER V.

At the close of the week James Newland's family were located in their hired abode, and though every thing was not arranged precisely in housewifery order, the mistress, at least, was satisfied. It was evening when they took possession and on the following morning our heroine, with the assistance of a neat and handy servant, commenced the task of "putting things to rights." With tireless exertion she proceeded; now adjusting one article of furniture, then another; laying down carpets; finding suitable and convenient places for pots, kettles, pans, and all the various etceteras of a well provided household; and finally as the scene became less confused and more home-like and comfortable, surveying the result of her labor with complaisance.

"Where shall I find snug quarters for these, madam," questioned Linda, holding up several useful kitchen utensils, whose sides shone like burnished silver.

"Every peg and nail is appropriated, I observe," her mistress replied, glancing round, "but as those are far too indispensable to be banished from your apartment, I suppose we must drive a nail or two for their support. Run Frank and bring me papa's hammer and the nails lying on the tool chest," and he quickly obeyed—for never was boy swifter to perform than little Francis Newland, when his mother's voice urged aught his tiny hands were capable of—she commenced as brisk and skilful a use of the implement as her liege lord could have done.

Hammer, hammer, knock, knock, against the wall that separated the dwelling, informed her neighbor, Mrs. Smith, how matters were progressing. "I wonder what's the use of any more nails about that house, to break up all the plastering," she exclaimed petulently; pausing in the midst of her employment—kneading dough was an everlasting duty with Mrs. Smith, and an infallible excuse for every thing; "I cannot stay a moment longer, I have bread to make," or, "I must be off, my bread will burn," was ever on her lips, as if the staff of life occupied all her attention and all her care. Bang, bang, thump, thump, jarred the partition and the nerves of Mrs. Newland's landlady, and she worked away at the flour, and worked herself into a fever of excitement at the same time. Hammer, hammer, nail, nail, resounded through the buildings, and acquiring an additional flush from her own concluding exertions (or something else) she hastily pushed aside a huge tray, flung a snowy napkin over its contents, and, without stopping to remove what adhered to her hands, hurried in next door.

"Good morning, Mrs. Smith," said our rentee, pleasantly. "You observe how busily my fingers are employed—I am just being initiated into

the troubles of house-keeping;" and she raised the noisy instrument in her hand, and was preparing to drive another nail, when her visiter exclaimed, without acknowledging her salutation.

"For God's sake *Miss Nulin* do'n't force any more of them horrible wall-destroyers in there, else John 'll never let me hear the last of it."

"Certainly not, Mrs. Smith, if you object," returned the lady carpenter, descending from the high position she had briefly assumed, and proffering her landlady a seat, at the same time, though a little annoyed, politely entering into conversation.

Somewhat mollified by the lady's deportment, Mrs. Smith's flushed countenance paled perceptibly, and she remarked apologetically. "I hope you wo'n't take no offence at what I have said, *Miss Nulin*, since it's to keep peace at home. John 'll never say nothing to you nor Mr. *Nulin*, about such matters, but he'll let me hear enough of it; for he's over particular about his property;" and the speaker made her usual reply when requested to sit, "she had bread to put to rise," as she bade adieu.

In the evening, the conversation of the inmates of the respective dwellings turned on their neighbors. Mrs. Smith remarked, as her slave entered from his daily toil, "*That Miss Nulin* was battering away at the walls so this morning, and driving so many huge spikes in that ere smooth-plastered kitchen, that I took and told her first and foremost, it would'n't do."

"Spikes!" queried the hen-pecked John, timidly, "what need has she of spikes?"

"Need enough, you'd say, were you to see all her tin ware," returned his spouse, tartly. "You do'n't doubt my word, do you?"

"Oh, no!" replied the poor man with a shrinking manner, as if he dreaded the shrill sound of his fiery partner's voice; though he felt pretty well assured the spikes were but magnified nails.

"Oh, no!" mimicked the lady. "It's oh, no—when if you dared you'd say yes. I'll tell you what it is, John Smith, people might bombard your house, and you'd never say a word, you poor, snivelling fellow, you; so it's well you've got a wife as can see to things. I know that *Miss Nulin* will be a trouble, so I'll keep a sharp look out on her," and she turned away with a very peculiar expression about her thin lips and small twinkling eyes, busying herself with some household matter—she was a hard worker, and neat, *that* Mrs. John Smith.

At the rentee's the following was heard between Mr. and Mrs. Newland. The former asked the latter whether she had seen any thing of her neighbors, and received for reply, "Mrs. Smith stepped in this morning, while I was engaged with my preparations, and desired no more nails might be driven, her husband being very careful with his property."

"Every thing wears so neat and happy a look about her dwelling, I imagine she is a pattern housewife, and an amiable woman," observed Newland.

"A perfect housewife she may be, as far as keeping her premises in order is concerned, but I fear she is not perfectly amiable; so, never trust to appearances," replied his wife, as fatigued and thoughtful she prepared for rest, resolved he should for the present be spared the knowledge of anticipated inconveniences, and controversies with their landlady.

CHAPTER VI.

The house had been engaged for a month, and as it passed pretty pleasantly, it was re-engaged for double that period. Fatal act! scarcely had a week of the second term expired ere our rentee discovered it was not perfectly agreeable to reside next door to the renter. Complaints, requests, frequent impertinences, molested her, while the mischievous Frank was continually causing a repetition of these by his contempt of Mrs. Smith's commands and often misplaced expostulations. Did the little fellow throw his ball about the yard his tormentor's voice would be heard, "Look here, Frank *Nulin*, do'n't throw that thing up again, else I'll burn it. You've no business with it, for presently two or three of my windows 'll be smashed." And, again, if he chanced to climb the fence—and this was a favorite amusement, he being a gay, daring child—she would scream, "get off there you curly-headed scamp—you're everlastingly climbing 'pon people's fences, gaping over." Then if Frank would argue half belonged to him, a "pieth wath math's," she would become vociferous, and say for her tenant to hear, "It's very strange that boy ca'nt be prevented from *sassing* his elders."

Such were some of the petty annoyances suffered by our heroine, but she considerably concealed them from her husband. At length matters became so intolerable as to seriously affect her happiness. If wood was purchased, Mrs. Smith would stand until it was thrown in, for fear the pavement should be injured, or the cellar door broken, while not an article of furniture could be changed in its position without her stepping in to beg they would be careful about scratching the floor or injuring the walls; and if ever Mrs. Newland left home, a dozen complaints were made on her return, of Frank's willfulness, or Linda's utter disregard of people's property; leaving the hydrant running, for instance, "as if the water did'nt cost something, and the machine *never* could be put out of repair."

Mrs. Newland was in doubt whether to lay the case before her husband, when a visit from Mrs. Anderson was the means of deciding her. To that individual's enquiry of how she liked her house, our rentee replied that she had but few objections to the situation and constructions, but her landlord was so exacting she should be compelled to seek another, though not before the time for which she had engaged it, expired.

Mrs. Anderson spent the forenoon with her "dear Eliza," and the afternoon with the latter's landlady, who, as soon as her visiter departed entered the next domicile, and, with flashing eyes informed the astounded Newland that "it warnt no use to attempt to cheat *her*—she'd have the two month's rent, move when he would; if she had to go to law about it." Then muttering something about "injuring property—abusing what did'nt belong to 'em," she flounced out of their presence with an air that made her down-at-the-heel-understandings musical, while her face looked red as a peony.

"Is friend Anderson known to our landlady?" asked the amused Newland, half interpreting the scene just enacted.

His wife replied affirmatively, and, for the first time, recounted the unpleasant incidents of the past weeks.

"I feared *her* assistance would not result beneficially," he returned,

"but never mind; discharge the rent for the whole term, and procure another tenement as speedily as practicable.

This was accomplished after much discomfort, and all things adjusted for their removal to new quarters, when Linda, who had been assisting in cleaning the new house, and had scraped acquaintance with the inmates of the adjoining ones; came home with a face almost whitened by terror, to inform her mistress that several of the family who last occupied the dwelling had died of small-pox, and that it still prevailed to an alarming extent throughout the neighborhood. Here was misfortune. Mrs. Newland, who had hastily contracted for the premises, with few inquiries, now found it impossible to carry her loved ones where so dreadful a disease spread its contagion, and declined fulfilling her promise to try it for a month, but the owner positively refused to render the bargain null and void; so, with two weeks wanting of the expiration of her time in her first rented house, and retaining the key of another, never to be tenanted by her, she set to search for a third.

Something very like regrets troubled her, as she again began her round of enquiries, and the frequent thought that she was the cause of her own difficulties, made the task unusually distasteful, while the remembrance of her misunderstanding—now ripened into coldness and neglect—with her old friend and favorite, Louisa Hillen, disturbed her frequently. This unfortunate breach had been widened by poisonous whispers from the lips of the scandal-loving Mrs. Anderson.

She had in some way become acquainted with the fact of the intimacy of the parties having been dissolved, and with admirable tact ferreted out the particulars, and under pretence of restoring amity actually increased the coldness, until those who had once been warmly attached friends, passed each other without a token of recognition.

Our heroine pondered very seriously over the numberless annoyances, the hitherto unknown inconveniences she had endured since her removal from Mrs. Greenly's, but it made no improvement in matters save only to render her less impatient, less irritable and repining. 'Twere needless to follow her through the various changes, the repeated removals during the fall and winter—to inform the reader how one dwelling smoked so terribly that all the doors and windows were left unclosed until one or the other of the family was continually suffering with colds, catarrhs, rheumatisms and pleurisies—and how another was threatened with destruction every time the grateful showers descended to freshen the glad earth.—How one was insufferable, another unbearable; a third uninhabitable; and a fourth sold over their heads, the purchaser insisting upon entering it immediately, and how, in the midst of a dreary snow-storm they removed to one by no means unexceptionable, where poor, wearied Mrs. Newland actually wept herself sick.

At length, the dismal winter wore away; dismal to the wife, for she suffered with ill-health and lowness of spirits, having, unfortunately, hired a dwelling so far from her husband's employment that it was impossible for him to dine at home. She had no *visitable* neighbors, and her acquaintances lived as distant as though residents of another place. The balmy breath of spring restored her health and partially, her spirits, and again she undertook the task so often failed in. She succeeded admirably in securing a pleasant home; new and in complete repair from the attic

to the basement, and after an occupancy of several months felt almost happy. On either side of her amiable, sociable families lived, with whom she speedily became intimate, while immediately opposite stood a neat, pretty church, whose staid and quiet congregation, became objects of deep interest to her. There is much, much that we wot not of in the homely, common scenes of everyday life, to amuse and interest those who have eyes to see, and hearts to feel, and warm imaginations. The bustling to and fro of men, women and children; the crowded thoroughfares; the quiet lanes, or thickly peopled courts; the out-goings and in-comings of human beings, totally unlike each other, furnish food for thought, and awaken dreams by no means unfair.

Every Sabbath our heroine watched for the plainly attired men, and the gentle and beautiful women whose very steps grew familiar, and who seemed to cast all thought of the world from the hearts that waited meekly for the descending of God's Spirit, ere they entered their humble sanctuary. But soon, too soon the scene faded—the simple meeting house was razed, and the members trod no more that quiet street—strange events and incidental changes transpired—her pleasant friends departed; one to a far off city, and the other to a more populous neighborhood; and she was obliged to yield up the hired but familiar premises to a wealthy manufacturer, under whose supervision an immense machine sent forth its volumes of vapour, and deafening noise, upon the site of the pretty edifice; while every tenement in its vicinity was peopled with the workmen.

CHAPTER VII.

Our house-hunter, anticipating new difficulties, felt almost disheartened, but after "taking a good cry," as Linda affirmed, she set cheerfully to work again. Her attention was directed to one, of four, very handsome buildings, which had remained untenanted for months, in consequence of some one having circulated a report of their being haunted. She moved in, and Linda, catching at the rumor afterwards, became a constant source of inquietude. She followed her mistress' steps like a shadow, and started at every sound, while no persuasion could induce her to enter one of the upper apartments unless some one was close at her heels. Frank too, frightened by the frequent alarms of the foolish girl, caught the infection, and every night threats and expostulations were used in vain—he would not go to bed, to be spirited away by the ghosts—he would wait for mama. However sick or fatigued—however importantly engaged, if an errand up stairs was to be performed, our heroine, alone, could be expected to perform it; and it was really laughable sometimes to behold the trio. Mrs. Newland anxious, and half angry, holding a light, while the trembling negro obeyed some order; peering, at the same time, with eyes half starting from their sockets, into every corner; while Frank evinced his participation in Linda's terrible imaginings by clinging to his mother's dress, and concealing his trembling lip and colorless cheek. Three weary week's dragged on, and one evening, at the commencement of the fourth, Mrs. Newland, desiring something in haste, ordered Linda to fetch it from an upper chamber. She was holding the infant, but obeyed more readily

than usual, having partially overcome her horror of the haunted quarters. She obtained the desired article and was preparing to descend, when a huge Grimalkin passed her, purring, and rubbing its sleek, black coat against her, as if courting attention. Associating, like many ignorant persons, all that is unholy, and frightful, with that peculiar quadruped, the simple girl uttered a piercing shriek, and relaxing her clasp of the babe, both were precipitated down the steep staircase.

A crowd of persons were collected about Newland's door when he came home to tea, discussing some very important subject. As he threaded his course through them, he caught low whispers of "a ghost;" "fractured limbs;" "children frightened to death"—and upon entering, was accosted by a reporter for a morning paper, who, with a very grave countenance, begged to be furnished with the particulars of the sad accident; penning at the same time, a long article founded on the contradictory statements of rumor, and his own suppositions. Newland could scarcely restrain a smile, half suspecting the cause of what he beheld, but feeling somewhat anxious, sought his wife. She was holding little Lou on her lap, whose swollen and disfigured features explained her in some way connected with what had transpired, and administering a medical potion to Linda, who, she informed him, had dislocated her shoulder. Assured that no lives were lost, our hero returned to the reporter; and the inquisitive crowd, understanding there was no ghost in the matter, and that the sufferers from the accident were not likely to die, quietly dispersed.

The following Monday, at an early hour, three furniture wagons drew up before our heroine's door; and soon the family were comfortably ensconced in an attractive establishment, which had been provided by Newland and the key sent to his wife.

It was beautifully located, a few yards from the street, and had no prying neighbors, separated only by a single brick. The paper and paint were of unsullied purity, and every part thoroughly finished and convenient. No dark cellar, with a sink, like one in which our young favorite, Frank, had once been involuntarily immersed, and nearly drowned—no imaginary spirits, to steal the wits away—no neighbors, quarrelling about who should sweep the alley answering for two families, and complaining that "next door" filled the house with dust, and excluded every breath of air with gawky sun-flowers and trailing morning-glories. Oh! no—every thing was just as it should be. A pretty paved walk, with a plat of fresh, verdant grass on either side, containing a few bright and appropriate flowers, conducted the visiter from the neat white gate up to the front entrance. Then there were two neat parlors on the first floor, and a breakfast room and kitchen, with a yard in the rear, containing plenty of room for a play ground, and Frank was in raptures and Linda delighted.

When Newland beheld every thing satisfactorily arranged, and witnessed the contented smile on the face of his wife, he said, "I have the effrontery to acknowledge myself vain of having procured you just the residence you desired, but failed to find. How long will you be satisfied to remain here?"

"Until our means render it necessary to forsake it," replied his wife. "Until we become too poor to rent it, or rich enough to require a larger and handsomer residence."

"Then do so," he returned, "for it is your own;" and he proceeded to

inform his gratified wife that it had been purchased for several months, but the knowledge denied her, until some useful additions and pretty embellishments were made."

"Thank Heaven! my house-hunting days are ended," Mrs. Newland rejoined, thoughtfully. Then, looking up in her husband's face, with a gentle and beautiful expression of countenance, she added, "I have now but one wish to be accomplished, and I shall feel perfectly contented and satisfied with *myself*."

"I understand you, Eliza," her husband replied. "You have missed the smiling face of our babe's namesake, and conscious the cause of your long misunderstanding was absurd, you are willing to renew the intimacy."

"Yes, James," returned his wife; "very, very willing to greet my old friend again, for I have been to blame in this matter, and, for the future, I am resolved to command my temper and guard my expressions for the sake of those whose first lessons are learned from maternal lips, and to make *him* happy, who sets the example."

"Prettily uttered, my sweet wife," said Newland, drawing her delicate form closer to his side, with a warm caress, "and I hope all of my fellow mechanics will think less of the present and more of the future, when they start in life, since a little patient perseverance can bring happy rewards; and by their own diligence and industry endeavor to provide homes for their families, without being perplexed with this troublesome seeking and renting houses."

Baltimore, Md., Jan., 1844.

THE HERO OF GILEAD.

BY MISS PENINA MOISE, OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

Woe to thee, Gilead! thy balm trees are weeping,
And strangers are thirsting to gather their drops;
While Jephtha, thy champion, in exile is sleeping,
The war-trump of Ammon proclaims his proud hopes.

Oh, false! for a treaty with Heaven is sealed,
And bound with the life-strings of Jephtha's torn heart;
For the calm of his country, that hero must yield
The dove in whose flight his own peace must depart.

Hark! timbrels are sounding from Mizpeh's gay halls,
And vestals advance to the warrior's greeting;
God of mercy! behold where his fearful eye falls—
'Tis the child of his bosom his glance is now meeting.

* * * * *

The dust is defiling thy laurels, my sire;
Earth cannot return the fond kiss thou'rt impressing;
Is it kind from thy darling's embrace to retire?
Is it well that the senseless should win thy first blessing?

Oh ! rouse thee, my father, the altar is near,
And a flower-wreathed victim to victory's due ;
The herd for thy glory its purest shall spare,
And the red blade of sacrifice waits but for you !

Break ! break ! iron heart, 'neath this weight of despair,
The *purest* indeed is the pledge of my vow ;
But the herd is yet free—then say, love, what rare,
What costly oblation must faith now bestow ?

It is such as was led by the Patriarch-priest,
It is perfect in love as that child on Moriah ;
When the stream from its veins by thy steel is releas'd,
It will spring to its God ! it will bless *thee* my sire !
* * * * *

Clouds rose o'er the altar—for Mercy had veiled
From the golden-winged seraphs that error of zeal ;
Since the sweet rose of Israel its odours exhaled,
She has flown to the earth, Heaven's will to reveal.

The incense of gratitude bloodless and sweet,
Truth wafts in a prayer from the warm "vital urn ;"
That tribute the angels may lay at his feet ;
In hearts fond and faithful *that* essence may burn.

ORATION.

BY W. D. PORTER.*

"The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and becomes, and which he is loved and blessed by."—*Carlyle*.

THIS gathering and procession, and this display of the symbols, banners and regalia of our Order bespeak an occasion of rejoicing. Let it not be supposed, however, that the ceremonies of to-day are intended as a mere holiday pageant. We have other and higher objects in view than the gratification of an ostentatious vanity on our part, or the excitement of an idle curiosity in others. Whatever there may be in the *forms* of Odd-Fellowship that is addressed to the eye or the imagination, there is that in its *spirit* which aims at the nobler purpose of educating the heart and calling out its best affections. Our Order has its foundation in those universal instincts of humanity which teach us the necessity of mutual dependence, and the duty of mutual aid and comfort. It seeks to cultivate the social feeling ; to draw closer the bonds of natural brotherhood ; and to quicken into active and beneficent exercise those mysterious but exalt-

*Delivered before the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows of the State of South Carolina, upon their Third Anniversary, 1st January, 1844.

ed sympathies of our nature, under the impulse of which the eye fills, the lip quivers, and the heart swells at the sight or the story of human suffering, and in obedience to which we recognize in every human being, however humble, and of whatever faith or clime, one who has the claim of kindred upon us for our kindness and succor. Its principles are those of an enlarged benevolence; its morals are drawn from the sacred fountains of inspiration itself; while its great object, the protection of its members against the calamities incident to poverty, sickness and distress, is one of the most elevated to which human effort can be applied. It is to mark with fitting solemnities the introduction of this institution among us, to explain its character, to vindicate its usefulness, and to illustrate and enforce the duties it enjoins, that we are here assembled. And surely, on this occasion, we may be permitted to exchange congratulations upon the progress our Order has already made, and the good it has already accomplished; and to declare thus publicly our hope and confidence that the day is not distant, when having triumphed over all distrust, it will be universally recognized as an ornament and a blessing to the community.

Benevolence is a glorious distinction of our moral nature. It is the image and manifestation in our breasts of the most lovely attribute of the Creator. Its stirrings proclaim the divinity within us. *God himself is Love*; and he has written upon the heart of man with his own finger, in characters which cannot be effaced, the law of kindness towards his brother man. By a beautiful provision of the divine economy, the exercise of benevolence, which our religion calls *Charity*, and inculcates as the highest of duties, carries with it its own reward. Who does not know the luxury of doing good? Who that has spared something from his own abundance to relieve the necessities of others; that has given food to the hungry and raiment to the naked; that has lifted up a fellow-being from the depths of despondency and implanted within him a new life and a new hope; that has wiped away the orphan's tear, or caused the heart-stricken widow to feel that there is yet a friend left her upon earth, has not felt in the sunshine of his own soul "an over-payment of delight," which, though rich indeed, is but a foretaste of the blessing which waits upon every charitable deed! This consciousness, this inward experience of which every breast is its own witness, proclaims, as with the voice of Nature herself, that the true and universal relation between man and man is that of brotherhood and affection. Truly and eloquently has the poet said,

"Man is dear to man; the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life,
When they can know and feel that they have been
Themselves the fathers and the dealers out
Of some small blessings; have been kind to such
As needed kindness; for this single cause,
That we have all of us, one human heart!"

The feelings and relations of which I have spoken, fit man for society and doubtless led to its institution. The social state may in a certain sense be called a natural one, inasmuch as it is the result of sympathies and tendencies which are inherent in us. But whether the condition of man be more or less cultivated, his duties towards his fellows are the same in principle, although there are more frequent occasions and more urgent calls for their exercise in the one case than in the other. The wants of

the savage are few and simple, and his reliance for their satisfaction is chiefly upon himself. The flesh of animals killed in the chase supplies him with food and their skins with clothing; he slakes his thirst in the nearest running stream, and constructs with little aid the rude roof that shelters him from the inclemencies of the seasons. But in civil society, where men are congregated together in large masses, artificial wants are created and multiplied, while the means of gratifying them are disproportionately diffused. Civilization is, without doubt, the true destiny of man, inasmuch as it is the means of developing the highest capacities of his nature; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that one of its necessary and most striking results is a great inequality of condition, and that in proportion as it advances, the more gross and glaring does this inequality become. Accordingly, in all large and populous cities, the extremes of wealth and poverty, of comfort and privation, of pampered luxury and squalid, wasting want, are brought into near and startling proximity. For these sad contrasts of condition, which lie beyond the reach of government and the laws, what compensation or relief is to be found but in the exercise of those heaven-born charities which go so far to "mitigate the harshness of property" and redeem the selfishness of man? Nor is individual benevolence alone, equal to the supply of this great social want. It is too uncertain in its promptings, and too limited in its sphere of operation. In the dense and busy crowd that is ever hurrying along, each intent on his own pursuits, and absorbed in the eager strife of accumulation, many a real object of compassion, who shrinks from solicitations humiliating to his better feelings as a man, is passed unheeded by, and left to wrestle alone with the bitter trials of an adverse fate, and the more bitter agonies of a broken spirit. The fear of imposition too, from the unworthy, who speculate on the impulses of the generous and multiply in proportion to the success of their devices, helps to create a general feeling of distrust, and often stays the hand of charity on its errand of mercy. Thus we find that society, which in its progress increases the number of human wants, at the same time begets influences which are adverse to their relief.—Hence the necessity of a resort to extraordinary artificial agents for the correction of this evil; and hence too the origin of voluntary associations for the purposes of mutual or general relief. It is by no means the design of these to supersede the exercise of private charity—they are not substitutes but auxiliaries in the good work. Their great utility consists in concentrating the means and efforts of individuals, and in giving to the streams of their beneficence, wider scope and a larger diffusion. Such an agent, and for such purposes on a large scale, is the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows—an institution which by means of affiliated societies, stretches its arms through various quarters of the civilized world, and by ties of the most sacred character binds all its members together into one vast brotherhood of charity.

The antiquity of our Order has been the subject of much curious and learned speculation. No effort has been spared to trace back its origin to far distant days, for the purpose of investing it with whatever of awe and veneration may belong to age. History has been industriously searched for analogies and resemblances, upon which to found its claims to a long-descended lineage. The oracles of the past have been consulted concerning its paternity, and the most ingenious interpretations put upon

their equivocal responses. But after all, it must be confessed, that no satisfactory result has been arrived at. Whether Odd-Fellowship had its origin in the camp of the Cæsars among the early Christians, or in the later days of feudal tyranny and exaction, or at a period of time more or less remote than either of these, still remains, and probably ever will remain a question and a mystery. Institutions with similar rites and ceremonies, and having similar objects in view, have certainly existed from time immemorial; but the chain by which it has been sought to connect Odd-Fellowship with these, is made up of doubtful and broken links. The principle of our Order, however, "the secret principle," as it is called, may justly lay claim to all the sanction which time can give. It has embodied itself in some shape in almost every age of the world, and has rendered essential services to the highest interests of mankind. It has proved itself the protector of science, of freedom and of religion, in their days of trial and persecution. Its application to an enlarged system of practical benevolence is the latest, and one of the noblest forms of its development.

The present organization of our Order is of comparatively recent date, and may be distinctly traced. Towards the close of the last century Odd-Fellows' Lodges began to attract attention in England. They were then merely social clubs for the promotion of mirth and good fellowship. In the year 1803, the several Lodges in London and Liverpool agreed to adopt a uniform plan of work and regulations, and to consolidate themselves into one system under the name of the "Union Order of Odd-Fellows." By authority of this Order, a Lodge styled *Victory* was shortly afterwards established in the City of Manchester. In this Lodge sprang up a body of virtuous and intelligent men, who conceived the bold design of reforming altogether the principles and practices which then prevailed. They determined, if possible, to wipe off from the Order the reproach of convivial excess, and to convert the Lodge-room from what was little else than a hall of festivity, into a sanctuary, chosen and set apart for the cultivation of the virtue of benevolence. In the prosecution of their enterprise they had to encounter not only the prejudices of settled habit, but what is still more difficult of conquest, the powerful seductions of the love of pleasure. But they were not unworthy of their cause, and proved faithful to the work they had in hand. But the contest which ensued waxed warm and earnest. It finally resulted in the withdrawal of the reformers, who in the year 1813 assembled in convention, formally absolved themselves from all connection with the "Union Order," and assumed the name and style, now so familiar, of the "*Independent Order of Odd-Fellows.*"—This *Declaration of Independence*, as it may very properly be called, is an epoch in the history of our Order, and deserves commemoration as the first step in that great moral reformation, which has raised it to its present commanding position. The new Order immediately felt the impulse of the redeeming principles which had been infused into it. It seemed to have been endowed with a new element of life; and so rapidly did it prosper, that in a few years it outgrew and completely overshadowed its rival.—This was the origin of what was afterwards called the "*Manchester Unity*,"—which is now the acknowledged head of the Order in Great Britain, including within its jurisdiction 4,000 Lodges with upwards of 250,000 members.

Twenty-four years ago, five humble individuals, with a charter from the Order in England, opened the first American Lodge in the City of Baltimore. And from this small but fruitful shoot, transplanted but as yesterday, has sprung up the stately tree, which now stretches its branches, thick with "leafy honors," and flings its broad and grateful shadows, under which thousands sit down in peace, over the whole length and breadth of our favored land, from the hills of the North to the sunny plains of the South, and from the ocean on one side, to where the great father of rivers rolls down his mighty volume of waters on the other. In every State of this wide Union, it is believed, without a single exception, are the Lodges of our Order to be found working harmoniously together in alleviation of human suffering, and standing in the very foremost rank among the charitable associations of the day.

As a benevolent institution, Odd-Fellowship is admirably organized, both with a view to moral cultivation and the relief of physical evil. It proceeds upon the great principle of *equality*, disregarding the artificial distinctions of society, and placing all its members upon one and the same level. The factitious advantages of birth, wealth and station, have no weight in its estimate of the man; personal worth being the only passport to its privileges. It is only by means of social communion on the footing of perfect freedom that confidence, sympathy, friendship, and all the finer feelings and affections of the soul can be brought into lively and healthful exercise. Our Order recognizes this principle, and seeks to make it practically available. In the Lodge-room we are *brothers*, always saluting each other by that title; nor are we suffered to throw off the obligations which flow from this relation, with the regalia in which we are clothed. Our duties towards each other in all the walks and transactions of life, are constantly impressed upon our minds by various modes of appeal and discipline—by precept, by example, and by pledges of deep and solemn sanction. The rites and ceremonies we employ, however idle they may be deemed by the uninitiated, have their hidden meaning, and are used as vehicles for the conveyance of useful instruction. The beautiful appliances of symbols, emblems and tokens, which appeal so powerfully to the senses and the imagination, are also brought into requisition, as the means of impressing more vividly upon our hearts those lessons of duty and those teachings of wisdom, which in palpable and picturesque forms, they are designed to body forth. Truth and virtue, in themselves most lovely, are thus rendered familiar to us as household things. The "*clasped hands*" admonish us of the strength and beauty of fraternal union. By the "*naked heart*," we are exhorted to sincerity of purpose, and ingenuousness in all our dealings. The "*triple links*" of "*Friendship, Love and Truth*" are held up to our view as the outward symbols of those moral elements which lie at the foundation of our Order, and which, we are taught, should enter into the character of every member of our community. A system of culture, founded as this is, in a deep knowledge of the philosophy of human nature, and addressed to that love of the beautiful and the good, which has its hidden residence in every human breast, cannot fail, so long as the constitution of man remains unchanged, to exercise the happiest influences on his character and condition.

Nor is any system of benevolence more skillfully adapted to the daily wants and common casualties of life. It is in effect an association for mu-

tual insurance or protection against the calamities to which all are exposed. Every variety of misfortune which may befall us, seems as far as may be, to have been anticipated by its provisions. We may refer by way of illustration to its benefits in sickness; its grants of pecuniary aid to disabled or distressed members; its funeral donation; its perambulating relief (as it has been called) which enables a brother to travel for health or employment by the assistance of Lodges he may visit; and what is better and nobler, and more sacred than all, its fund for the protection of the widows, and the education of the orphans of deceased members. Indeed, so multifarious are its benevolences, and so prompt its application of them, that it may be said, almost without a figure of speech, to be supplied with *conductors* for the discovery of distress and the transmission of relief. To the end that its succor may always arrive in season, it is made our special duty to give information concerning any brother whom we may know to be sick or in distress. Immediately upon the receipt of such intelligence, an officer of the Lodge is required to visit him and ascertain his wants; to convey to him privately a specific weekly sum, which is prescribed by rule; and if need be, to appoint brothers who shall watch by his side at night and minister to his comfort. In this whole economy the utmost delicacy is consulted. There is no application for aid; no canvassing of the case; no vote in the Lodge upon its merits. Silently and without distinction the "weekly benefit" is administered to every invalid of our Order, be he high or humble, rich or poor. Nor does it bring with it any sense of obligation—any feelings of humiliation. It is not a gift, but a right; not a gratuity, but the return of a portion of that which he has laid up as a provision against this and similar emergencies: for our Order, like the cloud in the heavens, gives back from its bosom in gentle and refreshing showers, the sustenance it has drawn from its members. Thus are the advantages of medical aid, and the ministrings of friendly attention secured, in time of need, to every member of our fraternity, in pursuance of the compact by which we are mutually bound. But should these prove unavailing, and that dread summons come to him, which sooner or later must come to all, we make provision for his decent burial, and gathering around his grave in solemn array, mingle in the last sad offices which are rendered to humanity. Nor is this all. Should he have left behind him objects of affection which were dearer to him than life, and from which to part gave a keener pang to the bitterness of death, these too—the widow and the fatherless children—instead of being thrown upon the uncertain charities of the world, are visited by us in their affliction, and taught to lean upon the friendly arm of our Order in confidence for support.

Such is Odd-Fellowship—such, though briefly and imperfectly sketched, the plan it presents for the moral amelioration and physical relief of mankind. By a combination of these two objects, it aspires to the highest form of human benevolence. It inculcates temperance, industry, good order, love of our country and obedience to her laws. Above all, it seeks to expand into an abiding brotherly love and an all-embracing charity, those instincts of natural affection which, however they may be stifled or perverted by the pursuits and jostlings of the world, are the law of our being, and in which its own foundations are deeply and firmly laid. Its mission is a high and holy one; its triumphs are those of peace and good will among men; its trophies, unlike the red ones of war, are the smile of the

young orphan, the tear of gratitude that glistens in the eye of her who sitteth in her desolation, and the blessings of countless thousands whose hearts have been gladdened by its ministration of comfort and of hope.

A society, the purposes of which are such as I have described, it might reasonably be supposed, would have been suffered to hold the tenor of its way in peace and without interruption. But such has not been the good fortune of our Order. Ridicule has levelled at its outward observances her keen and polished shafts. Suspicion and prejudice—the brood of ignorance—have sought to alarm the fears of the credulous but well meaning, by dark surmises concerning its hidden purposes and mysterious doings. But their efforts have utterly failed to arrest its onward career. With the courage of conscious rectitude, and the serene and tranquil power of truth, Odd-Fellowship has moved steadily forward in the path of usefulness, overcoming all obstacles, subduing all opposition, and reaching at every step of its progress, from high to still higher achievements of good.

But there are still those who denounce our Order as a “secret association!” Of such, we would inquire, can there be no concealment without fraud, no mystery without a crime? Has not every human bosom its own secret counsels into which the eager eye of curiosity is not suffered to gaze? Are the sweet communings and the sacred confidences of friendship, of love, and of household faith—all, so many frauds and impositions upon the community? Is there not mystery everywhere; all around us and about us; in the common air we breathe; in the leaf that rustles in the breeze; in the heavings of yon ocean, deep and without repose; in yonder blue and broad expanse, now radiant with the one bright orb of day, and now with the myriad paler lights in which the night rejoices? From *Him* that “dwelleth in secret,” veiled in his own unspeakable glory, through all the intervening links of creation down to the meanest insect that creeps upon the face of earth, is not all a marvel and a mystery? It were charity at least, where nothing but good appears, to abstain from the suspicion of evil.

But wherein consists the “secrecy” of our Order? Not in our *purposes and objects*; for these are published to the world, as well as the means by which it is proposed to accomplish them. We acknowledge the right of the community to know the principles and aims of any association which may be organized in its midst. It is a right of self-protection, which is inherent in all society. But when, as in our case, these principles and aims are proclaimed and exposed to public scrutiny, that right is satisfied; and if they be legitimate and praiseworthy, there can be no further ground of just complaint. Nor is there any “secrecy” concerning the *persons* who compose our brotherhood. Their names are familiar to all; and in their worth, intelligence and public spirit is the best guaranty to the community against unlawful designs and improper practices. We take no pledges and assume no obligations inconsistent with the duties, which as men and as citizens we owe to our country and to society. Any attempt to entrap us into such, would revolt our feelings of patriotism; and exciting indignation at the baseness of the artifice, would infallibly bring down upon the fraud and its authors certain detection and exposure. What more then does it concern the world to know? Whose rights are infringed, if we choose to throw a mantle of confidence, like that which protects

the domestic hearth, around the counsels of our private meetings; if, seeing the charm which "secrecy" imparts, we think proper to avail ourselves of its agency—to enlist in our behalf its magic influences? We aim at no exclusiveness; we propose no test of faith or doctrine, political or religious. All who are worthy and willing may enter our mystic circle; all who can bring with them the credentials of a good name and an unblemished character, are invited to participate in that singular communion of feeling and interest which it is our happiness to cherish.

For one other purpose only is "secrecy" employed by us;—I mean for the purpose of *mutual recognition*. In this regard it is essential to our existence as a society. Our Order transcends the limits of State and National boundaries. It professes to recognize, to welcome and to relieve every brother, of whatever tongue or clime, who brings with him the accredited proof of membership. That proof consists in the possession of certain words, signs and tokens, which form a universal language among its members, and which, to give them efficacy, must be strictly confined to the initiated. How else, than by some such test, could we distinguish the true brother from the counterfeit? how else guard our Lodges from the intrusion of unsympathizing strangers, and protect from the cupidity of imposters the fund which has been raised by our mutual resources, and which is dedicated to our mutual relief? It may detract something from the charm of Odd-Fellowship with the lovers of the marvellous, but it is due to candor and our own self-respect, to declare, that our "secrecy" hath this extent and no more. It involves no danger, and invades no common right; it is the cohesive principle of our union—our legitimate and necessary means of self-preservation.

The true tests of the value of an institution, are the excellence of its ends, and the fidelity and success with which the proper means are applied to the attainment of those ends. By these, Odd-Fellowship may safely submit to be tried. Its efficiency for the benevolent purposes of its institution, has been severely tested and triumphantly sustained. In that land from which we derive its present organization, its good effects have been admirably displayed in rescuing the poor and laboring classes, in times of public distress, from the fearful alternative of starvation on the one hand, and the humiliation of parish relief on the other. By way of illustration, it may be stated as a fact, which is authentically vouched, that in the single City of Leeds, out of 20,000 applications for relief to the Poor Law Guardians, not one was from an Odd-Fellow. Nations, like individuals, have their days of calamity: and should these, in the mysterious orderings of Providence, ever bring their desolations upon our beloved country, an institution such as this would prove an asylum and a home, where thousands might take refuge from the ruins of disaster and want.

Brothers! I have thought I could not better discharge the duty your kindness has assigned me on this occasion, than by grouping and presenting in their proper relief, some of those distinguishing traits of our Order which so eminently qualify it for the great purposes of its institution. In so doing, I have had respect to others rather than to you. No words of mine are necessary to quicken your enthusiasm in its behalf; but I would have all to understand what we so well know, that Odd-Fellowship is not a mere collection of forms and ceremonies designed to catch the eye and

amuse the fancy; but a system of practical benevolence, founded in the best impulses of our nature, and admirably adapted to the wants of humanity.

Brothers! the spirit of Odd-Fellowship is the spirit of truth and of brotherly kindness;—let it ever find an echo in our hearts and an illustration in our lives. Let us be always mindful of the sacred obligations we have taken, to prove faithful to each other in the time of need. Above all, let us strive to dwell together with all mankind in the bonds of that *Charity* which is the crowning glory of the virtues, and which, we are assured, shall outlive the consummation of all earthly things. For “when that which is perfect is come,” when FAITH and HOPE

“shall die,
One lost in certainty and one in joy;
————— Fair CHARITY,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Her nature and her office still the same,
Lasting her lamp and unconsumed her flame,
Shall still survive!
Shall stand before the host of heaven confessed,
Forever blessing, and forever blessed!”

WHAT IS RELIGION?

BY MISS E. C. HURLEY, OF NEW YORK.

ON! 'tis for man to feel that time
Is but a ladder given,
As vehicle like spider's web,
By which to climb to Heaven.
Suspended seemingly on nought,
Hung between earth and sky,
For what its hold on either,
Meets not the natural eye.
'Tis glimpsed at, with the reason's dawn,
Seen dimly, but 'tis there
And haunts the mind, as it expands
We trace it every where.
'Tis something which we long to grasp,
And never feel at rest,
Till we have firmly fixed our hold,
And clasped it to the breast.
Then we behold its origin,
Then mark its way, its source,
In Faith behold a Saviour's love,
And feel its power and force.
'Tis then the soul asks question,
Will this love outlive time,

To which it naturally clings,
 In place of hopes sublime.
 Hopes built upon eternity,
 With aspirations high,
 And lofty as the throne where God,
 Fixes the wand'ring eye?
 'Tis light the grave ne'er darkens,
 Which death but makes more clear,
 Giving the soul the light of life,
 When time shall disappear.
 This, this is true religion,
 The chain which links to Heaven,
 Unending life in Christ the Lord,
 Whose blood as seal was given.
 As seal that none should perish,
 When time shall pass away,
 Who in His merits are array'd,
 When Nature shall decay.
 'Tis not to live if but for time,
 Which as a vapor flies—
 Or like a shadow vanishes,
 And second view denies.
 'Tis here and gone forever—
 Not so a Saviour's love,
 Which hovers o'er us but to bless,
 Its strength in death to prove.
 Religion the soul's anchor,
 Redeeming love its cause,
 Oh! who would give this staff of life
 For worlds on worlds? We pause.
 Oh! it were well to ponder,
 Ere from our feet shall fall,
 The ladder made of fleeting time,
 With this our trust—our all.

New York.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LINNÆUS.

CHARLES LINNÆUS was the son of a village pastor, and was born in Rashult, in the province of Smeland, in Sweden, in the year 1707. To great originality of genius, were joined an enthusiastic disposition, and a perseverance of character, which enabled him to make his way through poverty and obscurity to a distinguished pre-eminence as a man of science and learning. An ardent love for the study of nature, especially for botanical knowledge, early took possession of him. While yet a boy he seems to have been fonder of rambling about the fields, and pursuing the great book of nature than the folios of the schools; for so little satisfaction does he seem to have given his first teachers, that his father, dissatisfied with his progress, contemplated binding him to a trade. The intervention

of friends and his own earnest entreaties, however, at last persuaded his parent to permit him to study the profession of medicine. At the university we find him rising in distinction, even in the midst of extreme poverty—in want of books—in want of clothes—in want of bread to eat—and even patching up old shoes with the bark of trees, to enable him to wander into the fields in prosecution of his favorite study of botany.

While yet a mere youth, he was pitched upon by the Academy of Science of Upsal, to explore the dreary regions of Lapland, and to ascertain what natural productions they contained; and we find him embracing with ardor this laborious and solitary undertaking, with a pittance barely sufficient to defray the expenses of his journey. After his return from this scientific expedition, he commenced a course of public lectures on botany and mineralogy in the University of Upsal; he was full of the subject, and the novelty and originality of his discourses soon drew around him a crowded audience; but envy, which is too often the malignant concomitant of rising talent, soon blasted his fair prosperity. It was discovered, that, by a law of the University, no person was entitled to give lectures, unless he had previously taken a degree. Linnæus unfortunately had obtained no academical honors, and Dr. Rosen, the Professor of Medicine accused him before the Senate, and insisted that the statutes should be put in force. What must have been the feelings of the youthful, ardent and aspiring botanist at this harsh and oppressive measure! Conscious of superior talents, full of hopes, and flushed with a success of his efforts, he was by this ungenerous proceeding excited to madness; and goaded on to the extremity of desperation, he drew his sword upon Rosen, at the door of the senate house, and attempted to stab him; powerful friends interfered in his behalf, or expulsion would have been the consequence. For some time his resentment was strong, and he persisted in his determination; but at last his passion cooled; he listened to milder suggestions, gave up his hopes of present distinction, and with them all his resentful feelings—admirable triumph of a great and noble mind! for little did he then think, that in a few years afterwards he should occupy and fill with distinguished honor the same chair which his antagonist Rosen then possessed.

Disappointed of his prospects at the University of Upsal, he along with some of his pupils, made a mineralogical and botanical excursion to the province of Dalecarlia. At Fahlun, the capital of this province, he became acquainted with Dr. Moræus, the chief physician. The doctor was a kind and learned man, and had plants and flowers which excited the admiration of the young botanist; but he had a fairer flower than any which Linnæus had ever yet beheld in garden or meadow. In short for the eldest daughter of Dr. Moræus, our botanist conceived an ardent affection; his admiration was met by the young lady with a grateful attachment; and in accordance with the ardor and enthusiasm of his disposition, Linnæus solicited of the father the young lady's hand in marriage.

The good doctor had conceived a liking for the young, learned and eloquent stranger; he loved him and his pursuits, and his ingenuous bearing: but he tenderly loved his daughter also, and more cool and considerate than the young and fond lovers, foresaw that a poor, friendless young man, without any profession or employment, was not likely to improve his own or his daughter's happiness by such a rash step. He therefore

persuaded him to delay the match for three years; that his daughter should remain unmarried in the meantime: and if at the end of that period he (by the study of Medicine, which he strongly recommended) was in a condition to marry, his sanction to the nuptials should be readily given.

Nothing could be more reasonable than this proposal. Linnæus summoned his philosophy to his aid. Love lent him new energies to encounter difficulties. It was resolved that he should forthwith depart for Leyden in order to obtain a degree. Before his departure, Miss Moræus brought forth her pocket money, amounting to a purse of one hundred dollars, and laid it at his feet as a love offering and unequivocal proof of her attachment. He pressed her fair hand, kissed her fervently, and, with a heart glowing with the most unbounded admiration of her generosity he bade her farewell.

Many a poetical lover would have gone forth dreaming in reverie, writing sonnets alternately to his mistress and the moon, and ever and anon bewailing his hard fate at the awful and interminable separation. Not so our philosopher: he went forth cheered and stimulated with the thought that there was one who loved him and his pursuits, and to merit whose love he was resolved to strain every nerve in the path of learning and distinction. At Leyden he prosecuted his studies with his wonted assiduity; attracted the notice of Dr. Boerhaave, and other celebrated men of science; was appointed family physician to the burgomaster of Amsterdam; produced during the two years he held this situation, many of his most elaborate works; and visited England and other countries in quest of knowledge. Indeed, the extent of his labors, and his indefatigable industry during this period, is almost incredible. There was almost no department of natural science, which he did not investigate, and bring within the compass of his methodical arrangements; but botany was his chief and favorite study, and in this department he raised himself a reputation which can only perish with the science itself.

But amid these pursuits, more than the three years of his probationary exile had expired; and had he forgotten the fair flower of Fahlun, that he left so long ago lonely amid the garden of the physician of Dalecarlia?—There were not wanting those who suggested such vile suspicions of the fond maiden. He had far exceeded the period of his stipulated absence; he had wandered far and wide, and seen many new faces, and formed many fresh acquaintances; his growing reputation had absorbed all his other feelings; and the praise and notice of the learned and the great had sophisticated his heart. One day secret intelligence was brought to Linnæus that such insinuations were insidiously spreading against him, and this too by one whose treachery had stung him to the heart. He had usually corresponded with his intended bride through the medium of a friend for whom he had procured a professor's chair. This treacherous professor conceived a passion for Miss Moræus, and in order to supplant Linnæus in her affection, basely took the opportunity of his protracted absence to insinuate these suspicions into the ear of Dr. Moræus and his fair daughter. Linnæus was so overpowered by the tidings of this heartless treachery and ingratitude, that he was seized with a deep melancholy, which terminated in a paroxysm of fever. On his recovering, he left Holland without delay, and hastened to the presence of his mistress.—Though others might have doubted of his constancy, and despaired of his

return, her heart was still unchanged. She had despised the insinuations, and repelled the advances of his rival, and met her lover once more with smiles of love and all the confidence of affection.

Our philosopher, though rich in fame and acquirements, was still poor in the world's wealth. He endeavored to establish himself in medical practice in Stockholm, and was for a time haunted with that envy and petty jealousy which his superior talents excited in the minds of unworthy and ungenerous rivals. At length, however, one of those lucky chances which do more for a physician than all his learning and industry, raised him in the estimation of the whole community. He was fortunate enough to prescribe successfully for a cough which troubled Queen Eleonora; and henceforth he became the fashionable doctor of Stockholm, and was appointed physician to the admiralty, and botanist to the king. Having now a settled income, he married the lady of his affections, five years after his first courtship. Not long afterwards he was appointed medical professor in the University of Upsal; and his former enemy Rosen having obtained the botanical chair of that University, an amicable adjustment was made by which they exchanged their professorships; and Linnæus saw himself seated in the botanical chair of the University, which, from the first, had been the chief object of his ambition, and which he continued to fill with distinguished honor for a period of thirty years.

How gratifying must have been his sensations, to find himself a professor of the University, where a few years before he had entered a poor, unfriended and solitary student—to find himself raised to affluence and distinction by his own persevering efforts—encouraged by public approbation and applause—cheered by all the endearments of a domestic union which had stood the test of time and the trying circumstances of suspense and treachery, and enjoying the dignified and philosophic leisure which the votaries of science can so aptly improve and so highly appreciate.

FORTUNE'S FROWNS.

BY BRO. J. B. ROGERSON, OF ENG.

I know not why, mine only love, alas, I know not why
The dew that flows from sorrow's fount should gather in thine eye;
'Tis true that thou art fallen now from high to low estate,
Yet not alone dwells joy with wealth, contentment with the great.

What though amid thine auburn locks no jewels glitter now,
What though no white and stately plume waves o'er thy whiter brow ;
Thou need'st not coronal nor plume thy loveliness to deck,
Nor pearls of snowy purity to wreath thy purer neck.

Oh ! cold indeed must be his heart whom only wealth could move,
And surely thou would'st deem him all unworthy of thy love ;
Although, with vow and smile, no more proud flatterers round thee press,
I will not boast—I only say I do not love thee less.

When in the gay and lighted hall, girt by a festive crowd,
Or at the banquet, when the sounds of revelry are loud,
Or where, whilst music fills the air, she glideth through the dance,
Then beauty, for a transient space, may well the soul entrance.

But 'twas not in the lighted hall, 'mid sounds of mirth and glee,
That first I pour'd into thine ear my heart's deep love for thee :
No eye beheld, no voice was heard—we breath'd our vows alone—
In silence, and in solitude, love ever builds his throne.

Like gaudy flowers that court the sun, and shrink when night comes on,
The minions of thy brighter days at fortune's frowns have gone ;
Mourn not for them, the faithless ones—thou yet may'st find that those
Who shunn'd thee in thy day of pride, will cheer thee at its close.

Then let thy smile, love, chase the tear, as twilight's silver mist
Is chas'd at morn, when sunny beams the dewy rose have kist ;
Thy grief is twofold in its birth—each tear, sweet girl, of thine,
Each sigh that heaves thy gentle breast an answer hath in mine.

It was not at the shrine of wealth that first I bent the knee—
I bow'd to beauty, not to gold ; and thou still liv'st for me :
Let narrow worldlings stand aloof, let pride and pomp depart ;
Whate'er thy lot, thou still shalt find one true and changeless heart.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

D. D. Grand Sires.—To those of our Brethren who have paid attention to the prosperous career which our Order has made and is at this time making under the wise administration of its affairs by the Grand Lodge of the United States, it may be an act of supererogation to say any thing upon the subject of the caption of this article, but inasmuch as the great body of our Fraternity who are actively engaged in the business concerns of the Grand or Subordinate Lodges are not much in the habit of considering with that due importance which belongs to the subject, the great influence for better or for worse, which the legislation of the Grand Lodge of the United States has heretofore, and is ever destined to exert upon the state and success of Odd-Fellowship not only in our own country but throughout the world, it may not be unacceptable to present a few statistics with a view of shewing how much the constituency at large is indebted to that body for the high destiny which awaits our Beloved Order.

The Grand Lodge of the United States for many years after its organization failed to command the confidence of the State Grand Lodges as a means of concentrating the energies of the Order, or as a tribunal adapted to the purpose of its institution—this feeling which prevailed to a considerable extent at its inception gradually gained favor as its unsuccessful efforts to improve the work and extend the sphere of its jurisdiction were from time to time witnessed in the Annual Reports which were made—and when the Grand Lodges of New York and Massachusetts which had been in fair prospects of success at their establishment both fell back from the Order as if struck out of being, the existing apprehension on the part of many of the utter inutility of such a body to the Order became settled convictions, and it was with difficulty its organization could be sustained. The preservation of its existence however, under the trials to which it was exposed, is clearly indicative of the error of the opinion then entertained of its want of value to our system of government, even at that juncture, to say nothing of the evidences which the sequel has afforded, of its inestimable service, in preserving within due limits the details of law which regulate as one family, an immensely diversified constituency, maintaining the unity of a common work, and covering the land all over with the temples of our Order. One of the principal reasons in our opinion why this body failed to accomplish much for the cause of Odd-Fellowship during many years of its existence, is to be found in the inefficiency of its Execu-

tive, and by this remark we do not impute any want of zeal or energy to the early Grand Sires of the Order; on the contrary, having personally served with all of them during their respective terms of office, we but do them justice when we bear testimony to their unceasing efforts *individually*, to promote the cause of Odd-Fellowship. But we mean to employ the term *Executive*, the inefficiency of which we have been speaking, in a much more comprehensive sense. Situate as the Grand Sire was, in the early years of the Order, and as he would still be under similar circumstances, however great his devotion, however adequate his resources, however willing and zealous and active his efforts unaided, could not in view of the widely extended field over which he was called to labour accomplish much. This was soon self-evident to the Representatives and produced the establishment of the present auxiliary system of District Deputy Grand Sires—of the incalculable service of this corps of officers when judiciously selected to any administration of the office of Grand Sire, no one can form any idea unless he has had some little experience, but of the vast advantage which the Order at large has derived from the system, all may be informed who choose to institute an examination into the comparative condition of Odd-Fellowship, before and since the passage of this law. We ask the attention of our readers to the letters which we publish in the present No. from Brothers Albert Guild, D. D. Grand Sire for Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and George W. Churchill, D. D. G. Sire for Maine and Canada. They will be read by all with the most intense interest. To the indefatigable industry and zeal of these officers does the Order throughout the world owe a lasting obligation.—The first Lodge in Maine was reported at the September Session 1843, and behold now a Grand Lodge in existence with ten Subordinates in healthful work, and an Encampment of Patriarchs in the highest state of prosperity. To the District Deputy Grand Sire system and to the able, efficient and zealous corps of officers who have been appointed to fill the respective stations, Odd-Fellowship owes more, during the last few years, than to any other cause, excepting only its own intrinsic and hallowed merits. We have had frequent occasions heretofore to speak of the valuable services of these officers, but never in our experience has the Grand Lodge of the United States had greater cause to congratulate herself upon the efficiency of her legislation in this particular, or upon the eminent fitness and energy of this Supreme Executive of the Order.

BOSTON, February 24th, 1844.

To the Most Worthy Grand Sire.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—I have deferred reporting on the two last Lodges instituted in New Hampshire—in hopes to have all the reports of the Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, together with the money, to send together.

February 2d, 1844, Instituted Washington Lodge No. 4, at Great Falls, (Somersworth,) N. H. After which the officers were chosen, viz:—

SAMUEL CLARK, N. G.

W. G. MATHEWS, V. G.

JESSE H. LAMOS, Secretary.

HENRY HOBBS, Treasurer.

And installed into their respective chairs.

February 7th, Instituted White Mountain Lodge No. 5, at Concord, N. H. After which the officers were chosen, viz:—

A. G. SAVORY, N. G.

GEO. H. H. SILSBY, V. G.

W. T. RAND, Secretary.

E. W. BUSWELL, Treasurer.

And installed into their respective chairs. Both of the above Lodges have been established under the most flattering auspices.

I have examined all the Reports and I believe they are all correct. I forward a petition for a Charter for a Grand Encampment in this city, which if it is agreeable we should be glad to have granted with all the necessary instructions immediately.

I send you all the per centage money from all the Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, together with the fees for Charters, &c. &c. For the Covenant I should like to collect a little more before I send.

Received from

Massasoit Encampment,	-	-	-	-	-	\$55 95
Tri Mount do.	-	-	-	-	-	39 62
Menatomy do.	-	-	-	-	-	9 00
Monomake do.	-	-	-	-	-	26 15
Bunker Hill,	-	-	-	-	-	20 65
Friendly Union Lodge, Providence,	-	-	-	-	-	52 99
Eagle Lodge, do.	-	-	-	-	-	39 44
Granite Lodge, Nashua, N. H.	-	-	-	-	-	48 75
Hillsborough Lodge, Manchester, N. H. for Charter,	-	-	-	-	-	30 00
Wecohamet do. Dover, N. H.	do.	-	-	-	-	30 00
Washington do. Somersworth, N. H.	do.	-	-	-	-	30 00
White Mountain Lodge, Concord, N. H.	do.	-	-	-	-	30 00
For Grand Encampment Charter, Boston,	-	-	-	-	-	30 00

\$442 55

I this day send a draft for the above amount which I believe to be correct.

Respectfully yours, in F. L. & T.

ALBERT GUILD, D. D. G. S.

SACO, 24th February, 1844.

Jas. L. Ridgely, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—enclosed you will find a draft for \$311 which you will pass to the credit of the following Lodges as quarterly dues, viz:—

Maine Lodge, No. 1, 1st quarter,	-	-	-	-	-	\$122 10
Saco Lodge, No. 2, do.	-	-	-	-	-	19 00
Anc't Brothers, 4, do.	-	-	-	-	-	47 90
Legonia, 5, do.	-	-	-	-	-	40 70
Maine, 1, 2d quarter,	-	-	-	-	-	51 40

Also, Charter fee for Bath, the petition for which is also enclosed, 30 00

\$311 10

You will observe that the dues for Georgia Lodge No. 3, are not received, but I shall in the course of a few days make a visit to East Thomaston

for the purpose of establishing the Lodge at that place, and will then collect them and forward the same as soon as possible, together with my first official report. On my tour to Thomaston I shall establish the Lodge at Gardiner, and also the Lodge at Bath, should I get the Dispensation in time. Will you forward it without delay to my address to the care of Edward S. J. Neally at Bath, as I shall leave home before I should receive it here. In my next communication I shall forward a few more names for the Covenant. I am happy to find the work so popular in this State. I think the Grand Lodge should adopt a more liberal policy in regard to it. The list might be increased to a greater extent if agents were allowed a per centage on subscribers.

The — for all the Lodges, which have been petitioned for have been received together with your communication accompanying them, and I feel grateful for the very flattering allusion you make in reference to my services for Odd-Fellowship, and I trust the Order in this State will still continue to do honor to the great and good cause in which we mutually feel so much interest.

Yours very truly, in F. L. & T.

GEO. W. CHURCHILL, D. D. G. S.

Enlightened Legislation in the EMPIRE STATE.—The following debate, remarkable alike for its illiberality and supreme imbecility, was had in the New York Assembly upon a bill to incorporate the Odd-Fellows' Hall Association in New York city.

It sometimes happens in the heat of party strife than men without decency will creep into the Legislative councils of the country; the truth of this remark may be found most strikingly illustrated in the debate which we subjoin. If some of these wiseacres, whom chance and not merit we are sure, has elevated to power, had been in the city of Baltimore on the memorable eighteenth day of September 1843, when ten thousand of the yeomanry of this free land presented themselves before their admiring fellow-citizens, as the plighted votaries of the cause which has been the subject of feigned ridicule in the New York Legislature—had they on that occasion witnessed the soul-stirring and substantial fruits of their labors in “errands of mercy and deeds of charity” emblazoned not on banners, or highly wrought tablets, but reflected from the smiling countenance of more than one hundred children of the State, the precious jewels of the Brotherhood, which Love and Benevolence had cherished and preserved from the blighting influence of ignorance and its fruitful train of vice—had they in view of this sublime spectacle reflected as public men, what amount of individual as well as public good must result to society as the fruit of such efforts of benefaction to the human race; had they considered how many poor, needy and helpless children, by the redeeming influence of education, shed upon their otherwise dreary and desolate path of life, by the gift of Odd-Fellowship, were thus preserved from degradation and fitted to become the pure matrons and *decent Legislators* of a country, where all men are born *equal*, their cheeks would have tingled with shame at the utterance of such sentiments.

Maryland, good old Maryland, has not only incorporated the Order of Odd-Fellows, but although pressed down with the burden of a heavy debt she has nobly proclaimed that Odd-Fellows' Halls shall be forever free from taxation. Mark the contrast!! We say to our brethren of New York, knock at the door of your Legislative Halls until the intelligence of the people shall drive such men from stations which they cannot honor, no matter to what party they may belong, or however exalted in talent or character.

Odd-Fellowship.—They have had in the New York Assembly a bill to incorporate the ODD-FELLOWS' HALL ASSOCIATION in New York city. A queer and somewhat laughable discussion occurred. For example :

Mr. Hubbell moved to amend the bill, so as to strike out the word 'Odd' and insert 'Clever.'

Mr. Hoffman said an 'Odd' Fellow might be a very 'Clever' Fellow, in both the English and American sense. But if the word 'Clever' is inserted, it may refer on one side of the water to a mere dunce, and on the other, to a very passable, nice man.—'Odd' therefore as 'Odd' is, he thought it the best appellation.

Mr. E. Sanford had no doubt this was a very 'clever' amendment, but it was one which struck at the very objects of the bill. In these cases, names were essential things. Why should we object to the taste of the persons asking for the incorporation?

Mr. Bosworth thought there were many ways in which to display our cleverness. It has been said that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Now if a Horticultural bill was before us, and the gentleman (Mr. Hubbell) should move to strike out the name 'rose' and insert 'blossom,' the amendment might be very 'queer' and 'clever,' but he doubted whether it would improve the phraseology.

Mr. Hubbell felt no disposition to throw any obstacles in the way of this bill. But he did not know the meaning of this term 'Odd-Fellows.' It might refer to some Old Bachelors, and if it did, he thought there should be some further amendment characteristic of this 'clever' class of citizens. But he would not withdraw his amendment.

Mr. Alvord said it had been suggested that this association had some connection with a secret society which had been put down some years since. To obviate this he would offer an amendment that all meetings of the association should be public!!

Mr. Davezac—Oh, there is no objection to that. I wish all these bank caucuses were public, so that we could know what they were about.

The amendment was adopted.

The bill was then reported to the House, and ordered to a third reading.

It is rather our opinion that the Odd-Fellows will decline accepting such a charter.

RAISE THE STANDARD HIGH.

Odd-Fellows should raise high the standard of moral excellence. As a distinct organization in the army of associations for the promotion of the welfare of humanity, our standard should be elevated above others of the host, so that it may be seen and known of all men. We must be consistent. If we have a pure system, around which are thrown safeguards superior to those of other organizations, we must also have good works, and a greater degree of prosperity than others can boast. Our system requires 'works' which are 'good and profitable unto men,' and if we do not perform those works we come short of obvious duty. Ours is a noble system of morality and benevolence, *which nobody can deny*; and our moral and benevolent deportment should correspond with the system.

If other associations have a low standard of morals—if their members cultivate a vitiated taste—if they spend in conviviality the time and money which should be devoted to the furtherance of charity and benevolence,

and imbibe loose principles, and form bad habits; it is no excuse for us, but should serve as a warning of which we will do well to take heed.—Better things are expected of Odd-Fellows. We are to cultivate the principles of F. L. and T. We have discarded those practices on Lodge nights, which tend to make gluttony and drunkenness, common and honorable; and whoever attends where 'honor's court' is held should show to the world that he has profited by the system of moral culture of which we boast. His conduct should be consistent with the purest teachings of morality and benevolence. Lodges should require a moral and upright walk on the part of the members, as the best evidence of their devotion to the principles held dear by every good Odd-Fellow. They should be required to show their love for the principles of Odd-Fellowship, by a strict observance of all its requirements not only in Lodge, but in their intercourse with community at large. This should be the *sine qua non* in all our Lodges, and the conduct will always show the truth, as to the purity of the principles cherished. That never deceives. It is a living evidence. None, but a sincere profession of love for the morality of our institution is worthy to be made, and the life of that love is shown by works—it is active in the promotion of moral purity and benevolence—it is the blood of the system we have espoused which diffuses vitality and health throughout the whole body. He who breathes a generous spirit—speaks and acts honestly, will be known, and acknowledged as worthy a seat in the Lodge—he carries out the principles in which he is there instructed, and causes their influence to be felt far beyond the walls of his Lodge room.

He will show his respect for the wise laws and regulations adopted by the Order; and will be careful to be influenced by the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. His standard of moral excellence will be elevated high, and he will constantly strive to reach the shining mark.—Brethren, let us all be Odd-Fellows,—Odd-Fellows in the true and honored meaning of the name. Then will we extend Odd-Fellowship in its spirit and power—then will moral purity prevail wherever our banner floats on the breeze,—then will we be known as engaged in the cause of humanity;—God will smile upon and bless us, and we will prevail.

Lectures against Odd-Fellowship.—We have been pained to observe in the Boston papers that a certain Rev. Mr. Colver of the Baptist Denomination of *Christians* is engaged in a *pseudo* crusade against Odd-Fellowship. We reiterate the counsel which we have heretofore often offered to our Brethren on this subject. Let Bigots, Fanatics and Religionists howl, let the storm of hate, malice and persecution dash in all its fury against the Ark of the Covenant, only bear in mind the elementary *Truth* of our beloved Order as taught by the great Patron of *genuine Christianity*, "Peace on Earth and good will to man," and we shall pass through all trials unscathed by the peltings of reckless ravings. He who taught us to visit the sick, to comfort the distressed, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and to love each other as Brethren, be our shields and advocate. Let no heed whatever be taken of such *time-serving thrift* even under the garb of a Surplice. Time will unmask the hypocrite.

The Independent Order of Odd-Fellows.—This Order is at the present time rapidly extending in Massachusetts, and, indeed, throughout New England. It is but a short time since there was but one Lodge in this city: now, there are ten or fifteen, all in a flourishing condition, and embracing among their members men of all conditions in life—ministers of the gospel, lawyers, doctors, merchants, and workmen of every occupation. The secrecy in which the proceedings of the association are enveloped, acting upon the curiosity that is inherent in human nature, has, perhaps, induced many who think it disgraceful to be in any respect less wise than their neighbors to enter the lodges, but the enthusiastic terms in which the initiated universally speak of the principles and objects of their Order, together with the numerous acts of benevolence which they are every day performing, and which (although silently done) cannot escape observation, are no doubt the principal causes of the large accessions which are weekly made to their numbers.

The Odd-Fellows, as we gather from their own addresses and other authentic expositions of their principles, avow but *one* object—benevolence—and profess that their sympathies extend as widely as *mankind*. They make the teachings of christianity the basis of their institution, but exclude none from it on account of their religious or political opinions. It is only required of those who enter a lodge that they shall leave their *sectarianism* at the door, and treat all whom they shall find within with the charity and brotherly kindness which are inculcated in the divine precept,—“All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.” Although thus benevolent by profession, the Order is not without its opponents. The vague dread of secret institutions which affects so many good citizens, and the dislike to all mystery that exists in other minds, have raised up for the Odd-Fellows some decided enemies. In reply to the encomiums so plentifully bestowed upon the Order by its members, they only say—“If your objects are good, and only good, why are your proceedings enshrouded in so much mystery? why do you shun the light?” The answer is, that Odd-Fellows have no secrets except such as the success of the charitable purpose for which they are combined requires; that they have signs and passwords only to prevent and detect the fraudulent practices of impostors; and that the initiatory ceremonies are kept secret only that by their novelty they may interest the candidate and make the more indelible impression upon his mind.

There are, however, still another class of opposers: those who do not object to the Order particularly on account of its secrecy, and who are willing to admit the excellence of the object which its members avow. They say—“We know you do good deeds—but you do not do them from a proper motive. You visit the sick and relieve the destitute, to be sure, but it is because you are bound to do so by an earthly obligation, and not because you think such deeds pleasing to God. You confine your charity, too, to the members of your own brotherhood, in direct opposition to the spirit of christianity,—‘For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?’” To these persons the Odd-Fellows reply, that in judging of the motives which prompt the benevolence of their fellow-men, they violate a scripture command, and usurp one of the prerogatives of the great Searcher of hearts; that the only test of sincerity which Christ left upon earth is contained in the words, “*Ye shall know them by their fruits*;” that “a good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit;” and that *charity* would rather say that men become Odd-Fellows that they may do good instead of that they may receive it. They admit, however, that both these motives influence them, and assert, what it is not very easy to deny, that in performing their duty, to God as well as to men, the faith that they shall receive good for all the good they do while it does not detract from the merit of their actions, quickens their benevolence, supports them under trials, and enables them, when required, to make sacrifices of bodily comfort with cheerfulness; confident that every one will “receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.” No church, no association of any kind, before receiving the offerings of those who choose to contribute to promote its objects, institutes an inquiry as to the motives of the contributors; they accept the gift that is made, and are thankful for the good that is done, leaving God to judge of the motives of all, and to reward or punish as He may deem just. Should any candidate for membership avow the selfish motive which is objected to, or even the motive of mere curiosity, or any other except the one which the Order has inscribed on its banner, he would be promptly rejected. A searching inquiry is instituted in regard to the habits and character of the candidate, but his *motives*, as they must of necessity be, are left between himself and his God.

The objection that the charities of the Order are confined to its members, would, if true, be more serious than the one just considered; for the one principle would spring

from the other as a necessary consequence, and nothing more would be required to prove the selfishness of the Odd-Fellows than to establish the fact that they confer benefits only upon those from whom they hope to receive them. The fact is not proved, however, and justice compels the admission that many who are not members of the Order have been recipients of its charity. Its members are instructed to relieve the distresses of all their fellow-creatures so far as they have the means, but their first duty is to their brethren. Charity, although with them *beginning* at home, does not *end* there, and the principle by which they are governed seems strictly conformable to the teachings of St. Paul in his epistle to the Galatians,—“As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.”—They make, as we understand, in each Lodge, special provision for the relief of widows and orphans—from neither of whom, certainly, can it be supposed they hope for any pecuniary return—the fund for that purpose being held separate from the general fund of the Lodge, and sacredly kept for that use alone. In the by-laws of the several Lodges of Massachusetts there is a section similar to the following, which we copy from the rules of the Tremont Lodge, of this city:—

“Article 5, sec. 2—In case there should be any orphans or children of an Odd-Fellow left in poverty, without a guardian, it shall be the duty of the trustees to endeavor to place them in situations where they may be employed in gaining a livelihood, and at the same time be preserved from vice and infamy: and from time to time to make proper inquiries into their situation, and report to the Lodge. And in case any widow of an Odd-Fellow of this Lodge should be left in indigent circumstances, it shall be the duty of the trustees to make inquiries into her condition, and report to the Lodge what assistance, if any, she may need.”

The Order is opposed on the grounds last mentioned principally by a few pastors and members of churches, in whom the sectarian feeling is the strongest, and who can see no good out of the church organizations to which they belong. Odd-Fellowship, operating upon the natural sympathies of mankind, and upon the principles which find a place in every heart that receives the *spirit* as well as the form of christianity, has broken the barrier of exclusiveness with which those persons had fortified themselves on every side, and at this time there is probably no church in the city unrepresented in the Lodges. In many instances the pastors have joined the Order, but we have not heard of one who has thus informed himself fully in relation to its principles who has felt bound to warn his people against following his example. Those who know least about the matter, as is generally the case, talk the most and the loudest against the dangers which christianity has to dread from the association of its professors with infidels and unbelievers, and now, as in the old time, it is made a reproach to the righteous that they associate with “publicans and sinners.”

Under the divided state of public opinion and the excitement in the public feeling which we have attempted to describe, it might be expected that the announcement of a public lecture against the institution of Odd-Fellowship, by one of our clergymen, would be sufficient to attract a large audience. Such an appointment was made by the Rev. Mr. Colver, who preaches in the Tremont Temple, on Sunday week, and on Sunday evening last, with others who had curiosity to hear the errors of the Order exposed, we made our way to the Temple. When we arrived there, thirty minutes before the hour appointed for the lecture, we found the street in front of the house filled with a dense mass of men, women, and children, some endeavoring to crowd themselves in, and others engaged in the almost equally difficult task of forcing a way out. Throwing ourselves into the current, after a severe struggle of some twenty minutes duration, we escaped from an indescribable scene of pushing, pulling, crowding, swearing, growling, and screaming, and found ourselves just within the doors, so firmly wedged in, that progress one way or the other was equally impossible. We stood there for something more than an hour, and heard the reverend gentleman with a degree of patience which Job could not have exceeded under similar circumstances, but, when all was over, were decidedly of the opinion expressed by the “charity boy” who learnt the alphabet, that “it was not worth while going through so much to learn so little.” We occasionally found ourselves laughing, with the crowd, at the absurdity of some of the statements advanced, and at the state of nervous excitement into which the fancied dangers of the lecturer's position had thrown him, in which the *raising of a finger*, by a poor man who was so nearly squeezed to death as to be rather careless about his gestures, was construed into a mysterious intimation made by some Odd-Fellow to his brethren! but, so far as the subject of the lecture was concerned, in all candor we are compelled to say that we should have been just as wise if we had staid at home. It was attempted to be proved that, instead of being benevolent, the Order is “supremely selfish,” that its initiatory ceremonies are

nummeries, and its secrecy dangerous to the well-being of society; but on neither of these points were his efforts attended with any degree of success. It was our intention to have given a brief sketch of the lecture, that our readers might have judged for themselves, but our remarks have already extended beyond the limits which we proposed to occupy, and, for this day at least, we will say no more about it, except to suggest to the lecturer that if he is desirous of securing for the Sabbath that reverence which he is known to profess, he cannot better prove his sincerity than by delivering the remainder of the course of lectures which he has announced on some other than Sunday evenings. The excitement on Sunday evening last and the scenes to which it gave rise, were exceedingly disreputable, and if poor Elder Lamson or the weaker sister Folsom had been the occasion of a similar collection, they would probably have spent the night in what the lady terms "the prison-house of death," and been called upon to explain their conduct in the police court the next morning.—*Boston Post*.

The War against Odd-Fellowship.—We presume that the sermon of Mr. Colver, of Boston, which we noticed some days since, may be considered as the first war-whoop at a regular and continued assault against this large, popular, and rapidly increasing association. If the charges made against them by Mr. Colver are true he is certainly perfectly right in opposing the further increase of the Order, but so long as we find large numbers of our best citizens, some of them equally prominent and active members of various christian denominations, actively connected with the operations of the Lodge, we cannot give credit to what is said by one who acknowledges that he personally knows nothing of the secrets of the Order. One thing is certain, that the Odd-Fellows' society ranks throughout the Union among the first of the benevolent institutions of the present day. In fact, the great increase of the society in every part of the Union has filled the timid mind, ignorant of the objects for which it was established, with an apprehension for the safety of the religious and political institutions of the country. In our opinion, and from all the information which we can gain on the subject, we agree with the *New York Sun*, that no fear need be apprehended on this point—friendship, love and truth, are the insignia of Odd-Fellowship; charity is its keystone, and benevolence its watchword—all are invited to join the society; none are debarred whose character will bear investigation, and whose deportment, as well in domestic, as in public life, is untarnished, and whose escutcheon will stand the test of morality. Similar investigations are instituted in all benevolent societies. We are positively assured that there are no secret oaths administered by the Order, and, beyond the password necessary for the recognition of members, all its principles, objects and aims, are as public as those of ordinary associations and societies.—*Balt. Sun*.

Sermon against Odd-Fellowship—One or two points strike us, with force. In the first place, we regard all such attacks from the pulpit, as based in that spirit of meddling, which causes so much mischief in the world. It is none of Mr. Colver's business—none. It is a matter of individual concern, which his parishioners are just as capable to understand as he is. It may be silly, foolish, empty, or whatever he pleases; and yet, at last, it is none of his business, so long as he takes no part in it. That preacher is a meddling, impertinent busy-body, although he may not intend to be such, who assumes to judge the conduct of bodies of men, as honest, pious and wise, as himself, in a matter so strictly personal. He says, for example, that Odd-Fellowship is not as comprehensive as it might be. Well, suppose this is true. Who gave him the authority to arraign thousands of citizens, not for doing some good, but for doing less than he, great man that he is, would desire. It is pure meddling; nothing else but that miserable, busy-body meddling, which fills the world with contentions, instead of peace. As a minister, his duty is with the Bible, not with those institutions which citizens may choose to establish.—And whatever he or others may choose to say, it is a fact, too notorious to be denied, that by the Institution of Odd-Fellowship, the sick are supported and solaced; families are saved from suffering; and children, orphans, are secured the blessings of an education. But, then says this meddler, the thing is not done as, and in the way that I, great I, would wish it. Pshaw! out upon such egotistical fools.—*Richmond Star*.

Whilst HOPE whispers the possibility of reclamation LOVE will not let go, a wandering Brother.—Among the many indications of the inherent virtues of Odd-Fellowship to be seen in the rich season of prosperity which is every where opening upon its ministrations, we copy with pleasure the subjoined as indicating as well the force of the principles of our Order, as the utter fruitlessness of all efforts of insubordination against its legitimate government.

The following applications from Brethren, members of Perseverance Lodge of New York expelled by the Grand Lodge of that State and now under the jurisdiction of the MANCHESTER UNITY, for reinstatement under the Grand Lodge of New York have been received, as we observe by the printed Journal and have been favorably considered—Henry Peterson, Baptiste Phillips, Otho Clayman, Samuel J. Chapman, James Virtue, George Schmidt, Peter L. Fierty, Bernard Conway, Thomas Doyle, Titus Waugh. Many we learn have previously applied and have been received.

R. W. GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF MARYLAND, I. O. O. F. }
Baltimore, January 12, 1844. }

To Jas. L. Ridgely, Esq., Editor of the *Official Magazine*.

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—By resolution of this Grand Encampment, I am directed to furnish you with the Grand Officers elected (8th January inst.) for the current year:—

P. G. H. P. JNO. EMORY, of No. 2,	- - -	R. W. G. P.
P. C. P. ELI GOULD,	" 1, - -	" G. H. P.
Pk. R. W. CROSSETT,	" 9, - -	" G. S. W.
P. C. P. G. D. TEWKSBURY,	" 2, - -	" G. Scribe
P. C. P. JNO. ROBINSON,	" 1, - -	" G. Treasurer.
Pk. J. T. DUSHANE,	" 9, - -	" G. J. W.
" ZIMMERMAN,	" 2, - -	" G. Sentinel.

I take pleasure in complying with the requirements of the R. W. Grand Encampment, and leave it of course to you to make such disposition of the information as you think proper, and am Sir,

Yours Fraternally,

G. D. TEWKSBURY, G. S.

Mr. Pratt's Lecture.—The address of Mr. Pratt of Portland, delivered before the Wecohamet Lodge, I. O. of O. F. and the citizens of this town generally, on Tuesday evening last, was a splendid effort. The lecturer ably and successfully defended the principles of Odd-Fellowship, and by his convincing, agreeable manner, won largely upon the respect of the audience. We are confident it has removed much prejudice which has existed in the minds of some against this benevolent and praiseworthy Order.—The lecture exceeded our highest expectations—it was liberal in sentiment, free from political or sectarian bias, as is also the Order itself—was well written, pronounced in an eloquent and forcible style, and of course gave universal satisfaction. The Town Hall exhibited one of the largest and most respectable audiences that has ever congregated in that beautiful edifice.—*Dover (N. H.) Gazette*.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

Canada—Extract of a letter from P. G. John H. Hardie, dated Montreal, February 12th, 1844.

I am happy to inform you of the continued prosperity of the Order in this place; it is true that for a time a dark cloud seemed to hang over us in consequence of a bill being brought before the Provincial Parliament for the purpose of suppressing secret societies, (Free Masons excepted,) which bill was passed by both houses, but the thanks of the Order is due to his Excellency Sir Charles Metcalf, who in refusing his signature to the bill saved the Order from destruction in this country, thereby showing himself to be a true *Odd-Fellow*, as it has since become known that he is a member of the Manchester Unity. We have now to congratulate the Order in general and ourselves in particular that the cloud which hung on us for a time, threatening the downfall of our beloved Order, has been dispelled and we are now revelling in the sunshine of prosperity. The prejudice which has heretofore existed is rapidly giving way before the better judgment, and the good example of the brethren labouring to sustain the good cause. I am proud to say we have many amongst us now who but a few weeks ago were our bitterest opponents, but who are amongst the most active brothers foremost in advocating our interest, and doing all in their power to advance the Order in the estimation of the public. At the last meeting of Prince Wales Lodge we initiated five persons, and at the next we expect six more to come forward—the fact is we are in the midst of a revival with every prospect of a long continuance. Montreal has the honour of starting the ball of Odd-Fellowship in the Province of Canada, and we pledge ourselves to keep it rolling until it extends the length and breadth of the land, so that the widow and orphan may find protection in any part of our country, that their lot may be cast, when they will have reason to bless the day that the sun of Odd-Fellowship first shed its rays over the distressed in Canada. The brothers who have sent for a Charter to establish a Lodge in St. John's desire me to request you to do all in your power to have the dispensation forwarded to them immediately, as they are anxious to commence operations as soon as possible; their prospects of success are decidedly good and I doubt not from my knowledge of the brothers who are concerned in starting the new Lodge that it will be conducted in such an able manner as to be an ornament to the Order.

Massachusetts—Extract of a Letter from D. D. G. Sire Albert Guild, dated Boston, Jan. 23d, 1844.

In conformity with my duty I proceeded, (with several of the Brethren of this city) on the 28th of December last to the pleasant and thriving village of Dover in the State of New Hampshire, and instituted Wecohammet Lodge No. 3, after which the officers were installed into their respective chairs. We then proceeded to initiate twenty-two new members, such as I have every reason to believe will do honor to themselves and to the Order; they have taken hold of it not out of mere curiosity, but with a wish and determination to do all in their power to ameliorate the condition of mankind, and I believe they have not only the satisfaction of being engaged in a good cause, but have the approbation of the citizens generally; and if I mistake not the tide of Odd-Fellowship has got to rolling this way with so strong a current, that it will be but a short time before it will cover the whole

New England States. Men begin to appreciate its value—the many benefits that have already been made manifest in the community have put down all opposition to it in this part of the Union. In a very pleasant village a few miles from this City, a few months since a number of Brethren of the Order obtained a Charter for a Lodge, and set themselves about fitting up a suitable Hall for their meetings. This aroused the jealousy of some of the good old fashioned folks in that place, so that they tried to get the select-men to call a Town Meeting, to take measures to put a stop to its organization; but when they came to make further inquiries into its merits, they found themselves quite behind the times, and gave up the further opposition to it. They have now a fine Lodge in that village.

The Officers of Wecohamet Lodge are, viz :

Rev. EBEN FRANCIS, N. G. JOHN M. FLAGG, Secretary,
SAMUEL H. PARKER, V. G. JOHN H. WIGGIN, Treasurer.

Since the above I have installed the new Officers of the five Encampments in the State of Massachusetts, and am expecting daily that they will hand in their Reports with the per centage due the Grand Lodge of the U. States, so that I can forward the money to you.

P. S.—I expect to forward a Petition in a few days for a Charter for a Grand Encampment in the State of Massachusetts.

South Carolina—Extract of a Letter from G. M. Peter Dellatorre, dated January 27th, 1844.

We continue to prosper in this State: the greatest harmony now prevails between all departments of the Order, and the office of G. Master has become almost a sinecure. I have had an application for a new Lodge in Kershaw District, and only wait for the necessary formalities to be complied with, to open it in person.

Georgia—Extract of a Letter from J. R. Johnson, C. P. of Magnolia Encampment, No. 1, dated Savannah, January 23d, 1844.

On account of the wet weather our celebration was postponed from the 11th to the 22d—and all the weather in the morning there was an appearance of rain, which no doubt kept many from joining in the procession, but at 10 o'clock it was formed near the Hall in the order published.—There were about 185, of whom 28 were Patriarchs in full Encampment regalia. The procession moved to the Church, where after excellent singing, of music got up by Bro. Samuel W. Fisher, formerly of your city, and a fervent prayer by Rev. Bro. Clapp—Bro. Jackson of our Lodge delivered one of the best orations I ever heard pronounced. Of its merits, it is useless for me to speak, as it will soon be published. We had a delightful time—our Order is still progressing rapidly here, and I have no hesitation in saying that for work and correct discipline, we are hard to beat.

Magnolia Encampment has done well; we number 44, and are increasing every meeting. The prejudice that existed here formerly on the part of the Masons has died—we are as societies at peace with each other.—Officers of Magnolia Encampment:—

J. R. JOHNSON, C. P.	S. P. BELL, J. W.
J. OLIVER, H. P.	E. G. WILSON, Scribe,
J. O. STEBBINS, S. W.	R. WAYNE, Treasurer.

Extract of a Letter from L. F. W. Andrews, dated Columbus, Feb. 3d, 1844.

I take my pen for the two-fold purpose of contributing our mite towards the support of your Magazine, (as per the accompanying list of subscribers and enclosure for the same,) and of giving you some account of the progress of the cause of Odd-Fellowship in this city. In the month of November last a Lodge was organized here under the title of *Muscogee Lodge No. 6*, and we have been steadily increasing in number ever since, having now over *fifty* names enrolled upon our list. Our object has not been so much to increase in numerical strength as to grow strong in virtuous respectability; and so far we have a choice gathering of kindred spirits.—The *purity* of the Order we consider to be of infinitely more importance than any thing else to our continued prosperity, and therefore do we eschew all desire suddenly to count by the *hundred*, remembering the fate of "Jonah's gourd," the precocious thrift of which was only the precursor of its speedy blight and dissolution. Bro. DAVID S. LEMMAN is the only P. G. we have. Bro. JOSEPH E. WEBSTER is our present N. G. Bro. R. N. R. BARDWELL, V. G., and Bro. ALEX. H. COOPER, Secretary. We have a spacious Hall, some 30 feet by 56 in size, elegantly carpeted and fitted up with all the usual paraphernalia of the Order, having elevated stations for the Officials, decorated with the appropriate drapery of each, and the sides of the room adorned with other insignia of the craft. Having thus provided for the comfort and convenience of the "outer man," we have not forgotten what is due to the improvement of the "inner man," the Lodge having resolved to have delivered before it a series of regular Addresses or Lectures, once a month, by Brothers whom the N. G. may appoint to that duty;—said Addresses to be inculcative of the principles of Odd-Fellowship in all its social and moral bearings.

I am rejoiced to learn that you have secured the Editorial assistance of so accomplished a writer and zealous an Odd-Fellow as that of the worthy P. G. M. of South Carolina, Rev. ALBERT CASE. The labors of this Brother are highly appreciated throughout the Carolinas and Georgia, and I have every reason to think that his association with you in the duties of Editor will prove of great service to the "Covenant" in extending its circulation and advancing its usefulness, particularly in the South.

Extract of a letter from Geo. W. Miller, Grand Secretary, dated Savannah, February 15th, 1844.

Our semi-annual communication ended on the 7th inst. P. G. Wm. S. Rockwell of Sylvan Lodge, No. 4, P. G. Isaac Holmes of Franklin No. 2, P. G. Lemmon of Muscogee No. 6, represented their respective Lodges.—From the reports they brought us, I have no hesitation in saying that the Order in Georgia is progressing equal to any State in the Union.

Our procession in this city had a most happy effect, and the community at large say that it was the most beautiful one they ever witnessed.—Since then many of our most useful and worthy citizens have evinced a desire, and been made acquainted with the principles of our beloved Order. Returns from the different Subordinates show clearly the prosperity throughout the State.

Alabama—Extract of a Letter from G. M. E. Salomon, dated Mobile, Jan. 3, 1844.

The Grand Lodge met on Monday last, and granted a Charter to Samaritan Lodge No. 4, which was opened by me some three or four weeks back by dispensation—the Brothers who have taken hold of this Lodge are old and experienced Grands—so you may rely next year in Baltimore of hearing a good report from it. The fact that Bro. I. D. Williamson, late G. Chaplain, is a member, will be sufficient guarantee for you to know that the workings will be correct. He brings with him all the zeal in the interests of the Order, which so characterized him while associated with it at the North. At the installation last night in No. 1, he addressed all the Officers as to their respective duties, in an able and feeling address—already is it apparent, the influence that is brought to bear on members by the presence of one so ably qualified as he is.

The other Lodges, Nos. 2 and 3, are doing well. It is a pity, however, that the discordant opinions of all could not be united in a small place like Mobile, and have one good substantial Lodge—but so it is—each Lodge is no doubt striving to emulate the other.

The Covenant is always anxiously looked for—it still maintains the high character it always had among the Order here, and the Brethren feel satisfied with the important addition made to its Editorial department, that its usefulness will not deteriorate, but rather increase. A strong appeal to the thousands of good Odd-Fellows should be made by the prominent Brothers in behalf of the work, and they will glorify the day that the Grand Lodge of the U. States decided it should be continued as the Official Magazine.

Ohio—Extract of a letter from Samuel Millikin, dated Rossville, Butler County, February 19th, 1844.

Harmony Lodge No. 14, of this place is prospering—this Lodge was established in May 1842—there are now 50 members—there has been initiated since its organization about 80 members—none but men of the best of character and standing are initiated—peace and harmony prevails in our Lodge and our motto of Friendship, Love and Truth is lived up to by our brethren.

Indiana—Extract of a letter from Grand Secretary John H. Taylor, dated Madison, February 9th, 1844.

Having to write you on business, I have thought it would not be uninteresting to you, for me to say something in reference to the State of the Order in this State, we have now working under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of this State thirteen Lodges, with an increasing membership; since the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge of this State, in August last, three new Lodges have been instituted, one at Aurora, one at Fort Wayne and one at Lafayette, and from the reports sent up at the last meeting of the Grand Lodge appear to be doing better than their most sanguine friends anticipated.

At the last meeting of the Grand Lodge, a Charter was granted for a new member at Laurenceburgh, whether it has been opened or not, I

cannot say, as our G. M. was sick at the time, and I have not heard from him since.

Kentucky—Extract of a letter from P. G. P. Donaldson, dated Louisville, February 10th, 1844.

I have just reached Louisville, from Cincinnati, where I have been stopping for the last two weeks. Odd-Fellowship in the "Queen City" is prospering finely. The Lodges are well attended, and the members are generally indefatigable in their efforts to advance the interests of the institution. Some of the first men of the city are attached to the fraternity.

On my way down, I stopped a short time at *Madison*, Indiana. A new Lodge has recently been instituted there, and a hall has been fitted up with much neatness and taste. The Order is increasing in Madison.

In Louisville, Ky., I have been so fortunate as to find P. G. TAL. P. SHAFNER, Esq., who has rendered me good service by introducing me to the brotherhood here.

You may expect to hear from me again soon.

P. S. I observe in a late number of the "Independent Odd-Fellow," a notice of Bro Chapin's address, "The Supremacy of Principle," in which notice the editor says that he intends to copy it from "the *correctly printed copy*" published in the "Symbol." It would appear from this that the address, as published in the Covenant was *incorrectly printed*—for such is Bro. Ford's intimation. The object of this note, is to inform you and all others who may have seen the insinuation of the *Odd-Fellow*, that Bro. Chapin expressed to me his entire satisfaction with the typography of the address as printed.

Tennessee—Extract of a letter from P. G. M. T. Kezer, dated Nashville, February 7th, 1844.

I notice that the Editor of the *Odd-Fellow* has tendered you the choice of peace or war. I am surprised and sorry that such a proposition should emanate from any one professing to be an *Odd-Fellow*. It surely is not consonant with the teaching of *Odd-Fellowship* in Tennessee. The brother's own course is well calculated to effect that which he alledges against the Covenant, as highly objectionable. For if local publications are to threaten, and make war upon the Official Magazine, merely because it conflicts with private pursuits, the Grand Lodge may feel called upon to exercise its sovereign power, to suppress all local publications as tending to introduce discord, by exerting local prejudices and sectional feelings. Can Brothers be serious in claiming as one of their rights as an *Odd-Fellow*, the right to live by the Order in time of good health. They cannot without subverting and perverting the whole superstructure—both in letter and spirit.

The Order was humanely designed to give aid and success to those who are deprived of the great blessing of health. There is no guarantee expressed or implied that will justify any one to claim from the Order a support of his daily avocations. There is no obligation requiring us to deal with a brother or vote for a brother in preference to others. No, thank God, there is nothing so sordid, mercenary, or wordly contained in its precepts. If such considerations were to have any weight, its present

lofty and hallowed position would sink degraded to a level with the common pecuniary concerns of stock-jobing for dollars and cents.

It is unbecoming a man of this great and glorious Republic, where the field is so ample for the exercise of his intelligence and enterprize, to claim pecuniary privilege at the hands of a benevolent association. I enclose you five dollars to be placed to my credit.

Mississippi—Extract of a letter from Grand Secretary John B. Dicks, dated Natchez, February 12th, 1844.

I am enabled officially to state that the Order is still on the increase in this State, there were a very respectable number of initiations during the past quarter, particularly in Capitol Lodge No. 11, situated at Jackson, the seat of government for the State.

All the applicants admitted into the Lodges in this city during the past quarter, are such men as we have reason to feel proud of; men who would do honor to, and ornament any institution in our country; men whose characters for moral worth, estimable citizens, and in several instances true piety, are irreproachable.

If we do not increase in numbers so fast as some of our sister Lodges, we trust the influence and example of such as are now attached to the Order in this city, and in this State, will prove valuable acquisition to the cause of Remembrance, from which must eventually flow benefits, diffusing a moral principle, working a complete reformation throughout this community, and establishing Odd-Fellowship in the foremost rank of usefulness.

There was a celebration of the institution of Wilkinson Lodge No. 10, on the 9th inst. being one year since the establishment of that Lodge at Woodville. G. M. R. Griffeth, D. D. G. Sire Geo. J. Dicks, and a number of the brothers of our city made it convenient to meet the members of Wilkinson Lodge on that occasion; they had quite a pretty turnout, and I make no doubt, created favourable impressions of the Order upon the minds of the uninitiated. Harmony prevails in all the Lodges under this jurisdiction.

Michigan—Extract of a Letter from Bro. Samuel Yorke AtLee, dated Detroit, January 16, 1844.

It will no doubt surprise you to hear of me again as an Odd-Fellow. I have been a citizen of Michigan for these eight years past, and, together with my wife and two boys, reside in this city. I had no idea when I left Cincinnati for this region of ever meeting with the Fraternity, but happily I took all my cards and documents, and have had the great joy of witnessing the honorable Institution lifting her benevolent countenance even here. Our Lodge was instituted here on the 13th November last, and we already have 25 members, all of whom, except six absentees, have attached their signatures to the annexed application.

You are aware, of course, that I was, when I left Cincinnati in 1834, Grand Master of that State, and the records here show that I am the oldest veteran of the Order in Michigan, having been initiated into the Order on the 10th day of January, 1831. So soon as I shall have been authorised by you, I expect to be called upon to institute another Lodge in the interior of this State. The Lodge respectfully urge as speedy an answer as practicable, as there is at present no head here.

I. O. O. F.

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VOL. III.

MAY, 1844.

No. 5.

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A POOR VICAR

IN WILTSHIRE.

The following Journal is translated from the German of Techokke, who intimates that it is taken from the English, and that it probably gave Goldsmith the first hint towards his Vicar of Wakefield. If it were originally English, it is not easy to understand why it was allowed to die; and our readers, we trust, will deem it not unworthy of being restored to our mother language.

Dec. 15, 1764.—RECEIVED to-day from Dr. Snarl £10 sterling, being my half-year's salary. The receipt even of this hardly-earned sum was attended with many uncomfortable circumstances.

Not until I had waited an hour and a half in the cold ante-room was I admitted to the presence of his Reverence. He was seated in an easy chair at his writing desk. My money was lying by him, ready counted. My low bow he returned with a lofty side-nod, while he slightly pushed back his beautiful black silk cap, and immediately drew it on again. Really he is a man of much dignity. I can never approach him without awe. I do not believe I should enter the king's presence with less composure.

He did not urge me to be seated, although he well knew that I had this very morning walked eleven miles in the bad weather, and that the hour and a half's standing in the ante-room had not much helped to rest my wearied limbs. He pointed me to the money.

My heart beat violently when I attempted to introduce the subject, which I had so long thought over, of a little increase of my salary. I shall never be able to conquer my timidity, even in the most righteous cause. Twice, with an agony as if I were about to commit a crime, I endeavoured to break ground. Memory, words, and voice failed me. The sweat started in great drops from my forehead.

"What do you wish?" said the Rector, very politely.

"I am—every thing is so dear—scarcely able to get along in these hard times, with this small salary."

"Small salary, Mr. Vicar! How can you think so? I can at any time procure another vicar for £15 sterling a-year."

"For £15! Without a family, one might indeed get along with that sum."

"Your family, Mr. Vicar," said the Rector, inquiringly, "has not received any addition, I trust. You have only two daughters?"

"Only two, your Reverence; but they are growing up. My Jenny, the eldest, is now eighteen, and Polly, the younger, will soon be twelve."

"So much the better. Can't your girls work?"

I was about to reply, when he cut me short by rising and observing, while he went to the window and drummed with his fingers on the pane, that he had no time to talk with me to-day. "Think it over," he concluded, "whether you will retain your place at £15 a-year, and let me know. If you relinquish it, I hope you will have a better situation for a New Year's present."

He bowed very politely, and again touched his cap. I swept up the money and took my leave. I was thunderstruck. He had never received nor dismissed me so coldly before. Without doubt somebody has been speaking ill of me. He did not once invite me to dinner, as had always before been his custom. I had depended upon it, for I came from home without breaking my fast. I bought a loaf in the outskirts of the town at a baker's shop, which I had observed in passing, and took my way home.

How cast down was I as I trudged along! I cried like a child. The bread I was eating was wet with my tears.

But fy, Thomas! Shame upon thy faint heart! Lives not the gracious God still? What if thou hadst lost the place entirely? And it is only £5 less! It is indeed a quarter of my whole little yearly stipend, and it leaves barely 10d a-day to feed and clothe three of us. What is there left for us? He who clothes the lilies of the field! He who feeds the young ravens! We must deny ourselves some of our luxuries.

Dec. 16.—I do believe Jenny's an angel. Her soul is even more beautiful than her body. I am almost ashamed of being her father. She is so much better and more pious than I.

I had not the courage yesterday to tell my girls the bad news. When I mentioned it to-day Jenny at first looked very serious, but suddenly she brightened up and said, "Thou art disquieted, father!"

"Should I not be so?"

"No, thou shouldst not."

"Dear child, we shall never be free from debt and trouble. I do not know how we can stand it. Our need is sore. £15 hardly suffice for the bare necessities of life. Who will assist us?"

Instead of answering, Jenny gently passed one arm round my neck, and pointed upwards with the other,—*"He, there!"* said she.

Polly seated herself on my lap, patted my face, and said, "I want to tell thee something. I dreamed last night that it was New Year's day, and that the king came to C——. There was a splendid show. The king dismounted from his horse before our front door, and came in. We had nothing to set before him, and he commanded some of his own dain-

ties to be brought in dishes of gold and silver. The kettle-drums and trumpets sounded outside, and only think, with the sound of the music, in came some people with a bishop's mitre upon a satin cushion, a New Year's present for thee! It looked very funny, like the pointed caps of the bishops in the old picture book. But it became thee right grandly. Yet I laughed myself almost out of breath; and then Jenny waked me up, which made me quite angry. This dream has certainly something to do with a New Year's present. It is only fourteen days to New Year's."

I said to Polly, "Dreams are but seems;" but she said, "Dreams come from God."

I believe no such thing. Still I write the dream down, to see whether it be not a comforting hint from Heaven. A New Year's present would be acceptable to all of us.

All day I have been at my accounts. I do not like accounts. Reckoning and money matters distract my head, and make my heart empty and heavy.

Dec. 17.—My debts, God be praised, are all now paid, but one. At five different places I paid off £7 11s. sterling. I have therefore left in ready money, £2 9s. This must last a half year. God help us!

The black hose that I saw at tailor Cutbay's I must leave unpurchased, although I need them sorely. They are indeed pretty well worn, yet still in good condition, and the price is reasonable. But Jenny needs a cloak a great deal more. I pity the dear child when I see her shivering in that thin camlet. Polly must be satisfied with the cloak which her sister has made for her so nicely out of her old one.

I must give up my share of the newspaper which neighbour Westburn and I took together. It goes hard with me. Here in C—— without a newspaper one knows nothing of the course of affairs. At the horse races at New Market the Duke of Cumberland won £5000 of the Duke of Grafton. It is wonderful how literally the words of Scripture are always fulfilled, "To him who hath shall be given," and those other words, too, "From him who hath not, shall be taken away." I must lose £5 of even my poor salary.

Fy, Thomas, already murmuring again! and wherefore? For a newspaper, which thou art no longer able to take? Shame on thee! Thou mayst easily learn from others whether General Paoli succeeds in maintaining the freedom of Corsica. The French have indeed promised assistance to the Genoese; but Paoli has 20,000 veterans.

Dec. 18.—Ah! how happy are we poor people still! Jenny has got a grand cloak at the slopshop for a mere song, and now she is sitting there with Polly, ripping it to pieces, in order to make it up anew. Jenny understands how to trade and bargain better than I. But they let her have things at her own price, her voice is so gentle. We have now joy upon joy. Jenny wants to appear in the new cloak for the first time on New Year's Day. Polly has a hundred comments and predictions about it. I wager, the Dey of Algiers had not greater pleasure in the costly present which the Venetians made him, the two diamond rings, the two watches set with brilliants, the pistols inlaid with gold, the costly carpets, the rich housings, and the 20,000 sequins in cash.

Jenny says we must save the cloak in eatables. Until New Year's, we must buy no meat. This is as it should be.

Neighbour Westburn is a noble man. I told him yesterday I must discontinue my subscription for the newspaper because I am not sure of my present salary, nor even of my place. He shook my hand and said, "Very well, then I will take the paper, and you shall still read it with me."

One must never despair. There are more good men in the world than one thinks, especially among the poor.

The same day. Eve.—The baker is a crabbed man. Although I owe him nothing, yet when Polly went to fetch a loaf, and found it very small and badly risen or half burnt, he struck up a quarrel with her, so that people stopped in the street. He declared that he would not sell upon trust—that we must go elsewhere for our bread. I pitied Polly.

I wonder how the people here know every thing. Every one in the village is telling how the rector is going to put another curate in my place. It will be the death of me.

The butcher even must have got a hint of it. It certainly was not without design that he sent his wife to me with complaints about the bad times, and the impossibility of selling any longer for any thing but cash. She was indeed very polite, and could not find words to express her love and respect for us. She advised us to go to Colswood and buy the little meat we want of him, as he is a richer man, and is able to wait for his money. I cared not to tell the good woman how that usurer treated us a year ago, when he charged us a penny a pound more than others, for his meat, and, when his oaths and curses could not help him out, and he could not deny it, how he declared roundly that he must receive a little interest when he was kept out of his money a whole year, and then showed us the door.

I still have in ready money £2 1s. 3d. What shall I do, if no one will trust me, so that I may pay my bills quarterly? And if Dr. Snarl appoints another curate, then must I and my poor children be turned up on the street!

Be it so; God is in the street also!

Dec. 19, early. A. M.—I awoke very early to day, and pondered what I shall do in my difficult situation. I thought of Master Sitting, my rich cousin at Cambridge; only poor people have no cousins, only the rich. Were New Year's day to bring me a bishop's mitre, according to Polly's dream, then I should have half England for my relations.

I have written and sent by the post the following letter to the Rev. Dr. Snarl.

"I write with an anxious heart. It is said that your reverence intends to appoint another curate in my stead. I know not whether the report has any foundation, or whether it has arisen merely from my having mentioned to some persons the interview I had with you.

"The office with which you entrusted me I have discharged with zeal and fidelity; I have preached the word of God in all purity; I have heard no complaints. Even my inward monitor condemns me not. I humbly requested for a little increase of my small salary. Your reverence spoke

of reducing the small stipend, which scarcely suffices to procure me and my family the bare necessities of life. Let your humane heart decide.

"I have laboured sixteen years under your reverence's pious predecessors, and a year and a half under yourself. I am now fifty years old. My hair begins to grow gray. Without acquaintances, without patrons, without the prospect of another living, without the means of earning my bread in any other way, mine and my children's fate depends upon your compassion. If you fail us, there remains no support for us but the beggar's staff.

"My daughters, gradually grown up, occasion, with the closest economy, increased expense. My eldest daughter, Jenny, supplies the place of a mother to her sister, and conducts our domestic concerns. We keep no maid; my daughter is maid, cook, washerwoman, tailorress, and even shoemaker, while I am the carpenter, mason, chimney-sweeper, wood-cutter, gardener, farmer, and wood-carrier of the household.

"God's mercy hath attended us hitherto. We have had no sickness. We could not have paid for medicines. C—— is a little place.

"My daughters have in vain offered to do other work, such as washing, mending, and sewing. They very rarely get any. Here in the country every one does her own housework; none are rich.

"It will be a hard task to carry me and mine through the year upon £20; but it will be harder still if I am to attempt it upon £15. But I throw myself on your compassion and on God, and pray your reverence at least to relieve me of this anxiety."

After I had finished this letter I threw myself upon my knees, (while Polly carried it to the post-office) and prayed for a happy issue. I then became wonderfully clear and calm in my mind. Ah! a word to God is always a word from God—so cheerfully came I from my little chamber, which I had entered with a heavy heart.

Jenny sate at work at the window. She sate there with the repose and grace of an angel. Light seemed to stream from her looks. A slender sunbeam came through the window, and transfigured the whole place. I was in a heavenly state. I seated myself at the desk, and wrote my sermon, "On the joys of poverty."

I preach in the pulpit as much to myself as to my hearers; and I come from church edified, if no one else does. If others do not receive consolation from my words, I find it myself. It is with the clergyman as with the physician. He knows the power of his medicines, but not always their effect upon the constitution of every patient.

The same day. A. M.—This morning I received a note from a stranger who had tarried over night at the inn. He begs me, on account of urgent affairs, to come to him.

I have been to him. I found him a handsome young man of about six-and-twenty, with noble features and a graceful carriage. He had on an old well-worn surtout, and boots, which still bore the marks of yesterday's travel. His round hat, although originally of a finer material than mine, was still far more defaced and shabby. The young man appeared, notwithstanding the derangement of his dress, to be of good family. He had on at least a clean shirt of the finest linen, which perhaps had just been given him by some charitable hand.

He led me into a private room, begged pardon a thousand times for having troubled me, and proceeded to inform me in a very humble manner, that he found himself in most painful circumstances, that he knew nobody in this place, where he had arrived last evening, and had therefore had recourse to me as a clergyman. He was, he added, by profession an actor, but without employment, and intending to proceed to Manchester. He had expended nearly all his money and had not enough to pay his fare at the inn—to say nothing of the expense of proceeding on his journey. Accordingly he turned in his despair on me. Twelve shillings would be a great assistance to him. He promised, if I would favour him with that advance, that he would honourably and thankfully repay it, so soon as he was again connected with any theatre. His name is John Fleetman.

There was no necessity of his painting his distress to me so at large. His features expressed more trouble than his words. He probably read something of the same kind in my face, for, as he turned his eyes upon me he seemed struck with alarm, and exclaimed, “Will you leave me then without help?”

I stated to him that my own situation was full of embarrassment, that he had asked of me nothing less than the fourth part of all the money I had in the world, and that I was in great uncertainty as to the further continuance of my office.

He immediately became cold in his manner and, as it were, drew back into himself, while he remarked, “You comfort the unfortunate with the story of your own misfortunes. I ask nothing of you. Is there no one in C—— who has pity, if he has no wealth?”

I cast an embarrassed look at Mr. Fleetman, and was ashamed to have represented my distressed situation to him as a reason for my refusal to assist him. I instantly thought over all my townsmen, and could not trust myself to name one. I did not perhaps know their hearts well enough.

I approached him and laid my hand upon his shoulder, and said, “Mr. Fleetman, you grieve me. Have a little patience. You see I am poor. I will help you if I can. I will give you an answer in an hour.”

I went home. On the way I thought to myself, “How odd! the stranger always comes first to me, and an actor to a clergyman! There must be something in my nature that attracts the wretched and the needy, like a magnet. Whoever is in need comes to me who have the least to give. When I sit at table with strangers, one of the company is sure to have a dog who looks steadily at what I am eating, and comes and lays his cold nose directly on my knee.”

When at home, I told the children who the stranger was, and what he wanted. I wished for Jenny’s advice. She said tenderly, “I know, father, what thou thinkest, and therefore I have nothing to advise.”

“And what do I think?”

“Why, that thou wilt do unto this poor actor as thou hopest God and Dr. Snarl will do unto thee.”

I had thought no such thing, but I wished I had. I got the twelve shillings, and gave them to Jenny to carry to the traveller. I did not care to listen to his thanks. It humbles me. Ingratitude stirs my spirit up. And, besides, I had my sermon to prepare.

The same day. Eve.—The actor is certainly a worthy man. When Jenny returned from the inn she had much to tell about him, and also about the landlady. This woman had found out that her guest had an empty pocket, and Jenny could not deny that she had brought him some money. So Jenny had to listen to a long sermon upon the folly of giving, when one has nothing himself, and the danger of helping vagrants, when one has not the wherewithal to clothe his own children. "The shirt is nearer than the coat." "To feed one's own maketh fat," &c. &c.

I had just turned to my sermon again, when Mr. Fleetman entered. He could not, he said, leave C—— without thanking his benefactor, by whose means he had been delivered from the greatest embarrassment. Jenny was just setting the table. We had an omelet and some turnips. I invited the traveller to dine with us. He accepted the invitation. It was very timely, he intimated, for he had eaten a very scanty breakfast. Polly brought some beer. We had not for a long while fared so well.

Mr. Fleetman seemed to enjoy himself with us. He had quite lost that anxious look he had, yet there was the shy, reserved manner about him, which is peculiar to the unfortunate. He inferred that we were very happy, and of that we assured him. He supposed also that I was richer and better to do in the world than I desired to appear. There he was mistaken. Without doubt the order and cleanliness of our parlour dazzled the good man, the clearness of the windows, the neatness of the curtains, of the dinner table, the floor, and the brightness of our tables and chairs. One usually finds a great lack of cleanliness in the dwellings of the poor, because they do not know how to save. But order and neatness, as I always preached to my sainted wife and to my daughters, are great save-alls. Jenny is a perfect mistress therein. She almost surpasses her mother, and she is bringing up her sister Polly in the same way. Her sharp eyes not a fly-mark can escape.

Our guest soon became quite familiar and intimate with us. He spoke more, however, of our situation than of his own. The poor man must have some trouble on his heart, I hope not upon his conscience. I remarked that he often broke off suddenly in conversation, and became depressed, then again he would exert himself to be cheerful. God comfort him!

As he was quitting us after dinner, I gave him much friendly counsel. Actors I know, are rather a light-minded folk. He promised me sacredly as soon as he should have money, to send back my loan. He must be sincere in that, for he looked very honest, and several times asked, how long I thought I should be able with the remainder of my ready money to meet the necessities of my household.

His last words were "It is impossible it should go ill with you in the world. You have heaven in your breast, and two angels of God at your side." With these words he pointed to Jenny and Polly.

Dec. 20.—The day has passed very quietly, but I cannot say very agreeably, for the grocer Jones sent me his bill for the year. Considering what we had had of him, it was larger than we had expected, although we had had nothing of which we did not ourselves keep an account. Only he had raised the price of all his articles. Otherwise, his account agreed honestly with ours.

The worst is the arrears of my last year's bill. He begged for the payment of the same, as he is in great need of money. The whole of what I owe him amounts to eighteen shillings.

I went to see Mr. Jones. He is a very polite and reasonable man. I hoped to satisfy him by paying him in part, and promising to pay the remainder by Easter. But he was not to be moved, and he regretted that he should be forced to proceed to extremities. If he could, he would gladly wait; but only within three days he would have to pay a note which had just been presented to him. With a merchant credit is every thing.

To all this there was nothing to be said in reply, after my repeated requests for delay had proved vain. Should I have let him go to law against me as he threatened? I sent him the money, and paid off the whole debt. But now my whole property has melted down to eleven shillings. Heaven grant that the actor may soon return what I loaned him. Otherwise I know not what help there is for us.

Now go to, thou man of little faith; if thou knowest not, God knoweth. Why is thy heart cast down? What evil hast thou done? Poverty is no crime.

Dec. 24.—One may be right happy after all, even at the poorest. We have a thousand pleasures in Jenny's new cloak. She looks as beautiful in it as a bride. But she wishes to wear it the first time abroad at church on New Year's day.

Every evening she reckons up and shows me with how little expense she has got through the day. We are all in bed by seven o'clock, to save oil and coals. That is no great hardship. The girls are so much the more industrious in the day, and they chat together in bed until midnight. We have a beautiful supply of turnips and vegetables. Jenny thinks we can get through six or eight weeks, without running in debt. That were a stroke of management without parallel. And until then we all hope that Mr. Fleetman will keep his word like an honest man, and pay us back the loan. If I appear to distrust him, it awakens all Jenny's zeal. She will allow no evil of the comedian.

He is our constant topic. The girls especially make a great deal out of him. His appearance interrupted the uniformity of our life. He will supply us with conversation for a full half year. Pleasant is Jenny's anger, when the mischievous Polly exclaims, "But he is an actor!" Then Jenny tells of the celebrated actors in London who are invited to dine with the princes of the royal family; and she is ready to prove that Fleetman will become one of the first actors in the world, for he has fine talents, and a graceful address and well-chosen phrases. "Yes, indeed!" said the sly Polly to-day very wittily, "beautiful phrases! he called thee an angel." "And thee too," cried Jenny, somewhat vexed. "But I was only thrown into the bargain," rejoined Polly, "he looked only at thee."

This chat and childish raillery of my children awakened my anxiety. Polly is growing up; Jenny is eighteen. What prospect have I of seeing these poor children provided for? Jenny is a well-bred, modest, handsome maiden; but all C— knows our poverty. We are therefore little regarded, and it will be difficult to find a husband for Jenny. An angel without money is not thought half so much of now-a-days as a devil with

a bag full of guineas. Jenny's only wealth is her gentle face. That every body looks kindly on. Even the grocer Jones, when she carried him his money, gave her a pound of almonds and raisins for a present, and told her how he was grieved to take my money, and that, if I bought of him, he would give me credit till Easter. He has never once said so much to me.

When I die, who will take care of my desolate children? Who! the God of Heaven. They are at least qualified to go to service any where. I will not distress myself about the future.

Dec. 26.—Two hard days these have been. I have never had so laborious a Christmas. I preached my two sermons in two days five times in four different churches. The road was very bad, and the wind and weather fearful. Age is beginning to make itself felt. I have not the freshness and activity I once had. Indeed, cabbage and turnips, scantily buttered, with only a glass of fresh water, do not afford much nourishment.

I have dined both days with farmer Hurst. The people in the country are more hospitable by far than here in the town, where nobody has thought of inviting me to dinner these six months. Ah! could I have only had my daughters with me at table! What profusion was there! Could they have only had for a Christmas feast what the farmer's dogs received of the fragments of our meal! They did have some cake, and they are feasting on it now while I write. It was lucky that I had courage, when the farmer and his wife pressed me to eat more, to say that, with their leave, I would carry a little slice of the cake home to my daughters. The good-hearted people packed me a little bag full, and, besides, as it rained pitifully, sent me home in their wagon.

Eating and drinking are indeed of little importance, if one has enough to satisfy his hunger and thirst. Yet it may not be denied that a comfortable provision for the body is an agreeable thing. One's thoughts are clearer. One feels with more vivacity.

I am very tired. My conversation with Farmer Hurst was noteworthy. I will write it off to-morrow.

Dec. 27.—We have lived to know what perfect joy is. But one must be moderate in his joys. The girls must learn self-restraint, and practise themselves therein. Therefore I lay aside the packet of money which Mr. Fleetman has sent. I will not break the seal until after dinner. My daughters are Eve's daughters. They are dying of curiosity to know what Mr. Fleetman writes. They are examining the address, and the packet is passing from one to the other three times in a minute.

Indeed I am more disturbed than rejoiced. I lent Mr. Fleetman only twelve shillings, and he sends me back £5. God be praised! He must have been very successful.

How joy and sorrow interchange! I went early this morning to the alderman, Mr. Fieldson, for I was told yesterday that the waggoner Brook at Watton Bassett had, on account of his embarrassments, destroyed himself. Some eleven or twelve years ago I went security for him to the amount of £100. He was distantly related to my sainted wife. The bond has never been cancelled. The man has latterly had much trouble, and given himself up to drinking.

The alderman comforted me not a little. He said he had heard the report, but that it was very doubtful whether Brook had destroyed himself. There had been no authentic intelligence. So I returned home comforted, and prayed by the way that God would be gracious to me.

I had hardly reached the house when Polly ran to meet me, exclaiming, almost breathless, "A letter! a letter from Mr. Fleetman, father, with £5! But the packet has cost seven pence." Jenny, with blushing looks, handed it to me before I had laid down my hat and staff. The children were half out of their wits with joy. So I pushed aside their scissors, and said, "Do you not see, children, that it is harder to bear a great joy with composure than a great evil? I have often admired your cheerfulness when we were in the greatest want, and knew not where we were to find food for the next day. But now the first smile of fortune puts you beside yourselves. To punish you I shall not open the letter nor the packet of money until after dinner."

Jenny would have it that it was not the money, but Mr. Fleetman's honesty and gratitude that delighted her, and that she only wanted to know what he wrote and how he was; but I adhered to my determination. This little curiosity must learn to practise patience.

The same day. Eve.—Our joy is turned into sorrow. The letter with the money came, not from Mr. Fleetman, but from the Rev. Dr. Snarl. He gives me notice that our engagement will terminate at Easter, and he informs me that until that time I may look about for another situation, and that he has accordingly not only paid me up my salary in advance, that I may bear any travelling expenses I may be at, but also directed the new vicar, my successor, to attend to the care of the parish.

Thus the talk of the people here in town was not wholly without foundation, and it may also be true, what is said, that the new vicar had received his appointment thus readily, because he has married a near relative of his Reverence, a lady of doubtful reputation. So I must lose my office and my bread for the sake of such a person, and be turned into the street with my poor children, because a man can be found to buy my place at the price of his own honour.

Jenny and Polly turned deadly pale, when they found that the letter came not from Mr. Fleetman, but from the Rector, and that the money, instead of being the generous return of a grateful heart, was the last wretched gratuity for my long and laborious services. Polly threw herself sobbing into a chair, and Jenny left the room. My hand trembled as I held the letter containing my formal dismissal. But I went into my little chamber, locked myself in, and fell upon my knees and prayed, while Polly wept aloud.

I rose from my knees refreshed and comforted, and took my Bible; and the first words upon which my eyes fell were, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."

Then all fear vanished out of my heart. I looked up, and said, "Yea, Lord, I am thine."

As Polly appeared to have ceased weeping, I went back into the parlour; but when I saw her upon her knees praying, with her clasped hands resting on a chair, I drew back and shut the door very softly, that the dear soul might not be disturbed.

After some time I heard Jenny come in. I then returned to my daughters. They were sitting at the window. I saw by Jenny's eyes that she had been giving relief to her anguish in solitude. They both looked timidly at me. I believe they feared lest they should see despair depicted on my countenance. But when they saw that I was quite composed, and that I had addressed them with cheerfulness, they were evidently relieved. I took the letter and the money, and humming a tune, threw them into my desk. They did not allude to what had happened the whole day. This silence in them was owing to a tender consideration for me; with me it was fear lest I should expose my weakness before my children.

Dec. 28.—It is good to let the first storm go by, without looking one's troubles too closely in the face. We have all had a good night's sleep. We talk freely now of Dr. Snarl's letter, and of my loss of office, as of old affairs. We propose all kinds of plans for the future. The bitterest thing is that we must be separated. We can think of nothing better than that Jenny and Polly should go to service in respectable families, while I betake myself to my travels to seek somewhere a place and bread for myself and children.

Polly has again recovered her usual cheerfulness. She brings out again her dream about the bishop's mitre, and gives us much amusement. She counts almost too superstitiously upon a New Year's present. I have sometimes thought much of dreams, but I do not believe in them.

As soon as the new vicar, my successor, shall have arrived and is able to assume the office, I shall hand over to him the parish-books, and take my way in search of bread elsewhere. In the meantime I will write to a couple of old friends at Salisbury and Warminster, to request them to find good places for my daughters, as cooks, seamstresses, or chambermaids. Jenny would be an excellent governess for little children.

I will not leave my daughters here. The place is poor, the people are unsocial, proud, and have the narrow ways of a small town. They talk now of nothing but the new vicar. Some are sorry that I must leave, but I know not who takes it to heart.

Dec. 29.—I have written to-day to my Lord Bishop of Salisbury, and laid before him in lively terms the sad, helpless situation of my children, and my long and faithful services in the vineyard of the Lord. He must be a humane, pious man. May God touch his heart! Among the three hundred and four parishes of the county of Wiltshire, there must certainly be found for me at least some little corner! I do not ask much.

Dec. 30.—The bishop's mitre that Polly dreamt of must soon make its appearance, otherwise I shall have to go to jail. I see now very plainly that the jail is inevitable.

I am very weak and in vain do I exert myself to practise my old heroism. Even strength fails me for fervent prayer. My distress is too much for me.

Yes, the jail is unavoidable. I will say it to myself plainly, that I may become accustomed to the prospect.

The All-merciful have mercy on my dear children! I may not—I cannot tell them.

Perhaps a speedy death will save me from the disgrace. I feel as if my very bones would crumble away; fever-shivering in every limb,—I cannot write for trembling.

Some hours after.—Already I feel more composed. I would have thrown myself into the arms of God and prayed. But I was not well. I lay down on my bed. I believe I have slept, perhaps also I fainted. Some three hours have passed. My daughters have covered my feet with pillows. I am weak in body, but my heart is again fresh. Every thing which has happened, which I have heard, flits before me like a dream.

So the wagoner Brook has indeed made away with himself. Alderman Fieldson has called and given me the intelligence. He had the coroner's account, together with the notice of my bond. Brook's debts are very heavy. I must account to Withell, a woollen-draper of Trowbridge, for the hundred pounds sterling.

Mr. Fieldson had good cause to commiserate me heartily. Good God! a hundred pounds sterling! How shall I ever obtain it? All that I and my children have in the world would not bring a hundred shillings. Brook used to be esteemed an upright and wealthy man. I never thought that he would come to such an end. The property of my wife was consumed in her long sickness, and I had to sacrifice the few acres at Bradford which she inherited. Now I am a beggar. Ah! if I were only a free beggar! I must go to prison if Mr. Withell is not merciful. It is impossible for me even to think of paying him.

Same day. Eve.—I am ashamed of my weakness. What! to faint! to despair! Fy! And yet believe in a Providence! And a priest of the Lord! Fy, Thomas!

I have recovered my composure, and done what I should. I have just carried to the post-office a letter to Mr. Withell at Trowbridge, in which I have stated my utter inability to pay the bond, and confessed myself ready to go to jail. If he has any human feeling, he will have pity on me, if not, he may drag me away, whithersoever he will.

When I came from the office, I put the courage of my children to the proof. I wished to prepare them for the worst. Ah! the maidens were more of men than the man, more of Christians than the priest.

I told them of Brook's death, of my debt, and of the possible consequences. They listened earnestly and in great sorrow.

"To prison!" said Jenny, silently weeping, while she threw her arms around me. "Ah, thou good, poor father, thou hast done no wrong, and yet hast to bear so much! I will go to Trowbridge; I will throw myself at Withell's feet; I will not rise until he releases thee!"

"No," cried Polly, sobbing, "do not think of such a thing. Tradesmen are tradesmen. They will not for all thy tears give up a farthing of father's debt. I will go to the woollen-draper, and bind myself to live upon bread and water, and be his slave, until I have paid him with my labour what father owes."

In forming such plans, they gradually grew more composed. But they saw also the vanity of their hopes. At last said Jenny, "Why all these useless plans? Let us wait for Mr. Withell's answer. If he will be cru-

el, let him be so. God is also in the jail. Father, go to jail. Perhaps thou wilt be better there than with us in our poverty. Go, for thou goest without guilt. There is no disgrace in it for thee. We will both go to service, and our wages will procure thee every thing needful. I will not be ashamed even to beg. To go a-begging for a father has something honourable and holy in it. We will come and visit thee from time to time. Thou shalt be well taken care of. We will fear no more."

"Jenny, thou art right," said Polly; "whoever fears, does not believe in God. I am not afraid. I will be cheerful—as cheerful as I can be, separated from father and thee."

Such conversations cheered my heart. Fleetman was right when he said that I had two angels of the Lord at my side.

Dec. 31.—The year is ended. Thanks be to Heaven, it has been, with the exception of some storms, a right beautiful and happy year! It is true, we often had scarcely enough to eat—still we have had enough. My poor salary has often occasioned me bitter cares, still our cares have had their pleasures. And now I scarcely possess the means of supporting myself and my children half a-year longer. But how many have not even as much, and know not where to get another day's subsistence! My place have I lost. In my old age I am without office or bread. It is possible that I shall spend the next year in a jail, separated from my good daughters. Still Jenny is right; God is there also in the jail!

To a pure conscience there is no hell even in hell, and to a bad heart no heaven in heaven. I am very happy.

Whoever knows how to endure privation is rich. A good conscience is better than that which the world names honour. As soon as we are able to look with indifference upon what people call honour and shame, then do we become truly worthy of honour. He who can despise the world, enjoys heaven. I understand the gospel better every day, since I have learned to read it by the light of experience. The scholars at Oxford and Cambridge study the letter not the spirit. Nature is the best interpreter of the Scriptures.

With these reflections I conclude the year.

I am very glad that I have now for some time persevered in keeping this journal. Every body should keep one. One may learn more from himself than from the wisest books. When, by daily setting down our thoughts and feelings, we in a manner portray ourselves, we can see at the end of the year how many different faces we have. Man is not always like himself. He who says he knows himself, can answer for the truth of what he says only at the moment. Few know what they were yesterday; still fewer what they shall be to-morrow.

A day-book is useful also, because it helps us to grow in faith in God and Providence. The whole history of the world does not teach us so much about these things as the thoughts, judgments, and feelings of a single individual for a twelvemonth.

I have also had this year new confirmation of the truth of the old saying, "Misfortunes seldom come singly, but the darkest hour is just before morning." When things go hard with me, then am I most at my ease, always excepting the first shock, for then I please myself with the prospect of the relief which is sure to succeed, and I smile because nothing

can disturb me. On the other hand, when every thing goes according to my wishes, I am timid and anxious, and cannot give myself up freely to joy. I distrust the continuance of my peace. Those are the hardest misfortunes, which we allow to take us by surprise. It is likewise true, that trouble looks more terrible in the distance than when it is upon us. Clouds are never so black when near as they seem in the distance.

I have learnt from all my calamities to consider, with the quickness of lightning, what will be their worst effect upon me. So I prepare myself for the worst, and it seldom comes.

This also I find good—I sometimes play with my hopes, but I never let my hopes play with me. So I keep them in check. I have only to remember how rarely fortune has been favourable to me; then all air-castles vanish as if they were ashamed to appear before me. Alas for him who is the sport of his hopes! He pursues will-o'-the-wisps into the bogs and mire.

New Year's Day, 1765. A. M.—A wonderful and sad affair opens the year. Here follows its history.

Early, about six o'clock, as I lay in bed thinking over my sermon, I heard a knocking at the front door. Polly was up and in the kitchen. She ran to open the door and see who was there. Such early visits are not usual with us. A stranger presented himself with a large box, which he handed to Polly with these words: "Mr. ——" (Polly lost the name) "sends this box to the Rev. Vicar, and requests him to be very careful of the contents."

Polly took the box with joyful surprise. The man disappeared. Polly tapped lightly at my chamber door to see whether I was awake. I answered, and she came in, and wishing me "a happy new year," as well as "good morning," added, laughing, "you will see now, dear father, whether Polly's dreams are not prophetic. The promised bishop's mitre is come!" And then she told me how a New Year's present had been given her for me. It vexed me, that she had not asked more particularly for the name of my unknown patron or benefactor.

While she went out to light a lamp and call Jenny, I dressed myself. I cannot deny that I was burning with curiosity. For hitherto the New Year's presents for the Vicar of C——e had been as insignificant as they were rare. I suspected that my patron, the farmer, whose good-will I appeared to have won, had meant to surprise me with a box of cake, and I admired his modesty in sending me the present before it was light.

When I entered the parlour, Polly and Jenny were standing at the table on which lay the box directed to me, carefully sealed, and of an unusual size. I had never seen exactly such a box before. I lifted it, and found it pretty heavy. In the top were two smoothly cut round holes.

With Jenny's help, I opened the box very cautiously, as I had been directed to handle the contents carefully. A fine white cloth was removed, and lo!——but no, our astonishment is indescribable. We all exclaimed with one voice, "Good God!"

There lay a little child asleep, some six or eight weeks old, dressed in the finest linen, with rose-coloured ribands. Its little head rested upon a soft blue silk cushion, and it was well wrapt up in a blanket. The covering as well as the little cap, was trimmed with the costliest Brabant lace.

We stood some moments gazing at it with silent wonder. At last Polly broke out into a comical laugh, and cried, "What shall we do with it? This is no bishop's mitre!" Jenny timidly touched the cheek of the sleeping babe with the point of her finger, and in a tone full of pity, said, "Poor, dear little creature! thou hast no mother, or might as well have no mother! Great God! to cast off such a lovely, helpless being! Only see, father; only see, Polly, how peacefully and trustfully it sleeps, unconscious of its fate, as if it knew that it is lying in God's hand. Sleep on, thou poor, forsaken one! Thy parents are perhaps too high in rank to care for thee, and too happy to permit thee to disturb their happiness. Sleep on, we will not cast thee out. They have brought thee to the right place. I will be thy mother."

As Jenny was speaking, two large tears fell from her eyes. I caught the pious, gentle-hearted creature to my breast and said, "Be a mother to this little one! The stepchildren of fortune come to her stepchildren. God tries our faith—no, he does not try it, He knows it. Therefore is this forsaken little creature brought to us. We do not indeed know how we shall subsist from one day to another, but He knows, who has appointed us to be parents to this orphan."

Thus the matter was soon settled. The child continued to sleep sweetly on. In the meanwhile, we exhausted ourselves in conjectures about its parents, who were undoubtedly known to us, as the box was directed to me. Polly, alas! could tell us nothing more of the person who brought it than she had already told. Now, while the little thing sleeps, and I run over my New Year's sermon upon "the Power of the Eternal Providence," my daughters are holding a council about the nursing of the poor stranger. Polly exhibits all the delight of a child. Jenny appears to be much moved. With me, it is as if I entered upon the New Year in the midst of miracles, and—it may be superstition, or it may be not—as if this little child were sent to be our guardian angel in our need. I cannot express the feelings of peace, the still happiness which I have.

Same day. Eve.—I came home greatly exhausted and weary with the sacred labours of the day. I had a long and rugged walk. But I was inspirited by a happy return home, by the cheerfulness of my daughters, by our pleasant little parlour. The table was ready laid for me, and on it stood a flask of wine, a New Year's present from an unknown benevolent hand.

The looks of the lovely little child in Jenny's arms refreshed me above all things. Polly showed me the beautiful little bed of our nursling, the dozen fine napkins, the dear little caps and night-clothes, which were in the box, and then a sealed packet of money directed to me, which they had found at the feet of the child when it awoke, and they took it out.

Anxious to learn something of the parentage of our little unknown inmate, I opened the packet. It contained a roll of twenty guineas and a letter, as follows:

"Relying with entire confidence upon the piety and humanity of your Reverence, the unhappy parents of this dear child commend it to your care. Do not forsake it. We will testify our gratitude when we are at liberty to make ourselves known to you. Although at a distance, we shall keep a careful watch, and know every thing that you do. The dear

boy is named Alfred. He has been baptized. His board for the first quarter accompanies this. The same sum will be punctually remitted to you every three months. Take the child. We commend him to the tenderness of your daughter Jenny."

When I had read the letter, Polly leaped with joy, and cried, "There's the bishop's mitre!" Bountiful Heaven! how rich had we suddenly become. We read the letter a dozen times. We did not trust our eyes to look at the gold upon the table. What a New Year's present! From my heaviest cares for the future was I thus suddenly relieved. But in what a strange and mysterious way! In vain did I think over all the people I knew, in order to discover whom it might be who had been forced by birth or rank to conceal the existence of their child, or who were able to make such a liberal compensation for a simple service of Christian charity. I tasked my recollection, but I could think of no one. And yet it was evident that these parents were well acquainted with me and mine.

Wonderful are the ways of Providence!

Jan. 2.—Fortune is heaping her favours upon me. This morning I again received a packet of money, £12, by the post, with a letter from Mr. Fleetman. It is too much. For a shilling he returns me a pound. Things must have gone well with him. He says as much. I cannot, alas, thank him, for he has forgotten to mention his address. God forbid I should be puffed up with my present riches. I hope now in time to pay off honestly my bond to Mr. Withell.

When I told my daughters that I had received a letter from Mr. Fleetman, there was a new occasion for joy. I do not exactly understand what the girls have to do with Mr. Fleetman. Jenny grew very red, and Polly jumped up laughingly, and held up both her hands before Jenny's face, and Jenny behaved as if she was right vexed with the playful girl.

I read out Fleetman's letter. But I could scarcely do it, for the young man is an enthusiast. He writes many flattering things which I do not deserve. He exaggerates every thing, even indeed when he speaks of the good Jenny. I pitied the poor girl while I read. I did not dare to look at her. The passage, however, which relates to her, is worthy of note. It runs thus:

"When, excellent sir, I went from your door, I felt as if I were quitting a father's roof for the bleak world. I shall never forget you, never forget how happy I was with you. I see you now before me, in your rich poverty, in your Christian humility, in your patriarchal simplicity. And the lovely, fascinating Polly; and the—ah! for your Jenny I have no words! In what words shall one describe the heavenly loveliness by which every thing earthly is transfigured? For ever shall I remember the moment when she gave me the twelve shillings, and the gentle tone of consolation with which she spoke to me. Wonder not that I have the twelve shillings still. I would not part with them for a thousand guineas. I shall soon perhaps explain every thing to you personally. Never in my life have I been so happy or so miserable as I am now. Commend me to your sweet daughters, if they still bear me in remembrance."

I conclude from these lines that he intends to come this way again. The prospect gives me pleasure. In his unbounded gratitude, the young

man has perhaps sent me his all, because I once lent him half of my ready money. That grieves me. He seems to be a thoughtless youth, and yet he has an honest heart.

We have great delight in the little Alfred. The little thing laughed to-day upon Polly, as Jenny was holding him, like a young mother; in her arms. The girls are more handy with the little citizen of the world than I had anticipated. But it is a beautiful child. We have bought him a handsome cradle, and provided abundantly for all his little wants. The cradle stands at Jenny's bedside. She watches day and night like a guardian spirit, over her tender charge.

Jan. 3.—To-day Mr. Curate Thomson arrived with his young wife and sent for me. I went to him immediately at the inn. He is an agreeable man and very polite. He informed me that he was appointed my successor in office; that he wished, if I had no objections, to enter immediately upon his duties, and that I might occupy the parsonage until Easter: he would in the meanwhile take up his abode in lodgings prepared for him at Alderman Fieldson's.

I replied that, if he pleased, I would resign my office to him immediately, as I should be thus more at liberty to look out for another situation. I desired only permission to preach a farewell sermon in the churches in which I had for so many years declared the word of the Lord:

He then said that he would come in the afternoon to examine the state of the parsonage.

He has been here with his wife and Alderman Fieldson: His lady was somewhat haughty and appears to be of high birth, for there was nothing in the house that pleased her, and she hardly deigned to look at my daughters. When she saw the little Alfred in the cradle, she turned to Jenny and asked, whether she were already married. The good Jenny blushed up to her hair, and shook her little head by way of negative, and stammered out something. I had to come to the poor girl's assistance. My lady listened to my story with great curiosity, and drew up her mouth, and shrugged her shoulders. It was very disagreeable, but I said nothing. I invited them to take a cup of tea. But they declined. Mr. Curate appeared to be very obedient to the slightest hint of the lady.

We were very glad when the visit was over.

Jan. 6.—Mr. Withell is an excellent man; to judge from his letter. He sympathizes with me in regard to my unfortunate bond, and comforts me with the assurance that I must not disquiet myself if I am not able to pay it for ten years, or ever. He appears to be well acquainted with my circumstances, for he alludes to them very cautiously. He considers me an honest man: That gratifies me most. He shall not find his confidence misplaced. I will go to Trowbridge as soon as I can, and pay Mr. Withell Fleetman's £12 sterling, as an instalment of my monstrous debt.

Although Jenny insists that she sleeps soundly, that little Alfred is very quiet o' nights, and only wakes once, when she gives him a drink out of his little bottle, yet I feel anxious about the maiden. She is not so lively by far, as formerly, although she seems to be much happier than when we were every day troubled about our daily bread. Sometimes she sits with her needle, lost in a reverie, dreaming with open eyes; or her hands,

once so active, lie sunk upon her lap. When she is spoken to, she starts, and has to bethink herself what was said. All this evidently comes from the interruption of her proper rest. But she will not hear a word of it. We cannot even persuade her to take a little nap in the daytime. She declares that she feels perfectly well.

I had no idea that she had so much vanity. Fleetman's praises have not displeased her. She has asked me for his letter, to read once more. And she has not yet returned it to me, but keeps it in her work-basket!

I don't care for my part! the vain thing!

Jan. 8.—My farewell sermon was accompanied with the tears of most of my hearers. I see, now at last that my parishioners love me. They have expressed their obligations on all hands and loaded me with gifts. I never before had such abundance of provisions in the house, so many dainties of all kinds, and so much wine. A hundredth part of my present plenty would have made me account myself over-fortunate in past days. We are really swimming in plenty. But a goodly portion has already been disposed of. I know some poor families in C——e, and Jenny knows even more than I. The dear people share in our pleasures.

I was moved to the inmost by my sermon. With tears had I written it. It was a sketch of my whole past course from my call and settlement. I am now driven from the vineyard as an unprofitable servant, and yet I have not laboured as a hireling. Many noble vines have I planted, many deadly weeds cut away. I am driven from the vineyard where I have watched, and taught, and warned, and comforted, and prayed. I have shrunk from no sick bed. I have strengthened the dying for the last conflict, with holy hope. I have gone after sinners. I have not left the poor, desolate. I have called back the lost to the way of life. Ah! all these souls that were knit to my soul, are torn from me—why should not my heart bleed? But God's will be done!

Gladly would I now offer to take charge of the parish without salary, but my successor has the office. I have been used to poverty from my birth, and care has never forsaken me since I stepped out of my boys-shoes. I have enough for myself and my daughters in little Alfred's board. We shall be able indeed to lay up something. I would never again complain of wind and weather beating against my gray hairs, could I only continue to break the bread of life to my flock.

Be it so! I will not murmur. The tear which drops upon this page, is no tear of discontent. I ask not for riches and good days, nor have I ever asked. But, Lord! Lord! drive not thy servant for ever from thy service, although his powers are small. Let me again enter thy vineyard, and with thy blessing win souls.

Jan. 13.—My journey to Trowbridge has turned out beyond all expectation. I arrived late with weary feet at the pleasant little old city, and could not rouse myself from sleep until late the next morning. After I had put on my clean clothes (I had not been so finely dressed since my wedding-day—the good Jenny shows a daughter's care for her father,) I left the inn and went to Mr. Withell's. He lives in a splendid, great house.

He received me somewhat coldly at first; but when I mentioned my

name, he led me into his little office. Here I thanked him for his great goodness and consideration; told him how I had happened to give the bond, and what hard fortunes had hitherto been mine. I then laid my £12 upon the table.

Mr. Withell looked at me for a while in silence, with a smile, and with some emotion. He then extended his hand, and shook mine, and said, "I know all about you. I have informed myself particularly about your circumstances. You are an honest man. Take your £12 back. I cannot find it in my heart to rob you of your New Year's present. Rather let me add a pound to it, to remember me by."

He arose, brought a paper from another room, opened it and said, "You know this bond and your signature? I give it to you and your children." He tore the paper in two, and placed it in my hand.

I could find no words, I was so deeply moved. My eyes filled. He saw that I would thank him, but could not, and he said, "Hush! hush! not a syllable, I pray you. This is the only thanks I desire of you. I would gladly have forgiven poor Brook the debt, had he only dealt frankly with me."

I don't know a more noble-hearted man than Mr. Withell. He was too kind. He would have me relate to him much of my past history. He introduced me to his wife, and to the young gentleman his son. He had my little bundle, containing my old clothes, brought from the inn, and kept me at his house. The entertainment was princely. The chamber in which I slept, the carpet, the bed, were so splendid and costly that I hardly dared to make use of them.

The next day Mr. Withell sent me home in his own elegant carriage, I parted with my benefactor with a heart deeply moved. My children wept with me for joy when I showed them the bond. "See," said I, "this light piece of paper was the heaviest burthen of my life, and now it is generously cancelled. Pray for the life and prosperity of our deliverer!"

Jan. 16.—Yesterday was the most remarkable day of my life. We were sitting together in the forenoon; I was rocking the cradle, Polly was reading aloud, and Jenny was seated at the window with her needle, when she suddenly jumped up, and then fell back again deadly pale into her chair. We were all alarmed, and cried, "What is the matter?" She forced a smile, and said, "He is coming!"

The door opened, and in came Mr. Fleetman in a beautiful travelling cloak. We greeted him right heartily, and were truly glad to see him so unexpectedly and, as it appeared, in so much better circumstances than before. He embraced me, kissed Polly, and bowed to Jenny, who had not yet recovered from her agitation. Her pale looks did not escape him. He inquired anxiously about her health. Polly replied to his questions, and he then kissed Jenny's hand, as though he would beg her pardon for having occasioned her such an alarm. But there was nothing to be said about it, for the poor girl grew red again like a newly blown rose.

I called for cake and wine, to treat my guest and benefactor better than on a former occasion; but he declined, as he could not tarry long, and he had company at the inn. Yet at Jenny's request, he sat down and took some wine with us.

As he had spoken of the company which had come with him, I supposed that it must be a company of comedians, and inquired whether they intended to stop and play in C——, observing that the place was too poor. He laughed out, and replied, "Yes, we shall play a comedy, but altogether gratis." Polly was beside herself with joy, for she had long wanted to see a play. She told Jenny, who had gone for the cake and wine. Polly inquired whether many actors had come with him. "A gentleman and lady," said he, "but excellent players."

Jenny appeared unusually serious. She cast a sad look at Fleetman, and asked, "And you—will you also appear?" This was said in that tone peculiarly soft, yet very penetrating, which I have seldom observed in her, and only upon rare occasions, and at the most serious moments.

Poor Fleetman himself trembled at her tone, so like the voice of the angel of doom. He looked up to her with an earnest gaze, and appeared to struggle with himself for an answer, and then advancing towards her a step, he said, "Miss, by my God and your's, you alone can decide that!"

Jenny dropped her eyes. He continued to speak. She answered, I could not comprehend what they were about. They spoke—Polly and I listened with the greatest attention, but we neither of us understood a word, or rather we heard words without any sense. And yet Fleetman and Jenny appeared not only to understand one another perfectly, but, what struck me as very strange, Fleetman was deeply moved by Jenny's answers, although they expressed the veriest trifles. At last Fleetman clasped his hands passionately to his breast, raised his eyes, streaming with tears, to heaven, and with an impressive appearance of emotion, exclaimed, "Then am I indeed unhappy!"

Polly could hold out no longer. With a comical vivacity, she looked from one to the other, and at last cried out, "I do believe that you two are beginning to play already!"

He pressed Polly's hand warmly, and said, "Ah! that it were so!"

I put an end to the confusion by pouring out the wine. We drank to the welfare of our friend. Fleetman turned to Jenny, and stammered out, "Miss, in earnest, my welfare?" She laid her hand upon her heart, cast down her eyes, and drank.

Fleetman immediately became more composed. He went to the cradle, looked at the child, and when Polly and I had told him its history, he said to Polly with a smile, "Then you have not discovered that I sent you this New Year's present?"

We all exclaimed in utter amazement, "Who! you?" He then proceeded to relate what follows: "My name," said he, "is not Fleetman. I am Sir Cecil Fairford. My sister and myself have been kept out of our rightful property by my father's brother, who took advantage of certain ambiguous conditions in my father's will, and involved us in a long and embarrassing lawsuit. We have hitherto lived with difficulty upon the little property left us by our mother, who died early. My sister has suffered most from the tyranny of her uncle, who was her guardian, and who had destined her for the son of an intimate and powerful friend of his. But my sister, on the other hand, was secretly contracted to the young Lord Sandom, whose father, then living, was opposed to their marriage. Without the knowledge either of my uncle or the old lord, they were se-

cretly married. The little Alfred is their son. My sister, under the presence of benefiting her health and availing herself of sea-bathing, left the house of her guardian, and put herself under my protection. When the child was born, our great concern was to find a place for it where it would have the tenderest care. I accidentally heard a touching account of the poverty and humanity of the parish minister of C——, and I came hither to satisfy myself. The manner in which I was treated by you decided me.

"I have forgotten to mention that my sister never returned to her guardian. For about six months ago I won the suit against him, and entered into possession of my patrimony. My uncle instituted a new suit against me for withdrawing my sister from his charge; but the old Lord Sandom died suddenly a few days ago of apoplexy, and my brother-in-law has made his marriage public. So that the suit falls to the ground, and all cause for keeping the child's birth secret is removed. Its parents have now come with me to take the child away, and I have come to take away you and your family, if the proposal I make you shall be accepted.

"During the lawsuit in which I have been engaged, the living, which is in the gift of my family, has remained unoccupied. I have at my disposal this situation, which yields over £200 per annum. You, sir, have lost your place. I shall not be happy unless you come and reside near me and accept this living."

God only knows how I was affected at these words. My eyes were blinded with tears of joy. I stretched out my hands to the man who came a messenger from heaven. I fell upon his breast. Polly threw her arms around him with a cry of delight. Jenny thankfully kissed the baronet's hand. But he snatched it from her with visible agitation and left us.

My happy children were still holding me in their embraces, and we were still mingling our tears and congratulations, when the baronet returned, bringing his brother-in-law, Lord Sandom, with his wife. The latter was an uncommonly beautiful young lady. Without saluting us, she ran to the cradle of her child. She knelt down over the little Alfred, kissed his cheeks and wept freely with mingled pain and delight. Her lord raised her up, and had much trouble in composing her.

When she had recovered her composure and apologized to us all for her behaviour, she thanked first me and then Polly, in the most touching terms. Polly disowned all obligation, and pointed to Jenny, who had withdrawn to the window, and said, "My sister there has been its mother!"

Lady Sandom approached Jenny, gazed at her long in silence and with evidently delighted surprise, and then glanced at her brother with a smile, and folded Jenny in her arms. The dear Jenny, in her modesty, scarcely dared to look up. "I am your debtor," said my lady, "but the service you have rendered to a mother's heart it is impossible for me to repay. Become a sister to me, lovely Jenny; sisters can have no obligations between them." As they embraced each other, the baronet approached. "There stands my poor brother," said my lady; "as you are now my sister, he may stand nearer to your heart, dear Jenny, may he not?"

Jenny blushed and said, "He is my father's benefactor."

"Will you not be," replied the lady, "the benefactress of my poor brother? Look kindly on him. If you only knew how he loves you!"

The baronet took Jenny's hand and kissed it, and said, as Jenny struggled to withdraw it. "Miss, will you be unkind to me? I am unhappy without this hand." Jenny, much disturbed, let her hand remain in his. The baronet then led my daughter to me, and begged me for my blessing.

"Jenny," said I, "it depends upon thee. Do we dream? Canst thou love him? Do thou decide."

She then turned to the baronet, who stood before her, deeply agitated, and cast upon him a full, penetrating look, and then took his hand in both hers, pressed it to her breast, looked up to heaven, and softly whispered, "God has decided."

I blessed my son and my daughter. They embraced. There was a solemn silence. All eyes were wet.

Suddenly Polly sprang up, laughing through her tears, and flung herself upon my neck, while she cried, "There! we have it! The New Year's present! Bishop's mitres upon bishop's mitres!"

Little Alfred awoke.

It is in vain—I cannot describe this day. My happy heart is full, and I am continually interrupted.

M A Y .

BY BRO. J. B. ROGERSON, OF ENG.

BEAUTIFUL May! thou comest once again,
 Clad in thy vest of green, and deck'd with flowers,
 Smiling and sunny as a happy child,
 And full of joy as maiden of sweet thoughts.
 The sky hath long been overcast with clouds,
 And plashing rains and cold ungracious winds
 Have damp'd our joys, and filled our hearts with gloom;
 But now the breeze goes dancing o'er the earth;
 The monarch sun sits proudly on his throne,
 And throws his beams in liberal largesse round;
 The buds shine brightly in the thick green grass,
 And birds rush singing through the perfum'd air;
 The fragrant hawthorn loads the sheltering hedge,
 And on the chesnut tree white blossoms hang,
 Gracing its boughs like wreaths of living snow;
 The sycamore is now the haunt of bees,
 Who seek to rob it of its balmy wealth;
 Laburnums hang their golden chaplets out,
 And silver circlets deck the guelder-rose;
 Blossoms are blushing on the apple tree,
 And all around upon the orchard boughs
 Those welcome harbingers of fruit are hung.

The primrose and the violet have gone,
Chac'd by a host of many-coloured flowers,
That cluster thickly on the verdant banks;
And, hid among the reeds and sedges, sings
That imitative sprite, the mocking bird.
At dusky eve the glow-worm lights her lamp,
A cheering beacon to the nightingale,
Which in its covert singeth sweet and clear,
Whilst far away the cuckoo's notes are heard,
That bird of spring who chanteth night and day.

Welcome, sweet May! thou darling of the bard,
Whether of ancient or of modern time;
Thou month of spring-tide promise, smiling May,
Thou month of blushing blossoms, and sweet flowers,
Thou "merry month," thou best-belov'd of birds,
Thou emblem of all fresh and beauteous things,
I give thee welcome, and I bid thee hail!
Thou art not honour'd as in days of old,
When even princes out a-maying went,
And youthful rustics usher'd in thy birth
With music's sound, and lusty blast of horn,
Whilst from some neighbouring wood they branches broke,
Adorning them with crowns of glowing buds,
That they might deck their dwellings in thy praise.
No more do maids at break of morning stray
Where they may find thy bright and pearly dew,
Which gossips tell will add unto their bloom,
And make them lovelier in their lovers' eyes.

Seldom we see the village May-pole now,
Rearing on high its flowery-crested head,
Whilst active dancers whirl about its base,
And quips and cranks and laughter loud abound.
Thou hast no more the ancient Morris-dance,
With fool grotesque, and young and beauteous queen:
The fair made Marian, with her crown of gold,
Juggler, and friar, and prancing paste-board steed,
Spaniard, Morisco, and the minstrel old,
No more appear thy birth to celebrate.
These have departed, but thou comest still,
Rich in thy pristine treasures, lovely May;
The trees and flowers still glorify thy path,
And breeze and bird make music unto thee;
Still dost thou to the poet give delight,
And, therefore, do I welcome thee again,
Rejoicing in thy presence, lovely May.

ADDRESS.

BY PATRIARCH, ROBERT S. WOODSIN.*

WHILST men have, individually, an abundance of egotism and self-esteem, it is seldom that they have a sufficiently impressive idea of the dignity and importance of the human race as a class; and thus, are they apt to be unmindful of the object of their creation, and the high duties they owe to the great Creator. By the spirit of his own majestic God spake into being a stupendous universe—called into full play and living activity animated worlds and systems, and by a wonderful power breathed harmony upon the whole—a universe whose mystery is so great that a single atom of its composition baffles the comprehension of the most gigantic intellect. But amid the countless, wonderful creations of Almighty power, there are, perhaps, none known to us so wonderful, and at the same time so important as man himself. He it is who seems to have been the chief delight of his Creator. The world appears to have been made for him, and the future may develop all of its capacities placed under his control. In the grand consummation of creation there was a clustering around him—endowed with an intellect and a genius bestowed upon no other creature—gifted with a soul and an immortality the boon of no other being, and vested with an adaptation to two worlds, he stands forth the hero of the great work. He is pre-eminent in physical formation and capacity, possessing in his constitution a greater nicety, complexity, power and usefulness, than any other created being. All over the earth his works are the monuments of his glory. No country or climate can boast of him as its native, but his home is the world: "Man is not a plant rooted to a certain spot of earth, all soils and all climates are alike suited to him." But yet, in a more striking view is his superiority exhibited, when we look at his mental capacities. It is the lot of other animals to be contented with the gratifications of the appetites of nature. Man lives a more ethereal life, nor is contented alone with the things of time and sense. The bright pages of nature are spread out before him, all fraught with the deepest interest; and with the aid of his reason, and judgment, and imagination, he drinks deep from its universal and unfailing fountains—fathoms the depths of the seas, visits the remotest corners of the earth, and flies through space, bringing even the elements in subjection to his will.

But though thus high and exalted above his fellow-beings in physical capacity, and power, and organization, and vastly superior in intellectual and moral endowment, yet his grand distinguishing trait is his immortality. The destiny of man is beyond this world. His consummation is not here. He is to live again. Why is he so restless? Why does all nature fail to satiate his desires? The sweetest rose but yields a transient breath; the richest fruit but gives a fleeting savour; the soft music

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of the spheres thrills the soul with but a moment's joy; the green landscape, all varied with the mountain and the valley, but wakes still more the active mind; the bright garlandry of the heavens but makes us long to search the hidden things above. The mind outstrips itself, and hungered and restless, vainly calls for new-born joys. There is a principle within us which feeds a hope for something afar off in the future. The golden age is ever in the past, or yet to come. And yet the very idea of annihilation strikes the soul with horror.

"Whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us—

'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."

Such being the character, such being the capacities, such being the superiority, and such the destiny of man, how great, how vastly important are the duties and responsibilities resting upon him! If our duties are of such moment in a state of nature, of much greater moment are they in a state of improvement and society, and more especially here where a beneficent God has given us the most salubrious climate and the most fertile soil—here where we have a splendid association of civil, political and religious liberty. But upon you, Odd-Fellows, how much heavier still rest your duties, bound by all those obligations, with the addition of the responsibilities imposed by the government of your Order.

In Odd-Fellowship there is a government, peculiar, beautiful and necessary. I need scarce remark upon the necessity of government here and elsewhere. It is co-eval with the existence of the world. It was the first recorded act of infinite power. In the beginning, when the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters, and God said, let there be light and there was light. Thus by a mysterious power did he rule the elements. Thus in the beginning by a grand effort of his majesty, did he grasp chaos and cast it upon the immensity of space, a *universe* of government, all harmonious and complete.

Again: governments are as numerous and as various as are the circumstances of nature. Indeed all nature, both intellectual and physical, presents one grand assemblage of governments, running into and through one another; mixing and intermingling with one another, and all,—the whole—encircled by the wide-spreading grasp of the Governor of the Universe. From the small and insignificant bee, which has its petty commonwealth distinguished for an energy, a perseverance and an order, which may teach lessons of profoundest wisdom to higher intelligences, up to the proud czar of all the Russias, and then on still higher to that power which causes

"Planets, suns and adamantine spheres,
To wheel unshaken through the void immense."

Government is stamped every where. But first of all is that of the Crea-

tor. All others are but subsidiary to and dependent upon that. If man were perfect—if he were not frail and erring—if he had not tasted

the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world with all our woe,

then we think there would be no necessity of other government than that of God. But alas! such is not the case. Men require something more than the mere prospect of reward or punishment beyond the grave to restrain them. Although the divine law has been thundered from Mount Sinai—has been handed down in the sacred scriptures—is preached from the pulpit—is inscribed upon the broad tablet of nature—is written upon the blue vault of the heavens—is intimated in a thousand ways, yet his frailties and imperfections have not been entirely remedied—his passions have not been entirely curbed. Yet man continues to slay his fellow-man; filch from him his good name, and rob him of his property. Yet the poor unfortunate, clad alone in his misfortunes, can scarce obtain a look of tender sympathy from his proud brother. Thrown upon his own resources in some degree, and thus goaded by stern necessity, the genius of man has instituted and developed civil government.

Now all civil government is but the result of that principle of our nature which causes men to assemble themselves together—of society. For without society there would be no need of government. We must chain a part of our (natural) liberty in order that the rest (more rational and moral) may have full play and a wide scope. The idea of the largest liberty is visionary and preposterous. We cannot then exist without government, as it is impossible to live without society. Hence in all ages of the world, and in all climates, we find it existing, from the government of the patriarchs, and that of the most polished nations of antiquity and of modern times, down to the rude and simple government of the Indian.

I have intimated that in the very nature of the case the divine law, or the law of nature, is not sufficient; but that civil laws have been added as a matter of necessity. But are all these sufficient? No. By a strange fatality not one-half obey the divine, and from the nature of the case the civil laws have always been so imperfect, that we have many wants that cannot be gratified; many of the asperities of our nature that cannot be smoothed. But the human mind is restless in the pursuit of happiness, and genius cannot be restrained. And hence have been instituted many new associations as men have become enlightened and advanced in science, morality, religion and society, designed to carry out the intentions of the divine government, and to supply the defects of the civil government.

And here, if you please, is to be found the true origin of Odd-Fellowship. It has been the pleasure of some in their laboured speculations, to date its origin at an early day, thus throwing around it the mystic glory of fancied reverence and veneration. It is true that some—indeed all of the cardinal principles of the Order are as antique as the throne of Jehovah itself. But I imagine that the origin of the institution, as it now exists, is to be found in the general progression of science and society. It was the result of necessity operating upon the advanced state of knowledge, of government, of morality, and of religion. It is a creature of the eigh-

teenth century. It made its appearance into the world amidst the full blaze of that moral, religious, political and intellectual light which cast such a splendid halo of glory around the last century.

The government of Odd-Fellowship comprehends and takes within its cognizance those things which are not of necessity included by the civil laws. And as the civil laws would be of no force, but null and void, were they not obeyed and respected, so all the laws of our Order are useless unless we strictly obey, cherish and respect them; and the institution, without this obedience, is nothing but an empty, foolish pageantry.

I say, then, that Odd-Fellowship is a thing of necessity. But it is also peculiar in its character. The civil magistrate rules with a rod of iron; the executioner or the lictor goes forth with the kingly fiat, and the life and liberty of his subjects are in his hands—the Pope issues the papal bull and his subjects bleed at every pore. There is a physical power exercised in all these, but here we scorn all such means. We govern and are governed by moral suasion. So the Almighty Ruler of the Universe governs all things by *moral* power.

But the end and object of Odd-Fellowship is glorious; being, in truth, the happiness of the human race; and this is accomplished by precept and practice. It is important that we should unite in order to accomplish the greatest amount of good. The cares, the misfortunes, and the hardships of life, are so many enemies combined against us. As an army can be most successfully, and only successfully, resisted by the combined efforts of the citizens of a State, who singly would be of but little force, so these our enemies must be resisted by union. This institution, in its present capacity, may be compared to the human body with all its members, each strong and vigorous. Take these members apart and their vigour is no more. In a collected effort there is strength.

There is a fellow-feeling—a sympathy existing between those who are professedly engaged in the same grand enterprise. There is a kind of congeniality of spirit in those who are aiming at the same high mark which makes them lose sight of the inconsiderate distinctions of party, and sect, and class, in the eager press after the great object. Merit, and merit alone, becomes the sure password of friendship, love and fellowship.

Have you ever noticed how many of the ills of life result from that enmity which exists between individuals? Remove the cause and you remove the effect. This being done there results necessarily that hallowed friendship so often the theme of the poet's song—so often praised—so seldom practised. Friendship is inculcated as one of the principles of this Order. It is taught nightly, daily, hourly, in the Lodge and out of it—a sincere and ardent friendship for the members of the Order and all connected with them. Indeed, it is one of the main pillars of the fabric, and every good Odd-Fellow has it deeply rooted in his heart. Yea, it is so cherished, and nourished, and cultivated, that in time it glides into that still more ethereal and, if possible, more hallowed love—love to God—love to our fellow-men; and particularly love to our brothers—love in all its purity and holiness.

The study of the sacred scriptures is enjoined upon every member, because their principles tend more than every thing else to ameliorate the condition of the human race—because they contain the purest moral precepts, the most divine religion, the sublimest thought, the finest style and

the profoundest erudition. And they are taught, moreover, because they reveal that first great principle—Truth. Truth pervades all nature. The Odd-Fellow looks for it every where—seizes it with avidity—cherishes it with friendship and love, and is ready to die by it—and supported by its power, is conscious of its strength, though its enemies hurl against it the fiery darts of malice and persecution, dipt in the rank poison of slander. Truth is a certain antidote to slander—hence he has inscribed upon the tablet of his heart, as upon the arch of the temple, in golden letters, Friendship, Love and Truth. These are the pillars of the institution. Brothers, would that I could dart a *feeling* conviction of the truth of this sentiment into your *hearts*. Can we hope to be a band of brothers without these hallowed principles. A union without them, even if it could exist, would not be desirable. There may be minds which can fancy Odd-Fellowship in existence after these sublime principles shall have been extinguished, but mine cannot. I can see nothing in such a prospect but the darkest gloom, general anarchy and confusion—thoughts and deeds of blackest hue—a grand disruption. If this institution is to stand, let it stand upon these. If upon any other foundation, then may it speedily fall. When it comes to this, then may it be scattered abroad even from the memory of its now devoted members. But thank God they are bound to prevail.

We do not, as a society, forbid the *use* of intoxicating liquors, but only the *abuse* of them. But intemperance is forbidden, because it may reduce the member's family to want and ignominy, himself to degradation and disgrace, and the society of which he is a member to disrepute. Indeed, the drunkard cannot be an Odd-Fellow; and so soon as a *member* becomes such so surely is he expelled from these walls, deprived of the privileges of the Order, and considered unworthy to be the associate of Odd-Fellows as such. Brothers, let us wake up on this subject; let us be vigilant against this foe to the human race. Let us be watchful against a vice which steals upon us with syren song. Let us guard the doors of this temple against this arch enemy of man.

Conscience, when well directed and properly educated, is man's best guide. The real, genuine Odd-Fellow is conscientious in all his actions in life. In our day men are punished but for few conscientious deeds. For those which his conscience does not approve he is ever punished. There is a lash within himself which is always goading him. Nor will it let him rest day or night. The deed once done there is no escape from it. It follows him into all climates; attends him into all circles; stands a spectre before him in the full blaze of the noon-day's sun, and rises up in his distempered dreams.—

"He that commits a sin shall quickly find
The pressing guilt weigh heavy on his mind;
Though bribes or favour shall assert his cause,
Pronounce him guiltless and elude the laws,
None quits himself, his own impatient thought
Will damn, and conscience will record the fact."

To relieve the suffering of those who are in distress, and especially the weak and defenceless—in a word, to use all honest and honorable means to ameliorate the condition of the human family, with industry and alacrity, aided by regular and systematic action and concert, with a full view

of our high responsibilities to God, and our duties to our fellow-men, becomes a fact of the great work being undertaken.

Although Odd-Fellowship has existed in the United States only twenty-five years, it is now in nearly every State in the Union. There are now upwards of 30,000 in full compliance. During the year 1843 there were relieved by the operation of the Lodges 4,564 persons. The number of members buried by the Lodges 194—the amount paid for the relief of members \$49,081 16 cts.—amount paid for the relief of widowed families \$5,106 69 cts.—amount paid for the education of orphans \$4,355 21 cts.—amount paid for burying the dead \$7,646 32 cts. The whole amount thus expended during the year 1843 is \$66,677 17 cts. The whole revenue of the Order is \$182,186 47 cts.

In this village Odd-Fellowship has existed but about two years. Although its blessings may not appear to have been poured out upon this town, yet, like the blessed dews of heaven, they have been quietly distilled upon it, all pure, and calm, and silent. May its charities be ever thus bestowed—may Odd-Fellowship ever come, like the angel of peace to the dreaming soldier, *whispering* of home and joy; not like the messenger of war, *trumpeting* to the world the tidings of desolation.

But it is asked, that if such is the good resulting from Odd-Fellowship, why such mystery connected with it? I love the charity that is clad in mystery. 'Tis as the foliage to the green-bay tree. Mystery is the very life and soul of the institution, and without it I would not give one cent for the Order. Strip us of this and we are completely paralyzed. But why not permit it to be veiled in mystery? Sir, mystery is not mysterious. You are more familiar with it than with any thing on earth. It pervades all space; exists throughout the whole universe, and becomes a part of every particle of matter. All nature teems with it. Your very existence is mysterious. How is it that you live and breathe? How is it that the sprig of grass springs up into life and beauty from the bosom of the earth? How is it that the mind leaves the body, as it seems, in its deep slumbers, and fleeing with the rapidity of lightning afar off to the sunny fields and green hillocks of childhood, calls back in a moment the hours that are gone for ever, those dear friends that sleep in the cold grave, holding sweet converse with the dead? Oh! 'tis a glorious mystery—this that rolls back the tide of time—God, nature, the heavens, the earth, the immortal mind, the complicated body—I admire them, I love them, I revere them none the less, but still the *more*, because the sable veil of mystery envelopes them all.

The duties which Odd-Fellowship imposes upon its members do not contradict those high and important duties which we owe to our God, our country, or our fellow-men. That allegiance which we owe to our God is of the highest and most transcendent character. Being the great Ruler of the Universe, by whom all things were made and are now governed—existing from before the beginning, and being ere time began, from everlasting to everlasting all-powerful, all-wise, and all-just, what in comparison with him and his government are all the powers of man. In the scale how dwindle into insignificance all the kingdoms, and states, and potentates, and societies of earth! The spirit of this institution is highly religious. There are Christians amongst us—Christians whose faith is dearer, far dearer, than the warm blood that courses through their

veins—Christians whose tenets link them to the skies, and who will remain firm and steadfast longer than a single pulsation of life shall last.—Ask them if their faith is weakened; if their morals are corrupted; if their consciences have been hardened; all, to a man, will answer, “No, no, no.” The best Christian makes the best Odd-Fellow. Amidst the long and bright catalogue of virtues which shed beauty and glory upon the humble worshipper at the shrine of mercy, there exists not one with which Odd-Fellowship does not claim close kindred. When the saint shall have been transplanted to the paradise of glory, and seated at the right-hand of his Creator, the chaplet which shall wreath his brow will be all interwoven with the principles of this Order.

It cannot but be admitted, even by the most zealous and extravagant admirer, that this institution has many enemies, not only in the north and the east, but also here at home. In other parts of the United States a party has arisen against an institution, at least in one respect, similar to this, who have for a long time waged against it a venomous warfare. And one of the chief objections alleged against that institution they allege against this. It is said that the assembling together of a number of persons with closed doors, in strict secrecy, is anti-republican and prejudicial to the government; and as is the tendency of all disputes of a secular character, this has been ingratiated into the politics of the land. Perhaps men have fallen into no greater error. Every Lodge has published to the world its constitution, containing its rules and regulations. By them it will be perceived that religious or *political* disputes are never permitted in the Lodge. We will permit the most devoted and acknowledged patriot and republican in the land, if he has the requisite moral qualifications, and will consent to abide the constitution as published to the world, to enter into our midst and be advised of all the mysteries and secrets—and then leave the institution whenever he may please. Shall not the thousands of patriots and philanthropists who are devoted members of the Order, be a pledge for the patriotism of the institution? Shall not the strong and ardent attachment extended by its members for the republican government of which we so much boast, be an earnest of the patriotism? If per possibility the interests of Odd-Fellowship and those of our country should clash and come in conflict the Odd-Fellow would permit it—dearly as he loves it, and fondly as he doats upon it, to sink rather than that his country should suffer. He is for his country right or wrong. When fortune smiles and peace pours its rich store of blessings upon the land, he is found in sweet accordance with it, basking in the benignity of its hallowed influences. But when “the storm is up and all is on the hazzard”—when fierce war rages throughout the land, and the loud roar of its artillery wakes the slumbering energies of his country—then, if I mistake him not—he is first to arms, to the rescue, and to victory—and baring his breast against the storm of conflict, in defence of his liberty, his household gods and his country, he will sink or swim with its fortunes, and to the latest hour cling to the last remnant of the constitution and laws. The Odd-Fellow is the same every where—whether in the cold climates of the north, or upon the burning sands of the south,—or the soft clime and classic land of Italy—or in our own free land of America—always for the truest, best interests of the country.

Nor is there aught in Odd-Fellowship which in the least contradicts

those great duties which we owe to mankind. If when a stranger, afar off in a strange land, long, long from home, and relations, and friends, and tossed upon the turbulent sea of life, flies when convulsed with the throbs of disease from the cold charities of a heartless world, the Odd-Fellow ministers to his wants and cools his raging fever, he does him an injury, then indeed has he sinned. If to take the weak and tender infant upon whom the winds of life blew roughly, by the hand and learn him to walk, and to support and educate him in morals and science—rearing him up an ornament to his race, to do battle by deeds of chivalry in time of war, and in peace to act the best part of the best citizen—if to become the father to the fatherless be against the best interests of his fellow-man, then has he egregiously erred. If when death wrestles with the strong man—paralyzes the sinewy arm—bleaches the ruddy cheek, and dims the bright eye, the Odd-Fellow wrongs him, when he pours the balm of sacred truth into his soul, watches over his expiring moments at the dark and terrible hour of midnight, wafts his soul upon his fervent prayers to the judgment-seat, and drops his tears of sympathy upon the cold grave, then is he truly unfortunate.

Odd-Fellowship is the very acme of society. When men shall have gone on, and on, with improvement after improvement in the social compact, until they *act* out the principles of Odd-Fellowship then, and not till then, will they have reached its zenith.

“IS NOT THIS THE CARPENTER’S SON?”

BY MISS E. C. HURLEY, OF NEW YORK.

THIS was a question from the awe-struck throng,
 When Jesus meekly walk'd the crowd among;
 Wisdom supreme in his soft accents flow'd,
 Gentle humility each action show'd.
 Surrounded by the vile, profane, and rude,
 He spake to all with mild solicitude;
 Yet all He said fell grating on the ear,
 Though listen'd to with wonder, doubt, and fear.
 Not carelessly observ'd the doctrine new,
 That brought men's imperfections all to view:
 That held self-righteousness of little worth,
 That men were sinful from their very birth;
 Inclia'd to evil, ever prone to ill,
 That which is wrong, most pleasant to the will;
 Blindly pursuing where the passions led,
 Though the heart quail'd beneath the stubborn head.
 Oh is it wonderful such men should find,
 Nothing in Jesus that could charm the mind?
 Who talk'd of wisdom, not of learning's lore;
 Who liv'd a life men dream'd not of before.

Where peace and gentleness were only shown,
Though might and majesty were all His own.
What wonder that the people awe-struck stood,
Attentive to His speech, in doubtful mood ;
He mov'd a God, a Godlike doctrine taught,
One who from lowest ranks of life was brought.
'Twas deem'd presumption, arrogant and vain,
That plebian tongue should high born ears detain.
Thus things of yesterday presum'd to scan
The wonder-working ways of God with man.
Man is but man, with God none high, none low,
Life's book when open'd will no difference show.
The name once written on that changeless page,
Seal'd by His blood, earth's sorrows to assuage,
Who humbly liv'd, triumphantly did die,
Though a cross only met the scoffer's eye.
This is a school for arrogance and pride,
Which wisdom infinite doth thus deride.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP.—No. 2.

WE contemplate with profound admiration the wisdom and perseverance of those whose labours have elevated our beloved Order to its present high position. When we take a retrospective view of the past, and see what has been done by individual and collective enterprise, we find much to stimulate us in our labours of love. Our institution is now in the days of its triumph, and the finger of scorn no longer affects us. If we have enemies, we know that they are ignorant of our principles, or they are enemies of a virtuous life. Every revolving year brings with it something to our advantage ; and increases our facilities for carrying out the principles of Odd-Fellowship. It also opens to us some new field for exertion, draws around us more firmly the bonds of our union ; and calls on us for increased and heart-felt gratulation. Let no one suppose that his work is done until sin and misery are banished from our earth, and all men are enabled to dwell together in unity.

Our institution having for its object Benefit and Charity, it may be well to view them separately ; by doing so we shall be better able to understand the particular uses we are designed to perform—no man arrives at excellencies from the practice of generalities. That Lodge is capable of being the most useful whose individual members are best acquainted with every part of our system ; and we hope in another number to illustrate more fully this important truth.

Our fund is a common fund, in which we should all feel an equal interest. When it is appropriated for use, we should all feel a lively desire in having it appropriated to its true end ; like a prudent man who provides himself with a comfortable home to shield him from the contending elements of the physical world, so we should first provide ourselves with a suitable regalia and a comfortable room for our meetings. In observing

this we should be careful never to have any external appearance that is not beautifully significant of a principle within. Our external forms should express and be in perfect harmony with the principles we profess. The Grand Lodge of the United States have laboured hard to make the external a true representative of the internal, and they are entitled to the gratitude of every Odd-Fellow for the manner in which they have done their work. Our natural body becomes cold or dead, when separated from its soul or spirit, no matter how perfect the form may have been. So the forms of our Order will be cold or dead, if they cease to convey to our minds their own true principles. For this cause we should all desire that while our eyes are feasted with the beautiful arrangement of the external, our hearts may be quickened into new life by the ever living and ever active principles they represent. After having disposed all things into the most harmonious arrangement, so far as we are able for our immediate wants, we should use our best endeavours to accumulate a fund against a time of need. In times of general prosperity the demands for pecuniary aid will be comparatively small, and by judicious management our funds will be constantly accumulating, thereby giving us the power to render more active assistance in time of need. But in days of adversity, when sickness and death is hovering over us, like the cholera or some epidemic fever; when stout hearts have grown fearful, and all men stand aghast, feeling that death is in their path, it is then that an accumulated fund will be viewed as of the utmost importance. Then too will be seen the self-sacrificing principles of Brotherly-Love bringing forth its votaries like ministering angels, relieving the temporal wants of the sick, easing the couch of the dying, and pouring into the hearts of the afflicted that kind of human sympathy that is ever grateful to the soul. So long as sickness and death are in the world, just so long we shall need a fund to relieve the temporal wants of our brethren, a fund to ameliorate the condition of the destitute widow, and to educate the orphan.

Amidst the changing scenes of life there are none of us can say that we are beyond the reach of the extremest misery; no one but may some day need the assistance of his brethren; and how pleasant the reflection, that should the ills of life beset us, we have friends to care for us, and brethren too, that are ever ready to "do as they would wish to be done by." If we are in distress and our brethren assist us, we do not call it a charity; we call it a benefit—we feel that we have a right to it—it is what we have paid for, and is properly our own. Without a fund our institution becomes weak and feeble. There is no source from which the wants of the destitute can be so well supplied as from the general fund. It therefore becomes the duty of every individual member to guard well the funds of the institution, or the Lodge to which he belongs. Beyond the pale of our Order many of us have seen affluent families reduced to beggary. The cheerful and happy husband, the gay and smiling wife, well clothed and well fed prattling children, by some sudden reverse of fortune plunged deep in misery, with scarce enough left to keep soul and body together. We have also seen them in the hour of sickness without money, without friends, the husband writhing in agony, the wife in tears, and the children crying for bread, while heart-rending scenes like these have been the lot of some without, we rejoice in being able to say that no such trials have been experienced by any within the legitimate sphere of

our Order. To avoid this in all coming time we must do all we can to create, and guard the funds of our institution. Some, perhaps, may think that our regular contributions are too high, thereby rendering the expense of membership greater than is necessary; but when we consider the active operations that our obligations require, the frequent demands on our treasury that sickness and death is making, we do not see how we can carry out our principles and have them less than they are. It in reality is but little for each one, and even that little may come back to us with interest; and should we never need it, we have the satisfaction of knowing that it will some day be appropriated to lessen the amount of human wo.

Some have been disposed to condemn our institution because we do not extend our charities to the community at large. So far as money is concerned, we are professedly a Mutual Aid Association; and if our treasury was free to all the world, we should very soon be deprived of the means of rendering efficient aid to our brethren; and besides, in attempting too much, we should find ourselves unable to do any thing well; and thus our power to ameliorate the condition of man would be almost entirely destroyed. All associations with which we are acquainted reserve to themselves the right of making such disposition of their funds, as they may think proper, and we know of no good reason why we should not be allowed the same prerogative.

As a charitable association we believe we stand on the only ground that will permit our continued prosperity. We have definite objects in view, which can only be attained through the exercise of a self-sacrificing spirit. In labouring to carry out these great designs we must, from necessity, cultivate human sympathy, and enlarge our capacity to exercise liberal sentiments and feelings. We are taught to respect a brother though he may differ with us in opinion, and nothing short of moral degradation will make it right for us to pass a brother unnoticed, or view him as either above or below us. By this I do not mean that we have no distinctions between one another, but simply that each one is judged by the moral and intellectual progress he has made.

Our Lodges being composed of men holding almost every variety of religious sentiments and opinions, renders the exercise of charity of vital importance to us all. So far as our observation goes, wherever a Lodge of Odd-Fellows exists, the whole community is benefitted thereby. Religious, political, social and domestic circles are learned to estimate human character by virtuous actions; not only is the moral standard elevated, but the whole are stimulated to make ceaseless efforts in spreading far and wide a large and more liberal charity. When we contemplate the purity and the abundance of its waters, we are led to ask, who shall count the blessings flowing from the moral river of Odd-Fellowship; who but the degraded, or the deluded, can wish to see her holy fountain dried up? Surely every good man will say:—

Yes; onward be thy course, thou healthful stream;
 Pour into every wound thy healing balm;
 Bid life, and death, be evermore serene,
 And sorrow flee away, no more to harm.

May beauty be supplied; what good she craves;
 Forever loving, and forever loved;
 Pass through this vale of tears, to honored graves,
 And find a home most sweet; in realms above.

Yes; onward be thy course, nor cease to flow
 Till man his fellow-man shall learn to love;
 Till all within, around, above, below,
 Shall raise a note of praise to God above.

GEORGIA.

THE PARTED.

THOUGH nothing can be more honourable than opulence acquired by industry, it often happens in a large manufacturing town, that individuals spring from a penurious origin to the possession of enormous wealth without acquiring those generous habits of thinking and feeling which alone can render affluence respectable. Pinched and scorned in their early days, they contract a notion that the opposite of all evil is in the mere exemption from poverty, that all men who do not make money are either imbecile or dissolute, and that they are in no danger of offending against any of the rules of life, if they only keep their gold from waste.

Old James Bisset was a person of this kind, who flourished a considerable number of years ago in Glasgow—a city which, though containing many men who have alike gained fortunes by honourable means, and enjoyed them in a creditable manner, must necessarily be the habitation of some others, characterized in the way we have described. The individual we are alluding to had originally been a small shopkeeper. Lucky turns in trade, joined to indefatigable industry, ultimately enabled him to become the principal shareholder and director of a bank, in which line of business he realized a fortune which was literally beyond calculation. Day after day, with the most pertinacious regularity did he assume his seat in a small screened space in the telling-room, where he was ready, without appearing publicly, to be consulted on all occasions of difficulty. With what a knowing air would he handle any odd kind of bill that was presented to him! How keenly, and yet at the same time coldly, would he inspect signatures which he was not very much in the habit of seeing! Were the presentee a somewhat embarrassed trader, struggling, by means of bills, to avert the destruction which they only rendered the more certain and deadly, James was sure to have heard some *inkling* (to use one of his own phrases) of what was going forward, and the answer accordingly was given, with a polite smirk, enough to sink the victim into the earth—"It is not just convenient." Were the applicant a young man recently entered into business, and not very well off for capital, then, whatever might be his personal merit, whatever his industry, whatever his prospects in trade, it was—"We do not know the parties." The first time I saw Bisset was in his own bank. He happened to come forth from his den, to say something to a clerk, and I took him fully into my eye as he crossed the floor. There he was, with his neat person, marked with a dash of the antique—his substantial west of England black *stand of clothes*, small

silver buckles at the knees, clear black shoes, and white scanty hair—the very beau-ideal of a close, careful man, of rigid uprightness and propriety in all things, but—no feeling. If, thought I, this man hath a daughter, how difficult to get a man good enough for her! If he have a son, how impossible for that son to “be every thing that his father could desire!” In this man’s estimation, the world must be a scene of almost unmixed unworthiness. Not one man in five hundred will be any thing in his eyes. If the whole of mankind were worth a plum each, it would be paradise once more. But there being few so very good, it must be like the doomed city, with not nearly a sufficient exception of respectability to save it from general contempt. How, thought I, would this man act if he had a child in the situation of Belvidera, or Juliet, or Ophelia!—for, strange as it may seem, even this hardened mass of feelingless clay might quite well, in the course of nature, be the father of some being, matching, in softness, and affection, and sensibility, all or any one of those creatures of the imagination.

There were, as I afterwards learned, some circumstances in the family of Mr. Bisset, which had tried his heart in a way not far different from what I was supposing—but found it wanting. He had but one daughter, Anne, who had married a person of her own rank some years before, when her father was as yet but a rising and struggling man. This person, whose name was Inglis, prosecuted business for years with success, but eventually, owing to the rise in his style of living, which the ambition of his wife demanded, in order to keep pace with her father’s advancing greatness, while that father would never render his son-in-law the least assistance, he became—to use a well-understood phrase of delicacy—unfortunate. The ruin of the son-in-law produced hardly a changed muscle in old Bisset. He only remarked, one day, that he had never had any very good opinion of that frequent advertising practised by Mr. Inglis, and had often told him so, but without effect. “And then his own extravagance,” said the old gentleman, with a generous forbearance of all further explanation. This coldness, however, would not do. Bisset soon found, that, if Inglis could not support his wife and his children, he would be obliged to support his daughter and his grand-children; and he therefore allowed himself the luxury, and claimed from the world the merit, of doing his son-in-law the great kindness of setting him once more up in business. His advances, however, were in such a form as to give him a complete dominion over Inglis, so long as they were not repaid—a power he exercised to its fullest extent, in pestilent and querulous interferences in every movement made by his son-in-law. The consequence was, that the young man lost heart, and really became guilty of the very errors which Bisset wished him to avoid. His business, which at first showed some symptoms of revival, began to decline; ordinary obligations were answered with some difficulty; and application was made for further advances to Bisset, who, so far from granting them, was only incited to look the more sharply after what he had already given. Finally, to gain some paltry preferences upon the estate of his son-in-law, he forced him a second time into the pit of ruin, from which, of course, a second redemption was not to be hoped for. “Far better,” said Bisset, “to support my daughter and her family by a direct outlay, than vainly endeavour, at an infinitely greater cost, to keep her up through the means of that rascally dog of a husband.”

Inglis, who was in reality a man of good dispositions, though of soft and rather indolent character, was never able, after this event, to hold his face up in the world. Mortified more by the cruelty of his wealthy relative than even by his disagreeable position in mercantile society, he sunk for a time into dissipated habits, and was accordingly given up for lost by all his former friends. The world was at the same time partly aware of the severity with which he had been treated, and seemed fully disposed to pity and befriend him; but, as it invariably happens, any good that might have arisen from this state of public feeling, was neutralized by the impossibility of relying upon the conduct of the man himself—for how can any employer, or any one who has credit to dispense, depend upon the behaviour of a tippler?—a man who may to-day contract obligations with the full and conscientious design of fulfilling them honourably, but whose best resolutions may be dissipated to-morrow before the temptation of that meanest of all indulgences, a dram! Thus Inglis went down, and down, and down, without the least power, apparently, to avert his own decline. His father-in-law had never seen him since the period of his second failure. He pretended that he could not endure to look upon a man who had injured him so much, and whose conduct was so far from reputable. His daughter he proposed to take home into his own house, along with her children, amounting to four in number, but only on the strict understanding that she was never again to meet her husband.

Mrs. Inglis was one of a somewhat uncommon class of women, but who, nevertheless, are a class—cold, tame, and self-indulgent; capable of discharging carefully the most of the minor duties of life, and even, perhaps, notable for good general behaviour, but who are totally unfit, when called upon, to act upon high and self-denying principles. Her husband she liked well enough; but then she liked her father too. She would have been well content to continue living with her husband; but then his circumstances were not such that she *could* live with him. And the children—what was she to do with them? Ought she not rather to leave her husband, in order to ensure their support and comfort, than stay with him, and see them subjected to all conceivable hardships? In short, she found far more than the requisite excuse to commit the *great sin* of parting with her husband on the terms proposed by her father. She went to the enjoyment of every luxury that tongue could name or heart desire, to bring up her children like the sons of princes, and to be the fondled pet of a doating father, who could never see wrong in either her sayings or her doings; while he, whom she had sworn never to part from, for any thing that the world could either give or take away—the father, too, of those children—the being with whom she had once seemed to share an absolute community of existence, was shred away from her like a noxious weed, and left to find his own solitary and cheerless way through the world, with no hope except in the correcting vengeance of that Deity whose laws she had so shamelessly violated.

Inglis now became a thorough prey to fortune. For a while, but only a little while, after their parting, his wife was worked upon by his written solicitations to send him small sums of money, which she had saved off the allowance made to her by her father; and she even ventured on one occasion, at the risk of being turned out of her splendid house, to pay a stolen visit to her unhappy partner, at a time when he was supposed to

be dangerously ill. Soon, however, even this intercourse ceased. Exposed every day to hear her father's sentiments respecting Inglis, she insensibly became hardened towards him, looking upon herself and her children, and her father, as forming a particular system by themselves—one of great magnificence and unimpeachable virtue and propriety—and her husband as a poor and disreputable object, which was quite alien to the former. Then came a time when the sight of her shabby husband would occasionally cross her sight on the streets, to wither all the enjoyments amidst which she lived, and she would shrink away from the accusing spectacle, like a murderer from the sight of blood—thinking that every eye in the surrounding crowds was intent in estimating the contrast between her own luxurious condition and the abject misery of one who was still, let her do what she would, a part of herself. Then came a time when her children growing up to observation of the world, would ask if they also, as well as their companions, had a father?—and where was he?—and would they ever see him?—and would he bring them home playthings, like other fathers whom they named, who were long from home?—questions that, like lashes, brought each away a piece of the very flesh along with it, though rather by the humiliation they inflicted, than any feeling of remorse. One day, the eldest girl, who, contrary to custom, had been permitted to wander into the town, came home quite breathless with surprise and haste, saying that she had been seized on the street and hurried into an alley by a horrid-looking man, who called himself her father, and insisted on kissing her several times, which, when she resisted, with cries that alarmed some people who were passing, he set her down hurriedly, and ran away out of sight, leaving her, she said, with her face all covered with his tears. Still greater care was taken thereafter to prevent the children from wandering out of sight; but not long after, as the gay and gorgeous lady was stopping in her carriage at a shop in Argyle Street, with her four beautifully dressed children around her, Catherine suddenly started up, and, pointing to some one on the pavement, cried, "There, mamma! there is the bad man who called himself my father!" And, on her involuntarily turning to the object thus indicated, her eyes were met by another pair, so wild, so mournful, and so full of painful meanings, that she had hardly breath to ask the coachman to drive on.

A time at length came when this very child was seized with what appeared to be a mortal illness. Both mother and grandfather were watching over her in a state of inexpressible grief, and every moment was expected to be her last. At the height of their sorrow, a hurried but subdued knocking was heard at the outer door, and presently after there arose the sound of a scuffle between the servant and some one who wished to make a forcible entrance. "Shall I not see my own child!" cried a hoarse and broken voice, which, all altered as it was, they knew too truly to be that of the unfortunate Inglis, and presently after he burst wildly into their presence. The lady fainted, and, while Bisset stood trembling with rage in the middle of the floor, the desperate man approached the bed of the dying infant, whom he took tenderly in his arms, and kissed with the most affectionate fervour. "What right—by what—what right," cried Bisset, almost choking with passion, "do you make this intrusion? Sir, I tell you, you have no right to be here." And he stopped from absolute inability to command his voice. "I have a right to be here," re-

plied Inglis, after having carefully laid down the child. "Your house, perhaps, and yourself, and these staring servants there, are not in any way under my control; but to this child, sir, I *have* a right. She is mine, by the laws of both God and man, and I could this moment take her for ever from your sight, even were you to see her gasp her last in my arms before we reached the door. You know this, sir; and cruel and base as you are, you cannot dispute it. Nor that lady there," he added, with a bitter sneer, "when she revives from her amiable trepidation, could she deny it either."

"In the name of God, then," said the miser, awed by the very wrath of his wronged son-in-law, "what do you mean to do? Your violence, however we may bear it, must be most distressing to this dying innocent, and may even prove the immediate cause of her death. Would it not be better that you quietly retired, now that you have seen what you wanted to see!"

The unhappy man could make no answer. His eye was fixed in silence upon his child, whose countenance at this moment began to exhibit the unequivocal symptoms of coming dissolution. "My Catharine—my Catharine!" he cried, and next moment clasped a lifeless corpse. A few minutes thereafter, rendered unresisting apparently by his intense grief, he permitted himself to be led peaceably to the door, and gave the afflicted house no more trouble.

It is often of advantage to a man who has entered upon evil courses, that something should occur to give an agitation to his whole system of feeling. The shock of some tremendous grief, like a thunder-storm in the elements, seems to clear the mental atmosphere, and fit him for once more commencing, if his passions will permit, the career of virtue. Inglis, apparently reformed, now proceeded to Edinburgh, where he had no evil reputation to contend with; and, on the strength of a small sum communicated to him, in a letter of partial kindness, by his wife, opened a school for such branches of education as he found himself qualified to teach. The attempt, though unprosperous at first, was beginning to be attended with some small share of success—his manners being, at the same time, observed to continue quite irreproachable—when he was seized by a severe chronic disease, which disabled him for a whole winter, and left him, at the return of spring, without a penny in his pocket, or a pupil in his academy. His life, after this disaster, was one unbroken scene of distresses, pecuniary and otherwise, and, but for the slender succour which was occasionally rendered to him by the good will, rather than the ability, of his poor neighbours, he must have died of hunger. The unfortunate always herd with the unfortunate; the unfortunate alone can judge of and feel for the unfortunate; while no other can properly be to them either a companion, or a benefactor, or a judge. Inglis, while deserted by a wife, the crumbs of whose luxury would have been to him an ample furnishing, and overlooked by all men who were once his equals, found in those who were nearly as destitute as himself, the only friendship he ever experienced; the only true sympathy for his condition; the only alms that any one would give. Blessings, double blessings, be on the generous poor!

It happened in the revolutions of life, that an intimate friend of the writ-

er of this narrative became acquainted with the story and circumstances of the unfortunate Inglis, and was able to do something for the alleviation of his many troubles. He found him to be, upon the whole, a man of an inoffensive character, of some acuteness of mind, and more than the average of information, but outworn with past excesses, and the attrition of a perpetual grief. He spoke little of his misfortunes or of his family; but one day, being rather more depressed than usual, and the cause being asked, he said he had just heard that his second son, whom he had not seen for many years, was about to come to the capital, for the purpose of studying for the bar, and being certain that the young man would be there without ever inquiring for his father, or perhaps being aware of his existence, he had experienced more than usual distress of mind from the consideration of his extraordinary circumstances. My friend could not help acknowledging, that, even after enduring so much, a new circumstance, involving so unnatural an association of ideas, might well be expected to give him additional uneasiness.

This ill-used man at length died in a humble lodging, where he existed solely upon charity; and his wife, being written to on this occasion, replied by the simple transmission of a sum of money sufficient to bury him and discharge his little debts. No notice was taken of the event by his family. His widow wore her usual gay dresses; his children were not even informed of their loss; his name was "never heard."

God, however, in due time, seemed (as far as mortals might be permitted to interpret his decrees) to manifest his sense of this unholy violation of one of his earliest and most solemn injunctions. The children, in whom the mother and grandfather took so much delight, were one after another snatched away by the various diseases of childhood and youth, till not one was left to console their age, or inherit the wealth which had so absurdly been hoarded for them. The loss it may well be supposed, was mourned with tears of double bitterness, for it was impossible to take such a calamity as an occurrence altogether within the ordinary course of nature. The lady was so much exhausted by her exertions for her children, that she took ill immediately after the death of the last, and, mental anguish aiding in the progress of the malady, she did not live many weeks. Bisset, who apparently had never thought it possible that he could be predeceased by his daughter, and so many blooming children; was, by this event, struck with a kind and degree of grief altogether foreign to his nature. He yet survives—but only as a spectacle to excite the pity of those who know him. Palsied, fatuous, and blind, he is nothing but a living block; nor can all his gold, immense as it is in amount, reflect one consoling ray on his decline. His wealth, which, if well used, might have spared him the life of the only being he ever loved, and kept other hearts besides from breaking, will speedily be dispersed among a number of distant relatives, who neither care for its present owner, nor will be advantaged, perhaps by its possession.—*Chamb. Ed. Jour.*

EDITOR S TABLE.

War against Odd-Fellowship.—Many of our brethren complain bitterly against the spirit of intolerance towards our Order and the haste for its overthrow, which prevails among certain religionists. But to us, who, having during a long period been accustomed to witness this feeling and to observe its varied influences upon public opinion, it has never been the subject of the slightest care. There are, it is true, a few sincere and honest opponents of the cause of Odd-Fellowship among the clergy—men who distrust the ultimate security of the doctrines of Christianity in any community where abstract *morals* constitutes the code of action and is cherished as the standard of excellence. By far the greater number of those who are at pains to traduce the character and underrate the value of our efforts to do good as ministers of mercy and kindness, are mere time-serving men. They hope to create excitement—to stir up the public mind to a state of feeling in which reason, judgment and all its virtuous attributes are subverted, and mere passion or impulse substituted as the guide of public sentiment. Such men have a game to play—they have a heavy stake in the cast of the die. If they strike the sympathetic cord in popular feeling, and are fortunate in creating a *breeze*, the victory enures to their individual profit in some way or other. Although it has been often said that we live in an age of *humbug*, the popular intelligence resists all the efforts of these pseudo saints, and penetrates the veil which covers *self* under the garb of their professed religion, and we think that we but repeat what all experience demonstrates to be true, when we say to our brethren, that every assault from this quarter upon the impregnable fortress of Odd-Fellowship, only serves to contrast the weakness of the assailants with the strength of the assailed.

What has this war upon Odd-Fellowship achieved? and it has been waged for many years, with various success. We ask, what has it accomplished? Let us look at results—from a small and very humble beginning our Order has, during six and twenty years in this country, been with unvaunted and silent steps, steadily gaining on the public mind, increasing in numbers, augmenting and disbursing its means of aid to man in body and mind. From some few hundred brethren in Baltimore, we have swelled to forty thousand—and from this city we now reach from the St. John's to the Brazos—and who are we? are we good citizens, are

we patriotic, are we moral men, are we temperate men, are we industrious, enterprising men, are we good husbands, fathers, brothers? It becomes not us to respond to the interrogatory, but we may without indelicacy invite inquiry on these subjects.

If it be ascertained that as individuals we are for the most part virtuous and useful members of society, are peaceable, industrious, orderly in our relation as citizens, upright in our walk and honest in our dealings and intercourse with our fellow-men, we ask what great evil is likely to be worked out by such materials in their associated character as Odd-Fellows? The thing is improbable to say the least of it, if not wholly impossible, in view of the diversity of opinions relatively entertained by them upon religion and politics, and all kindred subjects upon which there should be unity of feeling and action to enable any band of men as a body to operate evil to the community at large. Is there danger to the government from such affiliation? the first pledge of an Odd-Fellow is fealty to the government under which he lives. Is there apprehension of political interference in the administration of government? the materials are wholly incongruous for such combination, and the elementary laws of the Order proclaim it to be sacrilegious even to hint the subject within the walls of a Lodge room. Is there fear of favoritism to this or that religious creed? Odd-Fellowship teaches its votaries, as has been beautifully said, that man as he came from the hands of his Creator is bound to love and cherish and protect his fellow-man, alike under the wild imaginations of Pagan idolatry, the overshadowing solemnities of Jewish theocracy, the blood-stained dominion of Mahometan violence, or the cheering and consoling influences of the Christian faith. What, we ask again, can then be the hidden danger of our Order? A short time ago we read an article from a religious paper, published under the sanctions of the Baptist denomination of Christians, in which it was gravely charged, that the effect of such institutions as Odd-Fellowship were to shake the confidence of men in the capacity of the Christian religion to accomplish its great design—that if schemes of human invention were to be substituted as codes of morals, as ministers of promoting love, peace and good will on earth—of improving and exalting human character—of driving man from vice and of training and leading him to virtue, that then the Christian religion was necessarily inefficient for these ends. Strange reasoning indeed, that an auxiliary to the great cause of religion, should be held to be a mean of subverting it. Strange that an institution which derives from the sacred page its precept, moral and influence, the triumph of which as illustrated in the true brotherhood of man, it unceasingly labours to achieve, should be held to be inimical to the cause its every effort tends to maintain. Strange indeed that a band of brethren loving, appreciating and acting on the sacred injunctions to do good, every where proclaimed by the Author of religion, should be regarded as adverse to the purity and excellence and preservation of its counsels and influences upon man. Of a character with this argument against Odd-Fellowship are most of the objections we have seen urged by the clergy, and it would be as idle as it would be insulting to the intelligence of our readers seriously to consider such ribaldry. With the editor of the Richmond Star we commend these Reverend gentlemen to the care of their flocks and to the strict observance of the eleventh commandment—"mind one's own business."

Journal of the Grand Lodge of the United States.—This valuable work now being published by brothers M'Gowen & Treadwell in New York, is in press and will be ready for delivery to subscribers very shortly. It is accompanied with engraved likenesses of the Past Grand Sires, present Grand Sire and Corresponding Secretary. We have had the pleasure of seeing a proof-sheet of the engraving—it is extremely happy in its personation of P. G. Sires Gettys, Keyser, Perkins and Grand Sire Hopkins—the likeness of P. G. Sires Wildey, Glazier and Kennedy, although not so striking as the others, are good. This book should be in the hands of every brother. It contains a true and we may add, the only true and authentic history of Odd-Fellowship in the United States—the entire Journal of Proceedings of the Grand Lodge during a period of twenty years, a very considerable portion of which has never heretofore been in print, together with much interesting statistical information in relation to the establishment and progress of the several State Grand Lodges and Encampments, and their first officers. It is by far the most valuable work which has ever been published in the Order. Subscription price \$2—to be had of the publishers, New York.

Subscriptions will be received at this office—address the agent of the Covenant, post paid.

We are gratified to announce that our respected brother Case, assistant Editor of the Covenant, who has for a long time been dangerously ill, and the subject of much anxious fear to his many friends in the Order, is rapidly convalescing.

Grand Secretaries and Scribes are respectfully requested to forward to us as early after the election as practicable, the names of the Grand Representatives who may be chosen for September Session, 1844.

Covenant.—Old Series.—If any brother has a full sett of the Covenant published by brother Neilson, and will present it to the Grand Lodge of the United States, we will promise to thank him on her behalf and to make honorable mention of his name. We desire to place it among the archives of the Order, that it may be preserved to future generations of Odd-Fellows. We will further add, that we will send him vols. 1 and 2 of the "Covenant and Official Magazine" in return.

Our Subscription List.—We have not been remiss in urging upon the brotherhood the claims of the Covenant for their patronage, nor has the work failed to commend itself to the favorable notice of those who do subscribe for it, yet it is we are sorry to say but poorly sustained. We had hoped otherwise, and earnestly struggled for a different result. If it cannot live without the aid of the Grand Lodge of the United States during this year, it can have but little chance of continuance. If therefore its friends desire its continuance let them be up and doing—a few more subscribers only are wanting to enable the Agent to free it from embarrassment. Will the influential brethren who approve its issue and manage-

ment come to its aid? Brethren having funds in hand due to us will please remit by the Post Master of their respective places of residence, as we stand in great need of money.

Officers of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia.

JOHN SESSFORD, JR., of Washington Lodge, No. 6, M. W. G. Master.
A. G. HEROLD, of Eastern Lodge, No. 7, R. W. Deputy Grand Master.
GEORGE H. GRANT, of Harmony Lodge, No. 9, R. W. Grand Warden.
CHARLES CALVERT, of Friendship Lodge, No. 12, R. W. G. Secretary.
WM. W. MOORE, of Central Lodge, No. 1, R. W. G. Rep. G. L. U. S.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

Ohio—Extract of a letter from G. M. Samuel W. Corwin, dated Cincinnati, March 29, 1844.

It gives me much pleasure to have it in my power to say, that the Order in Ohio is increasing both in numbers and respectability beyond all former times. We now number 28 Lodges, and judging from present appearances they will be increased at least to 35 during the present year.

Kentucky—Extract of a letter from G. Rep. T. P. Shaffner, dated Louisville, February 5th, 1844.

On Saturday the 3d inst. the Grand Lodge of Kentucky assembled at Odd-Fellows' Hall in this city. I have never seen a larger meeting in my life in Kentucky—and a more harmonious session never was held in any State. There was a full country representation, which we in the city are proud to see at any time. There was a great deal of business done, principally of a local character. There was one case of great interest decided by the Grand Lodge—it has involved the attention of that body for some time, and was finally settled by the reception of the report of the committee without argument. It was an appeal from a member against the decision of a Lodge declaring that it was not lawful for her to protect the orphan children of a deceased brother, and which brother the Lodge deemed not to be in good standing at his death. The Grand Lodge reversed the decision of the Lodge. The particulars you will get in the proceedings of the Grand Lodge, which I shall send you in a few days.

From the reports of the Lodges I find that the Order throughout the State is prospering very fast. A great change in the walks of the members is manifested. The disposition of each and every one seems to be in accordance with the principles of the institution, which they love and cherish.

From the same, dated March 6th, 1844.

Since my last letter the Order has been gradually increasing. I have been from home into Indiana and found the Order in this State also in a fine condition. At the last session of the Grand Encampment a charter

was granted for a new Encampment, and on the 16th ultimo I proceeded to Nicholasville to open the same. I arrived at Shelbyville and found Howard Lodge, No. 15, located at that place, in a flourishing condition, and the members generally possessing an ardent disposition to receive information relative to the Order—from thence to Frankfort, where I found all active in the promotion of the principles of the Order. Capitol Lodge at this place is erecting a splendid Hall. The Encampment at this place is in the most prosperous state, and the spirit of union and brotherly love prevails both in the Lodge and Encampment.

I next proceeded to Lexington and visited Friendship Lodge, No. 5, on the evening of my arrival. I found this Lodge to be active in the cause of Friendship, Love and Truth. She is composed of men of the first standing in society, and of those who know how to appreciate the principles of the Order. The Encampment in this city has been somewhat supine for sometime, but I was informed by P. C. P. Wm. Wilson that she is fast reviving from her former situation, and is destined to become an ornament to the patriarchal branch of the Order.

I next arrived at Nicholasville, where I found Odd-Fellowship all agog. On the evening of the 17th I opened and duly organized, according to ancient forms and usages, Berith Encampment, No. 5. (It is designed to have the name changed to *Bethesda* at the next session of the G. E.) Patriarch D. P. Watson was installed C. P. and patriarch J. C. Christopher H. P. Five candidates of the best quality were initiated and received the degrees on that evening, and a number more are anxious for admission. I was assisted on the occasion by patriarchs Wilson, Dowden and Merrick, of Lexington, who are patriarchs and Kentuckians of the noblest character.

On the 19th I left for Lexington, at which place I was warmly received. Through the kindness of P. C. P. Wilson I had the pleasure of visiting Ashland, (the residence of the great American orator,) and many other places of interest; and also of becoming acquainted with some of the noblest sons of Kentucky.

On the evening of the 20th I proceeded with several brethren back to Nicholasville, to attend a public meeting of Union Lodge. We arrived safe, and after being most cordially received attended the meeting. A most eloquent address was delivered by patriarch R. E. Woodson, of Nicholasville bar. We then returned to Lexington, and from thence I came to Frankfort, and thence down the Kentucky and Ohio rivers home.

Before closing my letter I must mention that to D. D. G. Masters and Patriarchs A. K. Marshall of Nicholasville, and Jesse Woodruff of Lancaster, the Order in this State is much indebted; for none have been more zealous in the cause than they, and none have effected so much for the Order. As a Grand Officer I look for much from these brethren—and also to P. C. P. Wilson of Lexington and D. G. M. W. Mathews of Frankfort, the Order in this State is much indebted for their labours in the promotion of the glorious cause.

Extract of a letter from brother D. P. Watson, dated Nicholasville, March 27th, 1844.

Bereth Encampment, No. 5, I. O. O. F. was opened in this place on the

17th February last by G. H. P. Tal. P. Shaffner, of the city of Louisville, Ky. Officers of Bereth Encampment, No. 5 :

D. P. WATSON,	-	-	-	-	C. P.
J. C. CHRISTOPHER,	-	-	-	-	H. P.
G. RHINDS,	-	-	-	-	S. W.
DR. R. W. DAVENPORT,	-	-	-	-	J. W.
R. E. WOODSON,	-	-	-	-	Scribe.
DR. A. K. MARSHALL,	-	-	-	-	Treas.
A. R. NORTHROP,	-	-	-	-	Guard.

Extract of a letter from N. G. John C. Rull, dated Shelbyville, April 4th, 1844.

I have seen no notice in your valuable Magazine of the establishment of Howard Lodge, No. 15, in this place, and knowing that every accession to the long and now very rapidly increasing list of Lodges in the U. States is hailed by every true Odd-Fellow with sincere and heart-felt pleasure, I must beg you to notice our existence.

In November last we had but *two* Odd-Fellows in Shelbyville; they frequently met and discussed the propriety of the establishment of a Lodge here—it was sometimes determined upon, and then again abandoned—innumerable difficulties presented themselves, and not the least was the want of the requisite number of signers to the petition for a charter. It was, however, finally decided that an attempt be made, and our worthy P. G. Joseph L. Silcox went to Louisville with his own signature and that of the writer of this to a petition. At that place three brothers, members of one of the Lodges there, drew their cards and joined us in our petition, and the R. W. Grand Lodge, to our great joy, granted us a charter, which was delivered to us in person by the M. W. Grand Master, James S. Lithgow, Esq., on the 16th November, 1843. During the stay of the Grand Master and the brothers who accompanied him, we initiated seven of our best citizens, and since then we have swelled our numbers to about 20 or 25, and several more have been elected and will soon be initiated. We have in the heart of our town a most beautiful Hall, handsomely furnished and fitted up in a style which reflects much credit upon the projector, brother Walter F. Hill. Our emblems are superior in all respects to any I have seen south or west. In order to render our meetings instructive, as well as interesting, we have public addresses monthly by members of our Order. Doctor W. T. Knight and Samuel V. Womack, Esq. have already addressed us, and our Hall was on both occasions crowded with ladies and gentlemen, who departed apparently very much pleased. We are soon to be addressed by brothers W. F. Hill and Isaac Shelby Todd; both are men of talent and will draw full houses. With such members as we have Howard Lodge *will* prosper. Ere long I trust we shall be able to do much more for the Covenant than we have already done. May prosperity attend you.

Tennessee—Extract of a letter from D. D. G. M. Harlan L. Leaf, dated Memphis, March 4th, 1844.

Although not enjoying the pleasure of a personal acquaintance, except

by reputation, yet I take the liberty of addressing a few lines to you as a member of our great and prosperous Order. I have to acknowledge the receipt of your communication appointing me as Agent for the Covenant, which I have delayed answering until I could send some substantial evidence, and the result you will find annexed.

I cannot refrain from expressing my congratulations to the Order upon the eminent success attending the establishment of a Lodge in this city; an enterprize at first clouded in prospect, but has since realized even more than the anticipations of its warmest advocates.

All is now cheering in the extreme; the broad banner of Odd-Fellowship has been unfurled to the breeze, and under the motto of our fraternity—Friendship, Love and Truth—a steady phalanx have arrayed themselves around the standard, to go forth to battle in the glorious cause.

Our little vessel, under a press of canvass, is careering onward, successfully bounding over the waves of public opinion, and leaving the black flag of the pirate ship, adversity, afar in our wake. But in our infancy, by a persevering adherence to the moral precepts inculcated by our fraternity, we have successfully combatted the prejudices of many, and won golden opinions from all by a few casual acts of charity, not *precisely within our scope*, and now near the termination of our fifth quarter we can number 70 members good and true, all enthusiastically devoted to the good work—and assiduously determined to keep bright the links that bind us in one band together.

I had the honour of originating a plan for the formation of a Library and Lyceum, which promises to be eminently successful—\$300 are already subscribed, and to our worthy G. M. Tannabill will be entrusted the selection of the books, and to solicit from our distant brethren of the east donations—who will, I hope, respond cheerfully to the call.

Louisiana—Extract of a letter from D. D. G. Sire A. Mondelli, dated New Orleans, March 10th, 1844.

After a number of years of dissensions between the sister philanthropic society of Masonry and the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, all difficulties are at last settled! The R. W. G. Lodge of this State of the free and accepted Masons, having taken into consideration the resolutions previously adopted by that honorable body to expel all Masons attached to the benevolent society of the I. O. of O. F. and after a short debate it was carried to annul such inhumane, uncharitable and unnatural resolutions, and to reinstate (in their respective stations) all members of a Masonic Lodge that were also attached to a Lodge of the I. O. of O. F., and be considered, as heretofore, members in good standing in the Order, as if nothing had happened of such a disgraceful transaction, more to the disadvantage of the Masonic Order than to the triumph of the I. O. O. F. So far I have neglected nothing to interest my friends and fellow-brothers, Masons, to carry the point, being well assured of the injustice done to our Order by such an unnatural transaction.

From the same, dated March 25th, 1844.

I have the pleasure to inform you that we have succeeded in obtaining

an act of incorporation for the I. O. of O. F. in the State of Louisiana.—By the strong aid of some friends in the Senate and House of Representatives the bill passed without difficulty. Our friend, Gov. Mouton, has sanctioned and signed the bill, and by this act now we are in power and respectability in this State. I hope that all the members will pursue with incessant activity the path now freely open for the prosperity and welfare of the Order; all difficulties are removed; the Masonic authorities have cancelled their former resolutions, and the union established between the two philanthropic institutions. I hope also to see shortly the Hall in progress and speedily terminated, which will give a great lustre to our Order. (A description of which I have already forwarded to you.)

The R. W. G. Lodge of Louisiana has granted permission for a celebration of the Order in this State, which will take place on the 26th of April, in New Orleans; and inviting all the brothers of the Order in the United States to co-operate on the occasion by their presence.

Michigan—Extract of a letter from D. D. G. Sire Samuel Yorke AtLee, dated Detroit, April 2, 1844.

Herewith I transmit the report of Michigan Lodge, No. 1, I. O. O. F. from the time of institution to the 25th ultimo, when closed the quarter, accompanied by a draft in your favor for \$48.31, the amount of the 10 per cent. due to the G. L. U. S. on our aggregate receipts up to the date aforesaid.

You will see from the official report enclosed that the Independent Order flourishes.

On Monday night, the 1st inst., our new term commenced, and by virtue of my office I had the pleasure of installing, in ample form, William Duane Wilson, N. G., Benj. F. Hall, V. G. and Adrian R. Terry, Sec'y. I was assisted by P. G. Forbuy, of the G. L. of Ohio, who happened to be in town, and kindly consented to officiate as G. Conductor. I never saw more meritorious conduct than was exhibited by the brethren. All present seemed to be actuated by the true spirit; and each fulfilled so well his part, that the imposing ceremonies established for such occasions, obtained their full effect. The Installation Ode was sung admirably.

I feel myself under much obligation to brother P. G. Forbuy for his aid to me during his sojourn in this city; and I am glad to state, that the brethren generally so well appreciate his fraternal courtesy as to adopt a vote of thanks, which has been conveyed to him through me.

After installation we proceeded to initiation and increased our number to 67. There were seven other candidates in waiting who were compelled to retire, and a special meeting ordered to-morrow evening for their and our accommodation.

We are kept constantly at work, and on the very best materials too. It would be impracticable to select a better set of individuals in Detroit than have been received into Michigan Lodge. Many citizens also from the interior of the State are knocking at our portals for admission; and the close of this year will, no doubt, witness several auxiliaries in various parts of the country.

L. O. O. F.

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No. 6.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

A MARRIAGE IN B. FLAT.

BY MISS E. M. W., OF MACON, GA.

CHAPTER I.

It was during my college days that I first imagined the plan of a tour in Italy, after this fashion—there were to be two of us, my friend Dupré and myself; we were to travel on foot, each to have one thousand francs to spend, and allow ourselves three months for the frolic.

But there is ever some difficulty between the projection and execution of a plan,—ours was always a trifling one, yet sufficient to delay, vex, and perplex us.—The first time we made the attempt I was appointed treasurer. At the hotel in Marseilles a very polite gentleman requested me to change a bill for him. I drew out my purse, performed the required ceremony, and as I supposed returned my treasure to its place. I never could understand how the thing was managed, but the purse disappeared with my polite acquaintance—I never saw it again, and we returned to Bordeaux half laughing, half ruined, and half starved.

The second time, I fell sick at Montauban. The third time, I had just received my diploma; Dupré also had been lately admitted to the bar. This time it was he whom fate chose for the victim—in the neighbourhood of Béziers he got married. I will relate how the accident happened.

My friend Dupré was a handsome man, and a most fascinating companion. He was of middling height, well formed, vigorous and agile. His features perhaps were not perfectly regular, yet eyes full of vivacity and

intelligence gave a peculiar attraction to his countenance. Though a little fickle, and not a little rash, he was particularly skillful in seeming whatever it was most his interest to be, and he was really endowed with a moderate portion of sensibility; he had ever a tear in reserve for his unfortunate friends, but a much more abundant provision of smiles and jokes for his joyous ones—and he was naturally obliging, especially in things which did not cost him much trouble.—As for the rest, he frankly avowed that no very elevated virtue was his forte; enjoyment was his object, and he computed his days by the number of his sensations.

Loving virtue a little, hating vice *only* a little, rather indifferent to every thing except pleasure, there was however one subject on which he could be enthusiastic, an exquisite musician, with a most melodious voice, his mind appeared to expand whenever he spoke of that art which alone possessed the power of spiritualizing his otherwise mundane soul.

On the whole, poor Dupré with all his varied qualities might have been but an indifferent friend, yet he was the most delightful traveling companion whom I ever knew. The first of May, 1789, found us breathing the balmy air of Languedoc. I will however omit the unimportant incidents of our journey and proceed at once to the conjugal drama in which my friend was an actor.

We had passed through Béziers in the morning, and walked all day; night was fast approaching, and it overtook us completely before we reached a resting place.—But the prospect of sleeping under the canopy of heaven gave us no uneasiness, and we had already fixed on a majestic oak as our head-quarters when the rolling thunders which threatened a sudden tempest, induced us to continue our search for a suitable refuge from its wrath. The darkness was so extreme that we could scarcely see a step before us, and we soon discovered that we had lost the beaten path by finding ourselves entangled among brush-wood and briars—we were both however in excellent spirits, and though a fall now and then did occur, it but afforded fresh subject for merriment. In this manner we proceeded for upwards of an hour, during which time all indications of the storm passed away; yet having resolved to find a shelter, we would not relinquish our object.

At length, at the extremity of a valley we observed a bright light, which we hailed with enthusiastic hurras. To the best of our abilities we proceeded straight towards it, unconscious that a wide and deep ditch intervened between us. This however we soon discovered by finding ourselves rolling to the bottom of it in company. “Ah,” said Dupré, giving himself a rising shake, “would any of the beauties whose hearts I broke last winter at my aunt’s soirées, now refuse the tear of pity? What say you Don Quixote, is not this the cave of Montesinos?”

“Not quite, it is only the ditch which bounds the estate of the person from whom we must seek hospitality. It has a most aristocratic air, you must acknowledge.”

“It may be so, but our first object at present is to get out. You, having the advantage in height my dear Doctor, must lend me the aid of your shoulders. When I am safe out, I will gallantly offer you my hand, and then we will bend our steps once more towards the brilliant star that has wrecked us, and which should now conduct us into port.”

A few minutes afterwards found us as nearly as we could judge, in a

long avenue of large trees. Their spreading foliage rendered the darkness yet greater, but happily the cheering light still glowed at the extremity.

"Come on," said Dupré, "and God grant that the philanthropic proprietor may not have adorned this magnificent avenue with man-traps or spring-guns."

"Be silent and listen," said I, suddenly checking him, "I hear a man's voice, some one comes this way: it would be rather awkward to be taken up as vagabonds till further information.—Do you hear?" added I, lowering my voice.

"I hear a woman's voice," said Dupré, "and that never appeared a bad augury to me—who knows, perhaps without intending it we are to be present at a sentimental meeting in these woods between Diana and her Endymion; (in those days we used to study Mythology) it would be something to tell of."

We now remarked that our guiding light occasionally disappeared, as if some opaque and moving body interposed itself between us; very probably some of the family were approaching, and as I thought it rather uncivil to obtrude on them in that place and at such an unusual hour, I dragged Dupré behind a hedge, with the design of pursuing our route after they had passed.

Considerably to our embarrassment however, on reaching a bank nearly opposite to us, they stopped, and seating themselves, continued the conversation, while we were so situated as to be involuntary listeners; and this accidental circumstance was destined to decide the fate of my friend.

"My dear daughter," said a manly voice, "I wish to believe your assertion, but an affectionate father is not so easily deceived; again I entreat you, confide in me as your best friend."

"Father," replied a voice of much sweetness, though apparently enfeebled by suffering, or grief, "I can only repeat again that nothing troubles me."

"It is very singular," whispered Dupré, "but that melodious voice surely seems familiar to me."

"What if it is?—be quiet!"—

"What avails this reserve," rejoined the father, "do you think I am imposed on? you are unhappy, I know it—come, tell me all about it—can you still refuse your father who never refused any thing to you?"

"This grows interesting," said Dupré.

The young lady spoke again, but in a broken voice, and so low that we caught only the words "dear father," "grief," and "love."

"And is it for this that you are hiding your head in my bosom—foolish girl! unless it is to express your regret at having ever concealed a thought from your father. You are beautiful my child—who would not glory in possessing you?—But I understand, you have perhaps given your heart to one whose fortune is not equal to mine, and you think that I shall oppose your happiness—but dismiss such fears, if he has but fair fame and a heart worthy of my child's, you have only to name him, and I will call him my son."

"That must be an uncommon sensible man," said Dupré.

"Alas! father, his fortune is not the obstacle, though I believe it to be less than our own—but I knew your sentiments—and in other respects he is fully our equal. The difficulty is something that you do not think of—it is that—he—he—does not love me."

"Ah! that to be sure is something rather unexpected—but what mortal can have been so insensible! who is he? what is his rank? where have you seen him?"

"Doctor," whispered Dupré, "how do you stand this? for my part I cannot but wish that I were the happy man myself."

"Last winter at Bordeaux," said the young lady, "at the soirées of Madame de Lansac."

"Of my Aunt!" exclaimed Dupré, in the greatest astonishment.

"You may perhaps recollect him dear father; I believe he was destined for the bar—a young man but little taller than myself—he often sung the airs of our Piccini."

"I am dreaming!" murmured Dupré, "or this is miraculous."

"He is a nephew of Madame de Lansac."

"Good Heavens!" said the excited Dupré, "she *must* be speaking of me!"

"His father, I have heard, was an officer of distinction."

"That confirms it," said he, drawing a long breath, "but who can this lady be?"

"I sung the Italian duet with him which you admire so much."

"And I have sung it with a dozen others—that does not enlighten me at all."

"I remember—I remember him"—said the father, "his talents were highly spoken of."

"Father-in-law, I thank you!" said Dupré, "but was ever man in such a predicament as myself? cannot I guess?"

"Madame de Lansac had a great regard for him."

"You are very polite sir," said Dupré, "can it be Miss Marsillac?—no, she is certainly now in Paris."

"He really," said the young lady, "appeared to remark me"—

"Confound them," said Dupré, "I remarked *all* the girls."

"And every time we met I thought his eyes expressed the same pleasure that I experienced myself."

"It must be Miss Bernillet," said Dupré, musingly—"no—she is just married."

"But I undoubtedly deceived myself, and his compliments were no more than the requisite civilities of society—for it is now three months since we quitted Bordeaux, and in all that time I have never heard from him—he loves me not," said she, weeping.

"But I *do* love you, I adore you," said Dupré, "for you are beautiful; *that* your father has told me: you have a sweet voice, *that* I have heard, and you are rich, as this estate proves. But why the devil does not the old gentleman mention her name?"

"We lost a part of what followed from the father, "nonsense! I tell you it is impossible. What! a young man insensible to the charms of my beloved child!"

"But her name, you unnatural father! do you know that the name of your beloved daughter has never yet passed your lips?"

"Console yourself, and trust to me, I shall know no repose till my Julia is made happy."

"Julia! Julia what? I am as much in the dark as ever. Julia! no, I cannot recollect her. But no matter father-in-law, I place full confidence

in you. You are an honorable man, and would not take advantage of my singular situation to deceive me. Yes, your daughter is charming, and she is much mistaken in thinking herself slighted. I think only of her, I live only for her.—But I have an impression that a young lady who walks out in a dark night to weep under a great tree and talk of her lover must be of a romantic turn of mind. Very well Julia, a romance you shall have, and there is no time to be lost. Come Paul, we must get away from here as quietly as possible—I am quite knocked up with astonishment—good heavens! what an adventure!”

“Shall we two ever get to Italy?” said I.

“Most assuredly; but there will be three in the party I hope—Oh, Lord! come my friend, make haste, I am impatient to begin my part, for I have much wrong to repair, as you perceive.”

By using extreme caution we succeeded in making our retreat without exciting attention. Again we reached the ditch, which we crossed much in the same manner as at first, and once more found ourselves in the open fields.

“Now stop,” said Dupré, “here commences the second chapter of the romance. My plan is arranged, and all will go right, or I do not deserve the father’s praises. Only imagine the sensations of the young lady when the mellifluous sounds of my voice reach her ears through the foliage, and fall plump on the heart!”

“Capital!” I exclaimed—

“Now if I had but a guitar to accompany it! but no matter—ah! lady you doubt my love—injustice! cruelty! I have come to seek you, I have abandoned country, station, family, to follow you. But friendless and indigent dare I declare my passion? I cannot speak it, but I may sing it—and happily I recollect something that will suit the case exactly. Listen Paul, and judge if I am not likely to come off with flying colors.”

“His clear and sonorous voice rose in the air. Inspired by the place, the circumstance, and the desire to please he sung most delightfully an air of his own composition in B. flat—the words by chance applied exactly to his situation. A lover who dares not avow his passion, imparts to echo that which he conceals from his beloved.

“Will that do?” said he after he had finished.

“Sung like an angel, my dear!”

“Well then, she is informed that I am here, and on her account—now let us go to bed.”

“Where is that to be, if you please?”

“Under our great oak, to be sure; the sky is clear again and we can easily find it—come along.”

After passing an almost sleepless night, as may be imagined, we arose at daylight on the following morning to commence our inquiries, and soon learned in a neighboring hamlet that my friend’s intended father-in-law was an Italian gentleman of large fortune who had resided in France for some years.

Dupré then perfectly recollected the daughter. Happy Dupré! She was extremely beautiful, tall, slender, with features of classic mould; a voice of great sweetness and power, though little cultivated; and a gentle, meditative temperament, very unlike the generality of southern women.

Signor Bernetti, her father, had abandoned his country from political motives, and having purchased a beautiful estate in the south of France, lived there with his only daughter in complete solitude. Julia was consequently totally ignorant of the world, of which she had acquired from books the most romantic ideas; and these the nature of her mind predisposed her to adopt.

Her father idolized her, as we have seen, and though he clearly perceived the dangerous tendency of her sentiments, he was too weak resolutely to attempt giving them a different direction; for she was so gentle and loving towards him; so disposed to obey, that the expression of a wish always insured compliance; and this was probably the reason why he disliked to oppose her in any thing.

Business having called him during the previous winter to Bordeaux, he there became acquainted with Madame de Lansac the aunt of Dupré, to whose soirées he introduced his daughter with the design of giving her some knowledge of that society in which she was probably destined to live—but she was already eighteen years of age, with sentiments, tastes and prejudices formed in solitude, and on weighing her own opinions with those of the world, she thought the former best, and persisted in them.

The first time she entered the saloon of Madame de Lansac, Dupré was singing with his usual taste and expression. He was an attractive man, and independently of his musical talent was always of importance in society. The attention of the young lady was fixed on him—they sung together, this was a new tie—he looked tenderly at her (or she thought so, which comes to the same thing) when he praised her fine voice, her beautiful hair, or her sunny Italian complexion—and she, simple, sincere, true novice of the world, took his words for what they seemed, and not for what they were—she gave them the sense which pleased her, and thought she was loved because she wished to be so.

On being suddenly forced to return to the country with her father, she departed in the firm conviction that the heart of my friend was her own; and that he would soon seek an opportunity of more fully declaring his sentiments. At home she resumed her habits of solitary meditation, and in these reveries the image of Dupré hourly gained importance.

At times indeed a fear fell on her heart—could she have deceived herself? days, weeks, passed, and yet he came not—alas, her fears must be true!

It was at this time that chance conducted Dupré to her, and disclosed to him the power which he had unconsciously acquired over her. He was not the man to neglect a piece of good fortune when it came in his way, and he managed this to perfection.

After beautifying himself by a hasty toilet at the neighboring village, he repaired to the chateau—there his embarrassment and his blushes were so natural and apropos, that after the interview neither father or daughter doubted his having been long wandering in the neighborhood without daring to address the object of his adoration. And so well did he play his part that his affected humility passed for delicacy, which the difference in their fortunes explained in a manner very honorable to him.

In fact, his admiration of the lady was very unfeigned; he never wearied of praising Julia, her charms, her accomplishments, her character, so very different from his own. The contrast was indeed so striking that I could not refrain from remarking it to him.

"My dear Dupré," said I, "she is beautiful, amiable, and rich, so far well—but the more you describe the predominant traits of her character, the less I am satisfied. Do you know that I cannot perceive a habit, an opinion, a sentiment in common between you? Beware my friend, you are binding yourself for life. I do not believe that it is in your nature to understand a character like hers; and even if you succeed in giving her the happiness she expects, it must be by sacrificing so much of your own, that I fear your felicity will not be durable."

Apparently he did not consider my remarks worth answering; he was at that time too much impassioned to hear the cold words of reason.

Two months after these events Dupré was united to Julia Bernetti, with five thousand dollars a year in possession, and the estate and chateau in prospective—unluckily for the latter however, this was in 1789, when the cry of "war to the chateau" was soon to ring from one end of France to the other.

CHAPTER II.

DISCORDS.

The young couple passed the remainder of the fine season in a state of unalloyed happiness, and on the approach of winter all the family repaired to Bordeaux, where Dupré designed to pursue his profession.

The affection of Julia for her husband was sincere, deep and excessive; in fact, its excess was its only fault. To accomplish his purpose Dupré had succeeded in affecting, perhaps even in feeling for the moment, a tone of sentiment corresponding to hers; but his spirit was too versatile, his heart too light, to permit him long to sustain a part unsuited to his nature. In the early part of their union he probably really felt all that his words expressed, but with a man of his temperament, above all others, extreme emotions are very evanescent; and in a short time his adoration of Julia subsided into what he was really capable of feeling—he loved his wife very much; that is to say, a little less than himself, a little less than fortune, a little less than pleasure, and a little more than any thing else. Poor Julia!

As for her, dazzled, fascinated by her affection, she for awhile perceived nothing of the alteration which at length called forth such an unexpected burst of energy. It did not even enter her mind that Dupré could change, she was herself so happy in her love! that alone occupied her life; she had no wish, no taste, unconnected with it—why then should not he feel the same?

The terrible period of the revolution had now arrived. In the disorder which prevailed Signor Bernetti lost his fortune, his chateau was devastated and pillaged, and he died shortly afterwards, nearly ruined.

Dupré was much moved by these successive blows; the loss of a competent fortune was very disagreeable to him. He was neither vicious nor voluntarily unjust, and his real affection for his wife remained unaltered; but his obligations towards her had diminished. Formerly, he owed to

her his situation in the world, it must now be to him, to his labor and talent, that she would owe her fortune, if he succeeded in acquiring one; without intention or design these circumstances acted on his mind and affected his conduct.

He now dissimulated less, took less pains to please, and played his part of the passionate lover with less success—his natural character also became more apparent, and even to Julia he occasionally appeared the Dupré of our early days, rather selfish, rather rash, and very positive. He allowed her to perceive that he could sometimes weary even of *her* conversation; again he sought pleasure beyond his own roof, and she saw with astonishment that he could pass a whole day away from his Julia without perishing from ennui.—In truth, when compared with his romantic and sentimental Italian wife, he began to assume the very ordinary and unpoetic character of the mere husband.

Poor Julia! she had wept for her father, but borne the loss of fortune calmly; for her lover remained to her, and that insured her happiness. With her ideas it was impossible for her to comprehend any connection between his love for her and his regard for her fortune: his talents promised soon to repair their losses, and of what consequence could it be which of them provided the means of subsistence.

But from this dream of security she was soon awakened. It was a terrible moment for Julia when a suspicion of her husband's declining affection first dawned upon her—all the hopes of her life were blighted and she was not yet twenty-five. But this moral weakness was of short duration: she found strength in her soul which she had not suspected; she could see herself such as she was and consent to live; for she encouraged the hope of regaining her husband's affection.

The talents of Dupré had raised him to high rank in his profession, and many important concerns were intrusted to him; among his numerous clients was the prima donna of the principal theatre, a beautiful and intellectual woman, and a degree of intimacy was speedily established between them. In their frequent interviews they talked of the drama and the arts, particularly music; and he found a peculiar charm in the society of this woman, in her ready wit and gayety of character.

From his renewed enthusiasm for music, his assiduity in attending the theatre, and a few particulars which came to her knowledge, Julia guessed the truth, and even exaggerated it, for she believed him actually faithless, when he was only so in intention.

It was now that an extraordinary change began to develop itself in her character—from being gentle, timid, resigned and passive, she became resolute, energetic and decided.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, rapidly pacing her apartment, "the woman whom he loves must be admired by many—yes—I comprehend the charm—the crowd may admire and worship—while he alone is loved—what a triumph! But am I not told that I also have a voice of melody and power; that I also have the charm of beauty? why then may I not vie with this woman? why not dispute the prize with her?"

CHAPTER III.

HARMONY.

It was on a beautiful evening of Spring that Dupré repaired to the great theatre of Bordeaux. A concert was in preparation for the benefit of the poor, and it was known that several ladies of the first distinction had volunteered their services; though their names by particular request had been sedulously concealed, yet their high musical talents proclaimed by public rumor, promised exquisite enjoyment to the lovers of the art.

The client of Dupré was numbered among the performers, and this circumstance doubled his interest in the affair. Julia had as usual declined being present at the performances. I had seen him but rarely for a long while, being convinced that my prophecy, founded on the too striking dissimilarity between his character and that of his wife, was every day becoming realized; and feeling unwilling to witness the disenchantment of the romantic girl, my visits had become more and more rare, till at length they ceased altogether. I had never however disclosed my motives to Dupré, and though I always eluded his invitations, when we met in society we were as good friends as ever.

On this day, meeting him by chance in the street, after a friendly shake of the hand he proposed that we should pass the evening together at the theatre, and I promised to do so.

The crowd was immense; but Dupré, a favorite with the actresses, readily found a convenient place for us both. The concert commenced with a symphony from the whole orchestra; next we had a piece of sacred music from the works of Cherubini. Then came the turn of Dupré's client; she was much admired, as loud and repeated plaudits testified. I need not mention that my companion was one of those who most zealously expressed their approbation.

And now curiosity mingled with the interest of the scene. The next piece was to be executed by one of the ladies who had so generously offered their services on the occasion. A deep silence reigned throughout the assembly; a pause in which all prepared themselves for enjoyment of no ordinary character—all eyes were fixed on the open door at the back of the stage by which she must enter—all hearts felt the emotion of long expectation about to be satisfied—at length she appeared.

She advanced, holding a roll of music in her hand, her air was collected and untroubled, though every feature and motion bore the impress of modesty.

Gracefully crossing the stage she took her station near the orchestra; she was a woman of great beauty, and dressed with much elegance and good taste. What was my astonishment! this woman, so firm and assured, though modest and retiring, was Julia!

The orchestra preluded—a murmur of admiration was heard through the hall; Dupré himself was strongly moved: seizing my arm he whispered, "It is strange, but she never appeared so beautiful to me before!"

And now, the accents of a voice at once soft, powerful and brilliant, held every one in breathless attention. Julia sang, and a most winning smile played constantly over her lips, as if the difficulties which she over-

er came with such exquisite address had cost her no effort. I felt while listening to her as if an angel were pouring those delicious strains upon the crowd, to give them a foretaste of celestial harmony. At the slightest pause of the songstress a thrilling murmur of delight arose from the assembly; it was evident that loud tokens of applause were with difficulty suppressed, and that nothing but fear of losing one heavenly note restrained the agitation of every listener. The silent and motionless crowd was bursting with noise and movement.

But when she ceased, and they were conscious that the delight of having heard her would in future be only an inebriating remembrance, the vast crowd rose *en masse* to honor such wondrous talent. She would have retired, but was again and again recalled to receive the crowns and plaudits that were showered on her.

Dupré, meanwhile, had seemed riveted to his seat; dumb, stupefied, with astonishment and emotion. Could this divinity be his own Julia? She who could scarcely manage her voice in a simple ballad? Extreme as were the emotions of every one, his far exceeded all others.

"Paul," said he to me, after having partially regained his composure, "all my affection for her is renewed: I will throw myself at her feet—and I can never wander from her again!" He rushed into the interior of the theatre, I followed, we inquired for Julia—she had retired to a private apartment, there we found her, reclining on a couch, pale, with her eyes half closed, and occasionally shuddering with a convulsive movement.—Her attendants surrounded her, offering various restoratives.

Dupré was springing towards her, but they signed for us to wait a moment, and I restrained my friend. Julia opened her eyes and looked around: she seemed striving to recall her recollection, and as it returned an expression of agony passed over her countenance. "Ah!" said she, "it is all in vain! my last hope has vanished. Where was he? I did not see him, but the thought that he must be listening was my inspiration. Oh, Ernest! have I utterly lost your heart? It must be so, or why am I now alone!"

Dupré could control himself no longer; he threw himself at her feet, exclaiming, "Julia, I love and admire you as in the days of our early happiness."

"Ernest! Ernest!" said she, "do I hear aright; do you indeed love me—am I so blessed?" and her excited feelings found relief in a flood of tears.

My friend caught her to his heart; "Yes, Julia, this triumph will be most precious to you for having recalled the affection of your husband. I have erred Julia, I acknowledge; but I swear that I never loved you more than at this moment, and you can offer me no reproaches so bitter as those which my own heart inflicts."

Seeing my friend in this penitent mood, and that the reconciliation was assured, I thought it best to withdraw.

In about half an hour the concert ended, and a prodigious uproar immediately ensued; the audience, feelingly alive to the impression they had received, and forgetting that they owed it to a lady in private life, insisted on her appearing once more to receive the noisy tribute of their applause.

When Julia was informed of their desire, "Foolish people," said she,

"do they suppose I sought *their* admiration? Tell them that I have fully received my reward, and shall ever recollect this evening with emotions too exquisite for expression. Let their vanity interpret that as it will. I am too happy to trouble myself about them."

I have now become a frequent visitor at the house of my friends, and enjoy the pleasure of beholding their continued affection, which from gratitude on one side, and a more disciplined state of feeling on the other, seems likely to be permanent.

But alas! our tour in Italy is yet unaccomplished.

THE POET'S PLEDGE.

A few leagues from that queen of cities, Rome, there is a point where three roads meet, one leading to Tivoli, another to Alba, and the third to Rome. In the centre of the circle stands a stone cross now blackened and disfigured by time, and in a cavity hewn out within the stone, is the figure of the Madonna, on which the piety of the surrounding hamlets expand themselves in a gaudy display of gems, a golden crucifix and wreaths of flowers. Four broad stone steps lead to this image.

'Twas eve. The parting sun had form'd a flood,
Of crimson radiance o'er grove and wood;
The smiling earth in silent beauty slept,
While eve's first glimmering star its vigil kept.
The gentle breeze that stir'd the orange bow'r,
Stole sweetest fragrance from each closing flow'r,
E'en nature's wearied warblers sought their nest
As the last rosy tint had fled the west;
'Twas such an hour as bears the soul away,
On angel pinions to bright realms of day.
A peasant girl now kneels before the cross,
Her white hands resting on the fresh green moss,
Her *avé's* soon with gentle voice are said,
While perfum'd zephyrs float above her head.
Her pray'rs are o'er, yet still she lingers near
With guileless heart that ne'er knew aught of fear,
Her dark eyes gleaming with a holy light
As round her hover visions fair and bright;
E'en her blue skies and flowing land of song
Have in her musings been forgotten long.
But deeper falls the shad'ing twilight's veil,
While starry night her gentle queen doth hail,
The peasant rises from the dewy stone,
And turns again to seek her cottage lone,
But lo! a stranger's form now meets her eye,
Her rosy cheek assumes a deeper dye.
She timid views his proud and noble air,
And sadden'd face which tells of grief and care;
His jetty locks but faintly ting'd with white,
His simple garb and panting steed in sight;
His manly voice, whose accents rich and clear,

Blend in sweet unison to quell her fear—
 As thus he spoke, "fair Maiden canst thou tell,
 The path that leads to Rome and mark it well?"
 "Yes, gentle" she replied, "and happy thou
 To view our proud and noble city now."
 "And wherefore maiden should I be so gay
 The morrow will not be a festal day?"
 "Ah Signor! then thou surely hast not heard
 Of joy in Rome?" "No maiden not a word.
 But do thou tell me, for I fain would know
 What festa gives they cheek so deep a glow?"
 "Bright visions now float o'er our land of song
 "And in her splendid capitol we long
 "The great IlTasso gloriously they'll crown;
 "But thou must know him, for his great renown
 "Fills e'en each peasant's cot and lordly dome,
 "And thou wilt see him when thou reachest Rome."
 "Aye, maid, I'll see him, but why dost not thou
 Join the bright gala which thou speak'st of now?"
 I cannot Signor. For an orphan poor
 I could not then the city's pomp endure;
 But as this flowing myrtle wreath I twine,
 With fadeless laurels on our Virgin's shrine,
 I'll think of him for whom its buds were wove,
 For o'er it, his lov'd eye will never rove."
 Then rose the stranger as he trembling said
 I'll see thy Tasso, maid at morn's light tread—
 The fair earth wake from her calm dreamless rest,
 But thou shalt place this garland on his breast,
 For e'er our setting sun thine eyelids greet,
 In this green spot, thy Tasso thou shalt meet.
 Then take this jewelled ring, a pledge 'twill be,
 Of the bright vision thou so soon shalt see.
 And when the stranger's form shall fade thy sight,
 'Twill tell thee of thy visitant to-night.
 And now farewell until we meet again
 May joy and bliss in thy pure bosom reign
 * * * *

He's gone, and now doth Inez turn her eye
 Upon his golden pledge, that glitt'ring lies,
 'Neath the pale moonbeams on the mossy glade
 Where joyful linger'd yet the peasant maid.
 She gazes and upon her raptur'd sight,
 The glorious name of Tasso sparkles bright:
 She trembles with delight, joy gilds her brow,
 And from her lips IlTasso quivers now;
 And through the darker shades of coming night,
 Dim with thin mantle the pale moon's soft light,
 She fear'd not, for the bright stars shone afar
 And in her bosom gleamed a lovelier star.
 * * * *

But now the fourth bright laughing day hath come,

And joyous Inez early leaves her home.
 A crimson glow suffuses now her cheek ;
 Her gentle eyes with lustrous beauty speak,
 While at her side the glist'ning garland lay,
 And her young heart troubled light with visions gay.
 She waited long'till e'en the sun's last beam
 Had shed upon the earth its transient gleam,
 She turn'd the talisman within her hand,
 When from the city there appears a band,
 Which slowly waves, till now before the cross
 All sadly kneel, upon the dewy moss ;
 Their prayers are over and the maiden sees
 A laurel chaplet tremble in the breeze.
 I'll fearful ask the immortal hero's fame,
 Who e'en in death wore the bright stamp of fame.
 And the sad crown answer'd thrillingly low,
 Our bright star has gone—our own Il'Tasso—
 Then gaz'd the maiden sadly towards the sky,
 And as the tearful band mov'd slowly by,
 She gently laid her own green myrtle wreath
 Upon his breast, who calmly slept beneath.

LEONORA.

Charleston, S. C.

STRICTURES,

On the first two Lectures of Mr. Colver, of Boston, against Odd-Fellowship ; being the substance of an Address delivered before Muscogee Lodge, No. 6, Columbus, Ga., on the 2d April, 1844.

BY REV. BRO. L. F. W. ANDREWS.

THE first proposition of Mr. C. was, that the claims of the Order to benevolence were unfounded—that it was in truth an “extremely *selfish*” institution ; and in proof of the position, he quoted an article from the constitution of one of the Massachusetts Lodges, showing that lame persons, poor cripples or persons of impaired health are not permitted to join the Lodge. To this we only answer, that Odd-Fellowship never contemplated making its Lodges *asylums* for the blind, the halt and lame of the human family, or *lazar houses* for the reception of the sick and the diseased. Nor can the charge of *selfishness* be sustained against the Order ; because its beneficence is *not so* diffused as to relieve *all* the objects of distress in the community, from the simple consideration that our means are not adequate to such an end ; and if they were, there would be no justice in such a demand made of Odd-Fellows—a demand which would throw the whole burden of public charity upon them, to the exemption of all other classes. There is something also extremely contracted in the ideas which Mr.

C. seems to have of the nature of benevolence. With him it is limited to dollars and cents—to the bestowment of pecuniary aid.—He sees nothing benevolent in any other manifestation of the spirit of Odd-Fellowship. To his distorted vision there is no benevolence in visiting the couch of the sick brother; in smoothing the pillow of suffering, or in administering the oil and wine of consolation to the bleeding bosoms of the disconsolate. But charity, in its most expansive sense, is, with him, the miserable offering of shillings and pence! And even in this sense, the charge is gratuitous, unless it can be shown that Odd-Fellows are any *the less benevolent* to the destitute out of the Lodge than are others. Indeed, for the argument to have any weight it must be *assumed* that we, as Odd-Fellows, confine all our charity and bestow all our sympathy, exclusively, upon our brethren,—that wrap up ourselves in stoical indifference to the cry of distress from every other quarter—and that we have no sympathy to exercise for any other object of destitution and misery. Whether this be so we leave others to judge.

But, allowing that the *partiality* of the institution to its own members is proof of its anti-benevolent character—what then? On the same principle the Apostles of Christ were *not* benevolent; for the exhortation is given, that good must be done to all men, but *especially* to the “household of faith.” Well, this is precisely the principle of Odd-Fellowship—*general* benevolence and *particular* benefits—for the simple reason, that we have neither the means nor the ability to relieve the distresses of *all* the sick and destitute. Of this, however, we are enjoined to do *our share*, while it is more particularly made our duty to administer to the necessities of the *brotherhood*.

In the midst, however, of Mr. C.’s tirade against the institution, he unwittingly makes an admission which overthrows all his previous remarks on this subject. He “was aware of the generosity of Odd-Fellows as individuals—they had been known to raise up a poor brother who failed in business and who had been utterly cast down—pay his arrearages and set him going again.” This admission, it will be seen, disproves utterly the charge that our benevolence is *extremely* selfish, for nothing but a spirit of pure and disinterested benevolence could have prompted to such an act.

2dly. Mr. C. objected to the *secrecy* of the I. O. O. F., but not to all secrets; and quoted the scripture against us—that “he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest.” To this it will only be necessary to say, that the *secrets* of our institution are such only as serve to guard us from the impositions of the designing and the unworthy—that neither our principles, nor our practices, (which are the result of those principles,) are *secret*, and that Mr. C. has no right to judge of Odd-Fellowship but by its “*fruits*.” If our actions are good, the presumption is in our favor, for a “corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit,” and a “tree is known by its fruit.” As to the matter of *secrecy*, there are thousands of secrets all around us in the system of nature. There are, or have been, mysteries in religion. There are secrets between friends—in families—in societies of every grade, and churches of every name.—The lawyer keeps the secret of his client—the physician betrays not the confidence reposed in him by his patient, and the minister of Christ feels it to be a duty to keep the secrets entrusted to him at the confessional or

elsewhere. These things are right and proper—they are in truth essential to the harmony and well-being of society, and why, then, the hue and cry against *us*, on the ground that we have some secrets which are kept from the public eye? That there is danger to the public weal from this cause is absurd in the extreme, from the simple fact, that men of all classes—of all religious views, and of all political opinions here meet and exchange fraternal salutations. All classes and interests are represented in our Lodges, and hence the impossibility that any conspiracy can here be formed adverse to the well-being of any.

3dly. Mr. C. objects to the institution on account of what he calls its *oaths*, or *obligations*, and alledges that every Odd-Fellow in Massachusetts is indictable and punishable by the statute, for taking unlawful oaths. If so, it only proves that Massachusetts is behind the age in liberality of legislation. The objection is of no force, however, against Odd-Fellowship, for the obligations imposed thereby are not strictly *oaths*, but *promises on honor*; precisely such as the reformed inebriate makes when he joins a temperance association and *signs the pledge* of total abstinence. It is the *promise of honor* in both cases, without the solemn appeal to heaven or imprecation of punishment usual to oaths.

But, says Mr. C., “these obligations hamper the conscience and separate between the children of God”—and he is ready also to say, that “if Odd-Fellowship is to prevail the *church must go down!*” How so, it would puzzle even Mr. C. to tell, for our institution is neither opposed in principle to Christianity nor is it offered as a substitute in lieu and instead thereof. There is manifestly no conflict between these two things, for Odd Fellowship is based upon the moral principles of Christianity, and hence there can be no just apprehension that the latter can ever be put down by the former. The objection, moreover, exhibits a strange want of faith on the part of Mr. C. as to the enduring permanency of the system he professes to advocate. The church of Christ, be it remembered, was built upon a rock, and we have the promise that the “gates of hell shall not prevail against it.” The inference, therefore is, that *if Mr. C. is right* in his supposition that his particular church must go down if Odd-Fellowship prevails—*then* his own church must be something different from the church of Christ—and *if different* we shall care but little how soon the “gates of hell prevail against it.”

4thly. Mr. C. objects to what he calls our *ceremonies*, and proceeds to detail the same as he supposes they are practised within our Lodges.—As a matter of course he here speaks without authority, except perhaps the doubtful authority of some ingrate who has falsified his obligation of honor and revealed our ceremonies. Suffice it to say, that his ignorance of our customs is palpable, and were he well informed we do not consider it worth while to argue the subject, as such things are mere matters of taste, involving no essential principle and encouraging no evil—their object being simply to impress the mind with a more vivid recollection of the great duties imposed and inculcated amongst us.

But, continues this reverend wisacre—our allusions to the priestly order, and imitations of the same, in respect to clothing, &c. is a “trifling with the holy law and institutions of God.” Verily, some men are hard to please. Mr. C. has forgotten, if he ever knew, that Christianity has nothing whatever to do with the ancient institutions of Israel; and that

what were once the ordinances of God, in respect to the Jewish people, can have no obligation upon the Gentiles; and that, in short, if he deems the old priestly order yet binding, and that too upon the Christian church, why then, most certainly, Mr. C. should go back to Judaism. He has nothing to do with Christianity. He should comply with all the rituals of the Mosaic economy, become circumcised, etc., and thus "show his faith by his works," although in thus proving his own *consistency*, he should unfortunately prove Christianity to be itself an "an old wife's fable!" In such a dilemma does this objection involve Mr. C.

5thly. Mr. C. next discusses the "brotherhood" of the Order, and after quoting somewhat at large from the "Symbol," &c. as to the qualifications for the admission of members, and no religious test being required, he launches forth into a strain of invective against what he calls the "cold morality" of Odd-Fellowship, and declares that "the professed infidel; the scoffer of religion and of God's holy ordinances, is as welcome and is considered as good a brother as any other who calls himself a Christian;" and further, that we "never know in a Lodge what religion is," &c. Now all this is the veriest slang, and all the answer needful is simply this—that Odd-Fellowship never claimed to be a *religious* institution. But what he considers a formidable objection, in not requiring a religious test, is to our mind one of the cardinal beauties of the Order, as it is one of the fundamental principles of our National and State Constitutions. And, brethren, allow us here to say, that it is our solemn conviction, that whenever we *stoop so low* as to ask what a man's religion is before we admit him to our fellowship, *then* will our fate be sealed—then will our glory grow dim, and *mene, mene, tekel*, be the hand-writing on the walls of our Lodges, instead of those inscriptions which now greet our vision.

As to the charge of atheism against us, sufficient is the answer contained in the maxim displayed over our N. G.'s seat,—"*IN GOD WE TRUST*," confirmed as it is by the well known clause in our constitution, that a belief in the existence of a Supreme Intelligence is one of the first essentials to admission into a Lodge. But, Mr. C. applies the text—"Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers" to the subject before him, and makes it the ground of exhortation to Christians to come out from amongst us, or not to unite with us. He even goes so far as to say, that "no true Christian could be an Odd-Fellow." Passing the palpable perversion of the text used by Mr. C. let us carry out a little the principles urged by the speaker. According to his shewing, the members of the Christian church cannot unite with the men of the world, or men of different faith, in *any* calling or association of life. All societies instituted for benevolent purposes—all associations formed for the promotion of the public welfare—all political and philanthropic societies—all military, fire and other companies, are liable to the same objection. Christians, if they join any such, must associate with men of every name and every faith. In fact, to preserve consistency Mr. C. should fraternize with none, in thought, word or deed, who are not members of his own church, for he would else have to associate with *infidels* or "unbelievers" in some fashion or other.—This is a fair inference from his premises; for as Odd-Fellows we associate for certain specific purposes—those of "Friendship, Love and Truth," as any other set of men might unite for any definite object, and *only* for that definite object. Were an infidel and a Christian to unite for the *pur-*

pose of religious communion this objection might have weight; but when two such unite for any object on which *they can agree*, why then there is no discrepancy in the case; the *particular* purpose of their association can be accomplished without their violating the spirit of the text under consideration. Besides all this, Mr. C.'s argument involves a censure upon the conduct of his Divine Lord and Master; for it will be remembered that it was the custom of the Saviour to "eat and drink with publicans and sinners," whose friend *He* was, but whose touch would, it appears, be pollution itself to the immaculate Colver!

* * * * *

Once more—the preacher declares that if religion is shut out of our Lodges what remains—nothing—ergo: that the Christians must leave their Saviour behind and turn their backs upon their Lord when they enter the Lodge! To the brethren who are attached to the various Christian churches, we need hardly say that there is no truth in such assertions. They know full well that they are required to sacrifice no principle—no faith, no religion, when they enter here. They are aware that they enter not a *church*, but a social and moral institution—that, in short, they unite upon the broad platform of a common sympathy and a common charity; which is altogether consistent with the duty they owe to their God, to their country, to their neighbor and to themselves. Were it otherwise we should straightway dissolve a connexion which we now esteem of great value.

Let none then be frightened out of their sober senses by such attacks as the one under review. Let none falter in the path of duty, honor and benevolence, on account thereof, or prove recreant to the cause of "Friendship Love and Truth," remembering that the *religion* of Odd-Fellowship is one and the same with that of St. James, the Apostle, who hath set forth, that "*pure and undefiled religion* before God and the Father is to *visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction* and to *keep ourselves unspotted from the world.*" For ourselves, brethren, we want no better *religion* than this, within these walls, nor indeed without; and while we *practise the duties* thus taught us, we may well say with the poet—

"For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight,
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

Let us prove our faith by our works. Let us go forth armed with the spirit of benevolence and mercy, and search out the objects of misery and wretchedness, for the noble purpose of relieving the same—for the grand and holy object of wiping the tear from the eye of sorrow—raising up the bowed down, and supporting those who are helpless and feeble. It is by the exhibition of this spirit of charity that we can best commend our institution to the world around us, and most successfully combat the popular objections brought against our customs and objects. And it is by the same manifestation that we may expect to hear on all sides, the encouraging and heart-cheering applauses of the noble, the lovely and the good, bidding us "*go on*" in the work before us—yea, bidding us "*God speed*" in the cause of truth, of virtue and of humanity.

THE DUELLIST.

Behold ! that foul, disgraceful spot,
Where two great fools a duel fought ;
With fell desire to slay each other,
Each made a target of his brother,
While sullen hate and burning ire,
Exploded with the pistol's fire,
And one a martyr to his pride,
Received the shot, wheeled round and died.

Assisted by the fiends of hell,
Two *honoured* seconds stood to tell
How each sustained his guilty part,
And shewed himself a man of heart ;
But ere the sad, distorted face
Was moulded into death's grimace,
The selfish cowards both had fled,
And left the honourable dead !
Meanwhile the man of honour stood,
Shuddering to view his brother's blood—
Stung with remorse, o'erwhelmed with shame,
And frantic at a murderer's name,
He rushed upon his sword and died,
Another sacrifice to pride.

Now, standing on his well-known grave,
Who can deny that he was brave ?
Or rob him of his glorious merit
Which always marked his nobled spirit
Merit which heaven and hell defied,
Inspired by bold satanic pride—
Merit which hugged the fatal chain,
Which bound him to immortal pain—
Merit which braved the wrath of God,
And spurned the Saviour's precious blood.
Nor let him seek to be forgiven,
Or hope to find a future heaven.
Merit which mocked a father's fears,
And smiled to see a mother's tears,
And made him flee a wife's embrace,
And from his offspring turn his face ;
Despising titles and estate,
And all the world calls good and great ;
Birth, rank, wealth, influence and pleasure,
Yea, earth and heaven's choicest treasure—
To gratify offended pride,
He bravely scorned them all and died !

Sure the offence which he received
Was greater than can be conceived !
Oh ! yes : for at the festive board,

A guest forgot to say "My Lord ;"
 Or moving in the fancy ball,
 One chanced to tread his toe withal ;
 Or at his mistress cast a glance,
 Or ask her ladyship to dance !
 Or where he at the hustings stood,
 A patriot for his country's good,
 One staunch opponent broadly grinned,
 And 'gainst the man of honour sinned !
 Or where he glittered at the bar,
 Shone, as he thought, a brilliant star,
 His fellow, in a wanton mood,
 Denied his first rate magnitude—
 Cards were exchanged, a duel fought !
 And life eternal sold for nought !

Where now his daring, haughty mien,
 His envy, malice, rage, and spleen ?
 And where that honour, for whose sake
 Immortal life was placed at stake,
 And lost in one fell, wanton game,
 Where nought was gained but death and shame ?
 Where is his honour ? not above ;
 It cannot beam from life and love.
 Where is his honour ? not below ;
 None blooms in the shades of woe.
 Where is his honour ? not on earth ;
 For none now prize his former worth ;
 Nor does it hover round his tomb,
 But rests beneath its guilty gloom.
 Worms and corruption are its bed,
 Along with the inglorious dead.

HELEN CLAVERING.

BY MRS. MARY. H. PARSONS.

Happy will the hearth be where her light will shine.—*Irish Proverb.*

Our story opens in England—the days are gone, when her crowned king extended his sceptre over the fair land. Her "meteor flag" has been driven from Columbia's shores, and the star-spangled banner unfurls to the breeze—the glorious ensign of our Republic ! We have little cause to remember thee in affection, and yet we love thee, England ! Thou art linked with the mighty dead ! The words of Avon's Bard, like the tones of an old familiar friend, have gone down into our hearts and taken their place for ever ! We love thee for the solemn and majestic strains of thy

Blind Poet!—For Byron—ill-fated, and unhappy, whose laurel-wreath was dimmed by the unhallowed passions that hurried him to the grave—ay, for him, there is memory and fame, while song has power to stir the living waters of the heart! One record he has left of enduring and lofty beauty, to which we turn with feelings of sad and regretful sympathy, for the homeless, and spirit-broken “Childe”—a victim to the base neglect, and polluting example of a mother!—England! fair England! around thee is the spell of hallowed recollections! The fame of thy gifted ones encircles thee as with a halo! Thou hast ripened into a glorious manhood, but thine Eagle son, in his giant youth, is stretching forth his pinions towards the sky, and he will build his eyrie, side by side, with thee, Old England!

It was near the close of day; Edward Clavering stood in his “old ancestral home,” and he looked forth, for the last time, upon the scenes he had loved from a boy. A few brief hours, and he would be an exile from his native land—a wanderer to that far western world, where he might have “freedom to worship God!” It was during the reign of the second James, of England, Clavering, a devoted and zealous Protestant, had rendered himself so obnoxious to the dominant party, that his personal liberty, perchance his life, was in danger. Advised by his truest friends to seek safety in flight, he had so determined; but a pang wrung the heart of the stern old man, at this rending asunder of the strong ties that bound him to home and country. It was early summer—and the green earth and its early flowers, the stately trees, that like tall sentinels kept watch and ward over the mansion, rose up before him, linked with memory of the past—with the glad scenes of childhood, and the quiet happiness of maturer years: he turned from the window, and sinking down upon a seat, buried his face in his hands, and the old man wept aloud. There was a fair and gentle girl in that apartment, whose tears were flowing silently, but the sight of grief so overpowering checked them as they fell: she knelt down by the side of Edward Clavering, and wound her arms around him; in the upturned eye there was the light of an expression, high and holy, and firm too—for the gentlest woman can be firm, when duty and affection lead onward, though the path be through suffering and sacrifice.

“Do not grieve, my father! God will be with us, over the ocean, and in the forest land!” and the sweet, earnest voice of the maiden fell upon the father’s ear, like low tones of soothing music.

“Bless thee, my child!” he said tremulously: “my failing courage needed thy suggestion, for I must part from thee—my only one! and the pang is stronger than my heart can bear.”

“We do not part,” she said, calmly; “I will go with thee, father!”

“Not so, my Helen. It was but a momentary weakness—that bitter sorrow. You must not leave England: here you will be cherished and loved, and nurtured in the same affluence that has been yours from childhood. In the new world to which I go there will be many trials, all unsuited for you to bear, my gentle one. Oh, you could not leave England!”

“What is England to me, without thee? I will go with thee, father!” she exclaimed, in strong emotion.

For a single instant the light of a strong hope was in Edward Claver-

ing's eye, but it faded, and he said, mournfully—"Your faith is plighted to Frederic Stanley; a little while and you are to be his wife: his powerful Catholic connexions will ward off the evils that fall so heavily upon me. If you leave him now, it may be for ever; he can never follow you, without breaking the heart of his aged father. Think of these things ere you decide: it is a mighty sacrifice for one who has loved so long, and truly."

The maiden's cheek was very pale, and her small hands were clasped tightly together, but her voice was firm, even in its tones of deep sadness.

"Frederic Stanley may not come between me and the performance of a sacred duty—I will go with thee, father!" and Edward Clavering laid his hand upon the head of his child, and asked of the all-seeing God a blessing upon her faithful affection—"He will reward you, but I cannot, my Helen!" and bitter as the struggle had been, she felt in her inmost heart that blessing an all-sufficient reward. A few hastily written lines from Mr. Clavering were sent to Stanley, apprising him of Helen's determination to accompany her father, and requesting his immediate presence. An hour had scarcely elapsed, when he came: he found Helen alone. Upon his countenance there were traces of recent and violent grief: reared in luxury, his nature had not hardened into selfishness, but he was unused to disappointment, and he lost sight of the sacrifice Helen was making in his own agonizing sense of their approaching separation. From a child he had loved her—one short month, and she was to have been his wife. He sat down by her side, and took within his own, the small, white hand, that lay motionless upon her knee.

"Helen, we must not part!—have you not promised to be my wife? in the sight of God that promise is binding. Oh, Helen! by the memory of the love that has bound us so truly and tenderly together, desert me not! If you cross the waters of that dark ocean, whose troubled waves roll between the western world and your home—we part for ever! I feel that it will be so. Do not go, Helen, I implore you!"

"Do not urge me thus!" and she wept bitterly—"do not add so fearfully to my sorrow!" For a brief moment she felt that her trial was greater than she could bear, but the anguish of first meeting Stanley was over, and sustained by the consciousness of duty well performed, she said, more calmly—"Great as is the grief, Stanley, that would cause you to ask of Helen to act unworthily, shall I suffer my grey-headed father to go forth alone? His sense of the foul wrong dealt out to him, aggravated by the desertion of his child! Not so, my beloved—not so. The straight path is before me, and with God's blessing I will walk therein."

"Helen," he replied, "you know not what you will encounter in the new world; there are trials you are all unfitted to bear: you were not formed to struggle with the hard realities of life: you have been delicately nurtured in love and tenderness."

"Right—you are right. I have been nurtured in love—in exceeding tenderness. Early and late, a watchful arm has been around me, to guard and guide: well hast thou cared for me, thy motherless child, my father! and now, in thine hour of adversity, thy daughter will be faithful!"

"Helen!" exclaimed her lover, passionately, "have you no feeling for me? Must *we* part, whose steadfast love was never shadowed by word or thought of unkindness?" and he was silent, for strong emotion had nearly mastered him.

"Care for you!" said Helen, tremulously, and the tones were those of unutterable tenderness. Stanley felt how little she deserved his reproach.

"Forgive me, Helen, that I have wronged you for a single moment! I know you feel it all—that you suffer at this, our dreadful separation! but, oh, Helen! in that far land, you may learn forgetfulness of the solemn ties that bind you to this. There is no hope that you will soon return."

"You will not doubt me," she said, mournfully—"you will not sully the perfect brightness of our love, by suspicion of my truth? Think you I were fit to be your wife—fit to take upon me new and responsible duties, while in the very act of violating those I have held sacred all the days of my life? The grey hairs of my father would rise up in condemnation against me—the unfaithful daughter would never make a faithful wife—better that we part for ever than be haunted by remorse, that must sooner or later fall upon the heads of those who neglect a solemn duty. Oh, Stanley!" and the tears fell over her pale cheek—"seek not to turn me from the right path! You are very dear unto me, my beloved! let not your distress make this trial greater than I can bear!"

The appeal was not in vain; and although it was like rending his heart-strings, Frederic Stanley urged no more his wishes: there was something in that earnest, and deep devotion to the fallen fortunes of her father, that awoke an answering chord in his own lofty and generous nature: having vanquished what he feared was in some degree a selfish wish to detain her, he felt more anxiety to strengthen her for the approaching separation, than to induce her to shrink from it; and he poured into her heart consolation and support by his approval of her purpose: and now they had but a few moments more, to linger on the past, or hope for the future: as children they had lived much together—how many recollections came thronging to mind! Stanley led her to the window, and pointed out a favourite and fairy spot they had loved from childhood.

"'Tis the last time, my beloved!" and he clasped her fondly to his heart, "whatever chance may befall us, promise me you will not doubt my faith. I am chained to an old, feeble, and almost dying father; it may be long ere we meet again—you will not doubt?" "Never!" and even as the words passed her lips, the setting sun broke through the clouds that had dimmed its glory, and the long lingering rays fell upon that upturned and innocent face—truth, and confidence, and perfect love were there! little wonder that Stanley folded her yet more fondly to his bosom, as he said—"Thee I cannot doubt."

Edward Clavering and his daughter left England:—

"Their own fair land—refinement's chosen seat,
Art's trophied dwelling, learning's green retreat,
By valour guarded, and by victory crowned,
For all, but gentle charity renowned."

It would have been more consonant to the feelings of Mr. Clavering, to have settled among the sons of the "Pilgrim Fathers," but New England was suffering from the oppression of Andross—a willing instrument to further the tyrannical schemes of the second James. The spirit of the exile was weary and worn, he pined for rest—quiet for the few remain-

ing years of life. They passed on to "fair Virginia," and beneath its sunny skies they found the kindly welcome, the warm and generous hospitality that already distinguished her children, among the colonists. A plantation that had been cultivated for many years, Mr. Clavering was enabled to purchase: it was very retired; they lived much alone; but the home circle was gladdened by the uniform cheerfulness of Helen.—Hope in the young heart is faithful; for herself and Stanley she had one only feeling:—

"Strong the omen in my heart,
That we shall meet again."

True, they had trials, but they were borne with fortitude; the heart of the father yearned towards his child; beautiful she was in her youth, but oh! far more so in the strength of her filial affection. Happiness is not of the world's pomp and splendour, but of the contented mind; and most of all do you find its abiding place in the heart strengthened through all changes by the strong consciousness of duty well performed.

And now turn we for a moment to one who played no unimportant part in the history of Helen Clavering. Edward Clayton was the son of an old friend of Mr. Clavering's; his father had died very suddenly, and being a retired officer, on half pay, was unable to educate his son as he wished in his life-time, and at his death left him penniless. Moved by the utter destitution of the boy, Mr. Clavering had adopted him; at sixteen years of age, Edward Clayton became an inmate of the same home with Helen Clavering. At that age, character is formed, and whatever shades it may take in after life, the under current is the same. From his youth the boy had been indulged; early death had deprived him of a mother's care; his father had little inclination, and no anxiety, to check the ungoverned passions his child gave way to. Overbearing and insolent, where he dared—a certain meanness of disposition rendered him cringing to his superiors. The death of his father, and utter poverty, brought reflection; he felt that Mr. Clavering's kindness depended upon his own good conduct, and these thoughts made him a hypocrite. Good principles had never been instilled into his mind; vindictive, he was, and haughty, but over the dark traits of his character he contrived to throw the veil of a plausible and quiet exterior. From sixteen to three-and-twenty he had played his part, and so hardened and depraved was his mind, that he would have shrunk from no deed, however dark and revolting. All evil passions were aroused by the fierce envy that preyed upon his heart like a consuming fire. But there was one feeling, mightier far than every other—love of Helen Clavering, and proportionate hate of Frederic Stanley. The gifts of fortune had all fallen to the lot of Stanley, and it were a hard question to decide, whether love for Helen was not partly excited by the embittered feelings Clayton bore towards the rival who so unconsciously lorded it over him.

It had been the wish of Mr. Clavering that Edward should study a profession; he had chosen the law. Without system, and with no industry of character, he soon wearied of its slow and toilsome upward march.—With professions of attachment, as specious as they were insincere, he prevailed upon his benefactor to bring him to America: and Edward Clayton hoped to find an easier road to fortune in the new world, than open-



ed to the inactive among the trodden paths of an overgrown population in the old. And although his heart was agitated by another, and a stronger hope, yet was it vague and undefined. Clayton formed one of Mr. Clavering's family, and in all things Helen treated him as a brother; her father's deep and warm interest in his welfare, ripened into affection, through the long and lonely hours of their exile. All things combined to render firmer the determination Edward had already formed, to win the maiden for his bride, though it were with dishonour on his head, and shame in his heart. Their residence, as we have before said, was secluded; it was the province of Clayton to go for letters to the post-town.—Mr. Clavering rarely left his home for any purpose. Clayton went as usual, there was a letter—the first letter from Stanley—and for Helen, too. The brow grew dark, and the hand shook that held it. In the solitude of his own room that night, Edward Clayton broke the seal. Oh! how he loathed the tenderness, the trust, the warm affection that breathed in every line. Long and anxiously he thought, what should he do?—

"Oh mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!"

Many plans passed through his mind, and at last he resolved upon one, that, reckless and dastardly as it was, only adds another instance to the many, of the utter worthlessness of that love, that holds sway in the hearts of the bad and depraved. He was preparing for Helen Clavering the sorrest and bitterest distress, in the uncertain hope that he might be enabled to win her affections hereafter.

Clayton possessed the art of imitating, with accuracy, the hand-writing of others; after attentively studying the style of Stanley's, he found no difficulty in preparing a letter, that would have deceived a nature far more suspicious than that of Helen Clavering. In this instance there was nothing to excite suspicion in her mind; she had no reason to distrust Edward Clayton, he had acted the hypocrite too long, not to be an adept in the art.

Using the language of Stanley, he told Helen—"The ties that bound them were broken—that his aged father, for days, had hovered between life and death; in his last extremity he had called his son to his bedside, and wrung from him a solemn promise that he would never marry Helen Clavering, the daughter of a heretic! To smooth the troubled path to the grave of a long-loved and most indulgent father, he had sacrificed his own happiness; and now he implored of Helen the forgiveness he felt he might not claim, for he had offered up the love of long years at the shrine of unrelenting bigotry. His father still lived, but there was no hope of recovery." The letter closed in language familiar to the lips of Stanley—in grief and tenderness he bade her farewell!—but tenderness he knew to be unavailing and hopeless.

"That will do," muttered the arch traitor, as he folded and sealed the letter—"yes, that will do; so I can gain *time*, with the hold I have upon her father's affections, she must be mine! Once my wife, who knows what lucky chance may speed us back to England! Then it will be too late to give utterance to suspicions, should they even arise. Perchance, the whole current of her feelings may change, and she may turn, in the bitterness of disappointed affection, to the only one who could understand or sympathize with her—well, she will find me a very good brother!"

The strong glare of the light fell over his face as he ceased speaking, and you might trace upon the lines of that dark countenance the sneering and vindictive thoughts that were busy within. The forehead of Clayton was low and broad; his eyes were large and black, but somewhat lowering, and anon haughty, restless, and excited; the mouth full, and of that peculiar expression the mind connects with the character of the bad and depraved.

By the evening of the next day he expected to reach home, and deliver the letter to Helen. Turn we for a moment to that home—it was near sunset; the father and daughter were seated upon the low piazza in front of their dwelling. They were conversing, apparently, for Helen sat by her father, upon a low stool, one arm over his knee, her face turned earnestly towards him. How very fair she was—that gentle girl! She had the clear, blue eye of England's daughters; the golden curls that fell in rich and exceeding beauty, over neck and brow; the snowy and pure skin that "you might see the blue veins wander through." The small red lips were parted slightly, and the smile they wore was tender and confiding. When the father looked upon his child, and remembered how much of his present happiness was owing to her, how lone and sorrowful his lot had been without her, his heart rose up in thankfulness to the Giver of all good.

"God has been very good to me," he said, tremulously, "my own Helen, you are happy."

"Yes, father; when I look on you, I feel there is no earthly pleasure could have repaid me for your loss; and I begin to love the western world—her dim and shadowy forests, her mighty mountains, and her glorious rivers. I feel as if man had yet no power to mar the perfect work of the Almighty's hand. Sad, is it not, my father, that vice and immorality are the twin sisters of luxury?"

"And yet it has been so, from Noah downwards," replied her father, "after the wine came the drunkenness. Man's sympathies are with the crowd; he loves the busy hum of human industry, it ministers to his comfort, and lays at his feet the wealth of many lands. If in time this noble country should become a great and powerful nation, may her sons, throughout the length and breadth of the land, hold sacred religious freedom. May it be untrammelled by the arm of government, or public opinion."

Helen rose up as her father ceased, but the look of thoughtful attention had changed to one of animation and delight.

"See, father! there is Edward. Oh, if he should have letters—letters from distant England!" the blood rushed over her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with intense excitement; she sprang forward to meet him, in a moment she was by his side.

"You are welcome my good brother; more especially if you bring us news of our other home."

"I do bring news, so I presume, at least," and he handed the letter to Mr. Clavering—" 'tis for your daughter, sir."

"Yes, and you, Edward, can sit with me; Helen can go within and read it." Helen instantly availed herself of the permission; but Clayton had no desire to stay at that moment; he pleaded some excuse, and with promise of speedy return, left Mr. Clavering. A feeling of quiet happi-

ness, of silent gratitude for many mercies, stole over the heart of the exile; he sat long absorbed in thought, and when at last he rose to go, it was with a feeling of surprise that Helen had not rejoined him. He entered the room where she was sitting, her head bent down upon her knees, her hands clasped upon her forehead.

"What ails you, Helen?" he asked hastily.

"'Tis nothing, father," and she looked up, but she was deadly pale, and upon her fair young brow there were large drops of perspiration, wrung forth by that sore and terrible distress.

"'Tis nothing—I will soon be over it!" and her voice was hollow and broken.

"What is all this, my dear girl?" said her father, tenderly; "you are greatly agitated—what news have you received?" He sat down beside her, and he wiped the moist brow, though his hand trembled as he did so—for he felt it was no common sorrow had borne his child to the earth.

Oh! sympathy, thou art a blessed boon! Human nature could not have borne on, if thou hadst not been given to cheer us on the way. The heart of Helen softened from its stern despair; she wept wildly as her father folded her to his bosom; but it was a relief, a welcome and timely relief. As the sounds of anguish died away, Mr. Clavering said, "Helen, may I know the cause of this sorrow?" Silently she placed the letter in his hands; it was many minutes ere she ventured to look upon her father's face, and when she did so, she recoiled from its expression of fierce wrath, which yet he evidently strove to suppress.

"Scoundrel!" he muttered, "base, unworthy scoundrel!"

"Stop, father," said Helen, imploringly: for *my* sake. Oh! for my sake. Stanley is true; it is no common cause that has come between him and the love of his youth;" but even as she spoke her eye clouded, and the tears rolled over her pale cheek.

"No common cause," said Clavering, in bitter indignation; "aye, I grant it, furious and unrelenting bigotry *is* no common cause, to be the mainspring in the mind of any man; Stanley knew that his father was bound hand and foot, in the iron bonds of his religion—that his narrow and contracted soul was only fit to grovel with the earth-worm, yet he *dare* sacrifice his honour and your happiness, to gratify the miserable prejudices of a doting old man. Out upon him!" and Clavering stamped upon the floor, his eye flashing out the light of strong and powerful passions, that had been latent for long years. Helen clasped her hands together, but she said no more; even as though it were but yesterday, the words of Stanley were present to her mind. "Whatever chance may befall us, promise me you will not doubt my faith!" and she had promised; there was strange consolation in the thought, vague to be sure, and indefinite, yet it was like a ray of light breaking in upon the troubled soul, from which life and light will soon be shut out for ever.

We will pass over a period of a year. During this time, letters were received from England, read by Clayton and destroyed. In one of his letters Stanley said—"His father's health was becoming daily more uncertain; that he could not leave him, however much he might desire it. He could not," he said, "doubt the faith—the perfect truth of Helen Clavering; but her long silence had filled him with alarm, and although he

hoped for better days, it was a hope shadowed by fears, and present unhappiness." Once again he wrote—"God forgive me, Helen, if I am wrong; but suspicion has, at last, found entrance in my mind—it was long, very long, ere I doubted *thee*, my Helen. I have made excuses until my heart is weary of their echo. True, we are thousands of miles apart, and the wide water that rolls between us, may sweep over many a record, meant for him who would have treasured it so fondly. But, Helen, it is eighteen months since you left England's shores, and I have not had one line, one token of remembrance. Helen, there is memory left me: and ever, as these gloomy and desponding thoughts oppress me, she beckons me to our last interview, and I see you, as I saw you then, with a countenance upon which love and truth had blended into beauty, and I felt as I then felt—I *cannot* doubt thee!"

Edward Clayton had not "sped in his wooing," although Helen regarded him very kindly, and his society was a source of comfort and pleasure, her heart had not admitted one softened impression. For a weary time Helen had clung to hope, but it died away at last—yet still she cherished the belief of Stanley's truth. She was sure there were circumstances attending his promise, which had not been communicated to her. In attempting to shake this conviction, Mr. Clavering had given her so much anguish, that ever after he was silent upon the subject, and the name of Stanley was never mentioned in her presence. But, when Helen's feelings were sufficiently subdued to bear conversation upon the cause of all her sorrow, she made her father understand how she felt; she was fully aware the ties that bound them were severed, and for ever—

"But a green spot should his memory be
In the desert of her heart."

It was about this time Mr. Clavering was taken ill; one of the severe fevers incident to a new country, had attacked him, and for a long time life and death struggled for the mastery. The room was quiet and darkened—how fearfully still is all things, when we watch for death! Helen knelt by the bedside, her hands clasped, her head raised, and perchance, there was prayer in the heart, but the lips moved not; the large veins over the forehead were swollen, the eye dilated but tearless, yet no sound of anguish escaped her. It was the crisis of the disease; the sufferer slept—you might see the breath coming faintly, though at intervals, and with slight effort. There was a slight movement in the room, and Helen knew the physician had entered; she rose up, and looked into his face with a glance of earnest and passionate supplication, lest the frail hope she clung to should be stricken from her heart. "He sleeps—my father sleeps," she said faintly. He touched the pulse—his eye lighted—"There is a favourable change; bear up, Miss Clavering, now, as you have so nobly done through all this trial; there is, indeed, a change for the better."

Mr. Clavering opened his eyes, for the first time in many days; he knew his daughter, and his long earnest glance of affection repaid her for past sorrow. "I am better," he said feebly, "but, my Helen, I cannot even bear your joy." With a mighty effort, Helen commanded the tears that were streaming over her face, took the cordial from the hand of the physician, and gave it to her father. The heart of the old man was touch-

ed, and as the cordial revived him, he murmured—"Ah! thou wert never selfish, Helen, in joy or in sorrow:" his eyes closed, he seemed disposed to sleep. "I will watch by his side, Miss Clavering," said the physician, "you require rest." Helen left the room, and the tears she shed relieved her heart from its oppressive weight. In tending the sick, in cheering the convalescent, in soothing and sustaining her own fluctuating spirits, Helen had found in Edward Clayton an assistant and friend; and now to the sister's love she bore him, was added a warm feeling of gratitude. She took a lively interest in all his affairs, and hope found its way into the traitor's heart, that her kindly and gentle feelings would ripen into love.

One evening, after Mr. Clavering's recovery, Helen, in speaking of his illness, said—"Edward, my dear brother, I have oft-times wished to thank you for the unwearied and constant attention you have given my father and myself. You will accept my thanks—we had much need of sympathy; and the *true* friend, in the sore hour of mortal trial is *never* forgotten." Clayton did not reply, and with something of surprise, Helen looked up. His arms were folded, and his head bent down upon his bosom, and there was an expression of despondency and distress upon his countenance.

"You are sad, Edward," said Helen, gently.

"Sad!" he repeated, while he roused himself, and a faint smile played over his face; "sad—why yes, I am; there are few so unselfish as Helen Clavering—just then I was thinking of myself, and my thought was, if I died to-morrow there would be none to mourn that I was gone; it is a hard lot to be an orphan, and alone."

"Edward," said Helen, reproachfully, "why will you talk thus? Are you not in all things the son of my father? And strong in youth and hope, you will hereafter form ties that will bind you in the social link."

"Never!" he passionately exclaimed; "never! I have loved once fondly, madly; for the first time and the last."

"And is it indeed so?" said the young girl, mournfully. "Ah! there are trials in this weary world, would dim the faith of the most believing, if we were not upheld by the knowledge that sorrow here is but a preparation for hereafter."

The large tears that had filled into her eyes, dropped upon her cheek; they told how keen was the sense of her own peculiar suffering. But Edward interpreted them very differently; he seated himself by her side, asking her attention for a few moments only.

"Will you listen to me, Helen, without anger or contempt? Do not spurn me from you—I have loved *you*! Ay, as God is my witness, with a love as unchanging as it is strong—but not with hope. No; never did the poor hanger-on upon your father's bounty, hope to wed the bright lady of Clavering. I have worshipped you as some glorious, and far off star, whose light was over and around, but not within me. No, lady, my heart lay cold and still, and the rays that might have warmed it into happiness fell upon another." Clayton paused, for he was agitated far more than he wished; and he did not fail to note the settled coldness that had stolen over the face of Helen. Maddened by the prospect of repulse, he said, almost fiercely—"Was he worthier—he whom you have loved so long; whose memory you have cherished so fondly—has he repaid you

with any portion of the trust and confidence, that even now, in very weakness, you lavish upon him?" He had gone too far, and when too late he saw his error; passion had blinded him, self-control was gone, and what he had begun, in the hope to awaken sympathy and pity, caused indignation and contempt.

"You have been a close observer, Mr. Clayton," said Helen, scornfully, "and not over charitable in your conclusions: you will understand, henceforth, that to me this subject is a most unpleasant one, and, in any point of view, one that I desire never to hear mentioned again." She had risen while speaking; her fine and graceful form drawn to its full height; her blue eyes, flashing with indignation, bent steadily upon him. Clayton shrank from her glance, but his purpose grew stronger, and revenge mingled its polluting stream with the bitter waters that overflowed in his heart.

From the first, Mr. Clavering had favoured the suit of Clayton, long since the attachment had been confided to him; and when he understood from Clayton how unsuccessful he had been, he broached the subject at once to Helen. She refused most positively even to think of it. His age, the lonely situation of Helen, should he die, and hate to Stanley, were the exciting causes that induced the father, under the utmost discouragement, to persevere. Yet never did he use one threatening or angry word: and Helen could have exclaimed, in the language of another gentle and suffering girl—

"Dost thou know

The cruel tyranny of tenderness?

Hast thou e'er felt a father's warm embrace?

Hast thou e'er seen a father's flowing tears?

And known that thou could'st wipe those tears away?

If thou hast felt and hast resisted these,

Then thou may'st curse my weakness; but if not,

Thou canst not pity, for thou canst not judge."

Two years had gone, early spring had come, and spring comes cheerily and brightly, and full early in the "Old Dominion." Great change had taken place in England, yet they were unknown to the Clavering family: it had been Clayton's purpose to keep secret the abdication of king James, and the accession of William and Mary to the throne, until Helen should be his wife, for Helen had given consent. He feared, traitor as he was, these changes would materially affect Mr. Clavering, perhaps render him less urgent for the marriage, now more than ever to be desired, since restoration to home and honour was rendered certain. From the secluded situation in which the family lived, and the feeble health of Mr. Clavering, Clayton found it no difficult task to conceal the information he had acquired. Stanley had ceased to write: of his present situation, or movements, Clayton was ignorant.

It was evening—the sun was sinking slowly down; its golden beams seemed to mingle with the verdant green of the far-off mountain. Helen Clavering lingered without; on the morrow she would be a bride—was she happy? Ah! the young and loved should be happy, though tears mingle with their gladness. Earth hath no happiness like unto that which is born of the mingling of true and tried affection. Time had come over the heart of Helen, "with healing on its wings," but the spirit was worn

out with the long struggle. The soft blue eyes were dimmed with tears, as they rested mournfully upon the receding sun; the face was pale; the delicate lips were tremulous with emotion. She turned slowly away and entered the house; Helen drew back involuntarily at the sight of Clayton; he had evidently been regarding her with surprise and displeasure. He had been absent for two days, and she said somewhat hastily, "You are welcome home, my brother." Strange that Helen never should have dropt the appellation of brother.

Edward Clayton knew that she loved him not, and had only yielded broken-heartedly to her father's wishes. They sat down together. "Helen," he said, coldly; "you are sad, very sorrowful, and it is ever thus.—Have I not cause of complaint?"

"None," she mildly answered; "knowing the past, Edward, you must bear with me. Yet a little while," and she smiled faintly, "I must put away all thoughts that displease you; be patient until then."

"Patient," he repeated, bitterly. "Aye, I have need of it; you are cold, Helen; cold as the north star, that shineth on for ever, yet imparts no heat. Nay, I sometimes think there is less manifestation of affection than before I was your lover. Then there was ever a kindly smile, and look of interest, to welcome me; now, you sit apart and alone, forgetting the existence of others in your own unhappy thoughts. Is this wise, Helen?"

She replied not; but tears gathered into her eyes, and she shaded them with her hand for a brief space ere she replied:—

"This time to-morrow, Edward, and I will have no right to such thoughts. You will have no cause to complain of me, hereafter; for the present I have been unnerved by recollections that press heavily upon my spirits, on the eve of this great change in my life. And now I would be alone; I have need of quiet communing with my own heart. Good night, Edward."

She extended her hand towards him, and even that, Clayton felt, was a favour seldom bestowed, and as he raised it to his lips, he returned her good night with something less of disapprobation than was usually visible, at the termination of their interviews. He left her, and Helen was alone; her father had been absent nearly all the afternoon; as she rose to seek her chamber, he came towards the house, accompanied by a stranger, who remained upon the piazza, Mr. Clavering entering the room where Helen was. The thoughts of the young girl were far away, and she took no note of the recent and strong agitation her father's countenance betrayed.

"Sit down beside me, Helen," he said gently; "I have much to say to you."

She obeyed, and something there was in his voice, that fixed her attention.

"Great and unexpected happiness, my own Helen, is often difficult to bear, with any portion of firmness; and such I know it will be to you, to hear that Stanley's name is cleared from dishonour."

"Call it not dishonour, father," said Helen, who trembled with emotion; "it was perhaps a too easy yielding to the wishes of a dying parent: but, oh, my father, it was not dishonour!" As the words passed the lips of Helen, another step was in the room, and the tones of an old familiar

voice was in her ear, and Helen Clavering knew it was Stanley by her side. "Most foully have they wronged my noble father, Helen. He is dead, and with his latest breath he bade me seek for you, in this far western world, and bear a dying father's blessing to the wife of his son. Helen, I have come; thank God, it is in time."

A full explanation had already passed between Mr. Clavering and Stanley; they had accidentally met in the afternoon, as Stanley was on his way to the home of Helen. His first request was for the letter, and while he admitted the accurate likeness of the hand-writing, he pointed to the seal, and said, abruptly:—

"My first suspicions were right; that is a seal I have seen before, in Edward Clayton's possession. I distinctly remember having remarked it while he was in England; he told me it had been his father's. Mine is very different, and Helen must have seen it."

Helen had, frequently, but had not noticed the seal on the letter Clayton had given her, until it was pointed out. Then there was Mr. Clavering's ignorance of all the changes that had taken place in England, which Clayton must have known and must have concealed. Little doubt remained in the minds of any present as to his guilt.

Mr. Clavering met the traitor alone; overwhelmed by such entire detection, Clayton lost presence of mind, and gave such unequivocal tokens of guilt, that Mr. Clavering desired him to leave his presence then, and for ever. Driven forth a vagabond upon the earth, we turn gladly from the after life of Edward Clayton; crime became unto him a familiar thing, and there was blood upon his hand ere his dark career closed in a violent death.

It was in England: summer still lingered, and the soft air came in at the open window, touching the fair cheek of Helen Clavering with its odorous breath, "bearing the sweets of ten thousand flowers." It was her bridal morn!—Costly robes were on the maiden; and bright jewels wreathed her hair, but brighter far, and better, was the light of hope and happiness that had stolen over that sweet and gentle face, and beamed from the sparkling eyes. A moment more, and Stanley was by her side; he brought the rich gems that had been his mother's; clasping the bracelet over the white arm, he raised it to his lips—"Mine thou art now, Helen—mine, and mine only;" and the promise that he made her then, to love, and tenderly to cherish, was never broken through in all after time. Instances there are like this, that come over the spirit in this changing world, as the soft sea-breeze to the exhausted dweller under India's burning sun, reviving and strengthening for the time to come; giving hope and promise of that better land, where the shadow of man's evil passions may not rest upon his happiness.

"HOW NOISELESS TREADS THE FOOT OF TIME."

BY MISS E. C. HURLEY, OF NEW YORK.

Yea, noiseless though its movements
Touch every chord of life,
Its step though silent leaves a print
With vast importance rife.

From infancy to childhood
Time hurries us along ;
We mark not its gradations,
Though its inroads are strong.

We stand upon the threshold
Of manhood ere we know,
The indications by the way,
Which time did plainly show.

Then startled with amazement,
Take retrospective view,
Alarmed by the velocity
At which our moments flew.

Then is time's foot as noiseless,
But heeded with more fear.
Then we begin to note it,
Give to it list'ning ear.

We then would gather flowers
Where only thorns are found,
And strive in vain to gather figs
Where thistles do abound.

Then we with trembling footsteps
Trotter where time may lead ;
And find, though noiseless be his tread,
His march is strong indeed.

November 29, 1843.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

BY J. S. BROWN.

THE various and important duties of the youth of our country, especially those of the young men, cannot be fully appreciated by the unreflecting. The efficient performance of these duties depends upon the cultivation of the mind; and as the objects of this association are to promote the social, moral and intellectual improvement of its members, I shall solicit your indulgence, while I attempt to discourse upon the proper cultivation of the mental faculties of man, believing that no other subject, within the sphere of human knowledge, is fraught with greater importance, or attaches itself more closely to the vital springs of human happiness.

"Man's life commences in ignorance and helplessness." His progression is a journey through changing and ever-varying scenes, variegated with flowers of joy and hope, interspersed with the thorns of wo and disappointment—a picture, ornamented with brilliant and dazzling virtues, and spotted with the contaminations of degrading vice, and demoniac passions. His life is an existence marked with wondrous deeds—a thinking, reflecting, cogitable, invisible something, which animates that which is in itself inanimate, progressing onward from the weakness and imbecility of infancy, to the mature and vigorous potency of dignified manhood, finally to terminate in this "last scene of all—which ends this strange eventful history—in second childishness and mere oblivion." This is the alpha and omega of man's existence upon this sublunary sphere. He first enters upon the arena of life, ignorant of the bright world into which he is ushered, ignorant of the nature and design of every thing his waking eyes behold. He sees the sun apparently rolling its magnificent orb through heaven's ethereal blue, but instead of viewing it as a common centre around which worlds revolve, he is more likely to get the impression that it is but a ball of fire rolling over our heads during the day, and at night clothing itself in darkness, and returning to light, at coming morning, the oriental chambers. He opens his eyes to behold his mother's smile, but knows not that it is the reflection of innate, immortal maternal love. He beholds this bright and sunny earth clothed in verdant habit, from the green borders of transparent fountain, where "the laurels dip their glossy leaves," to the granite hills, where the giant oak defies the whirlwind and the storm; but sees not the Author of its brilliant beauties. In visions bright as seraphic faces, he views the love-inspiring countenance of smiling nature, but discovers not in her laughing dimples the rays of love divine. This is poor human nature in its first stage of existence; this the blank leaf of mind,

"Where no impressions yet have been,
Where no memorial can be seen."

What an eventful era do we find in the first budding and development of human genius, human thought and human action! Then commences the first scintillations of that light, the light of genius, which will illuminate the world, and continue to shine when "the elements shall melt with fervent heat;" when worlds shall sink into chaotic night. But in the

days of infancy, in juvenile years, the intellect is in embryo, the passions are in bud, and reflection, Sampson-like, is locked as yet in a lethargic, Delilah-slumber. But the tide of life flows on, and then commences the "hum of existence." Coeval and commensurate with the physical organs, those of the mind are expanding; the mind itself, breaking from its embryo state, begins to revel in the regions of fancy; the moral sentiments show themselves, and reason begins to shine. Then every attribute of the man is in action, and the opening blossoms of perennial mind are spreading to the fitful breeze of external circumstances. Then the halcyon days of school, the lyceum, and social parties, give a wider range to the intellect and moral feelings, regulate the social habits and affections, and mature into living action, the whole energies of the moral and intellectual man.

These circumstances surround every son and daughter of Columbia's soil. Though the ratio of these advantages is graduated by circumstances, yet all possess them in a degree. Maternal tenderness and paternal care, the admonitions and instructions of the wise and good, the hand that leads through the flowery paths of science, the crystal fountain of literature, the social circle that brings into exercise the holiest affections of the human heart; the debating lyceum, in which are exhibited the clash and collision of intellect, and which invites investigation and fires genius, are auspices that surround us all.

Here are materials from which the meanest serfs, as well as luxury's most favored sons, can weave a garland of glorious renown, or construct "a mental pyramid," which, unlike all transitory things, will defy the last and mightiest wave of the troubled sea of time.

But if we take a glance into society we discover an almost infinite disparity between individuals whose opportunities have been, as it were, identical. On the one hand we see a graduate of the schools, rising to the zenith of moral excellence and mental worth; on the other we behold his early associate and classmate, groveling in sensuality, fast merging to the nadir of human degradation and depravity. Here, we see a cheering and living monument of the realization of youthful and aspiring hopes, in the unblemished goodness and comprehensive greatness of a well stored mind; while by his side stands a mental wreck, a miserable remnant of blasted hopes, a blighted bud of early promise. Here we view the boy of a rustic, ornamenting the chair of state, while at his feet, the son of a nobleman is receiving in broken and abashed spirits the merited sentence, the culprit's doom. We behold two rival statesmen, the glory of the nation, the wonder of mankind, riding on the waves of popular applause, soaring on the wings of intellect far above the mediocrity of their race, surprising the world with the dazzling brilliancies of cultivated minds, and at one time, both standing side by side on the top round of the ladder of fame, and only lamenting because there were steps no higher; yet, strange to tell, one of these, nature's prodigies, fills the grave of a culprit, regarded by all men, as the "greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind," while the other is no less than Monticello's sage, whose name will ever throw a halo of brightness upon the faintest page of American history, and the "sound of whose praise will go rumbling down the shores of time, until lost in the vast ocean of eternity."

To trace, to some extent, the causes of these opposite features and wen-

derful phenomena in character, and exhibit in an imperfect view, the reasons for the various grades and conditions of society, as well as the comparative differences of nations, and thereby delineate the real causes of much of the ignorance, vice and consequent misery, which serve as thorns in the bosom of humanity, will, I trust, be viewed as, at least, approaching our subject; and should we, in our examinations and reflections, present truths from which a profitable lesson might be learned, we shall have the satisfaction that our labor is not in vain. Waving, for the present occasion, the influences produced by different organizations and constitutions, the development of which belongs more particularly to the physiologist and phrenologist, we would essay to show how far and in what manner, external circumstances, the various systems of external education and moral instruction, operate, in forming the human character and maturing the human faculties.

In reading the history of nations, their manners and customs, their sciences and religions, no fact is more evident than that those manners and customs; those sciences and religions, are formed, regulated and governed by the leading spirits of society. Those spirits upon which nature has lavished her choicest gifts, and pointed out the spheres of their operation, are continually working in society—whether it be in the land of the civilized or barbarous—moulding, changing and revolutionizing the customs and habits; introducing new theories and remodeling old ones; exploding ancient systems, and superseding them with those more novel, if not more true. It is through the plastic influence of such minds that the character of a nation is determined. Bonaparte made the French all warriors—Voltaire and Rousseau made them infidels. The former inspired them with a love of military glory; the latter flattered them with the idea that it was profound philosophy to deny the God that made them. Cadmus inspired his countrymen with a love of literature, and by the skill of his genius, the germ of his exertions has become a tree of towering height, whose branches encircle the nations, and whose fruit is the happiness of mankind; while the mysticism of Mahomet, and the intricate meshes of the net of Zoroaster, are blinding millions on millions of the human race. In no nation and in no age of the world, has the human race been wanting in men, remarkable for their energetic and comprehensive minds. The most barbarous nations; nations upon which the arts have shed no resplendent rays, through which the bright and crystal streams of science have never run, where the heavenly breeze of Christian philanthropy was never felt; there, among the precincts of barbaric customs, where the mass are enshrouded in a veil, deep and dark as that which conceals the future, we find specimens of human genius, breaking through the shackles of custom, and rending the veil that covers the multitude; and if they do not enjoy the glorious sunlight of civilization, they at least act like Pollock's daughters of beauty, as light of the darksome world, as stars to night, shedding around them a halo of intellectual glory, which serves to light the pathway of the multitude.

The philosophy of Zoroaster and the religion of Mahomet, the military skill of a Hannibal and a Bonaparte, required as great an exertion of intellect, a mind as powerful, and a perseverance as untiring, as it does in the acquisition of the most abstruse sciences of the present day, or in the prosecution of the greatest enterprises of the modern, enlightened nations.

Did the Grecians and Romans serve their imaginary deities, because they had not minds capable of grasping truth? No. The dark mysticisms of mythology were more complicated in their nature than Christian theology. Did they educate their youth in the exercise of athletic games, the excitation of the gymnasia, and teach them to fondly dream of elysian joys, as the reward of success, because intellect was deficient? No! Their poets and philosophers, their statesmen and orators, will ever remain as monuments of wonder-working intellect. They had been taught to the "summit of their faculties;" their heads were filled with lore.— "But their poets drank from the fountains of vice, and the poison was instilled into the minds of the populace." Taste was vitiated and corrupted, which turned mind into improper channels, and sunk man in the scale of being. It was a corrupt, unnatural taste that led them from the proud eminence of mental greatness, down the winding way to degrading sensuality and soul-withering vice.

Though intellect differed in different individuals, yet, from the emperor to the plebian, the highest object of their aspiration was to excel in the sports and feats! England, France and America may now boast of their refined system of ethics, their poets and sages. England may point us to a Pitt, a Fox and a Sheridan; France, to her Masillon and Bourdaloue; and America, to her Henry, her Wirt, and her Lee, in revolutionary days; and may now boast of her Clay, Calhoun, Webster and Van Buren; but the language of the moderns is not so perfect—their orators are inferior, and their poets attempt in vain to vie with Homer, Virgil, or even Anacreon. Yet as strong and as ardent as was the Greek's love for science and belles-lettres, it was equally ardent to vie with competitors in the meanest amusements; in crimes that would "out-Herod Herod."—The ancient Grecians and Romans rank highest among the nations in literary acquirements, while in horrid contrast they present us with specimens of puerile weakness; of rude, uncultivated habits, and a continual scene of crime: and these extravagant contrasts were found combined in the same character, as antagonistical and as belligerent, as the refined charity of a Howard united with the savage ferocity of a Caligula! The modern nations aspire after their literature, their fine arts, in which are exhibited superior and refined talents; while their games and sports, the glory of the ancients, are now spurned and rejected, as unfitted to another, and, as we believe, a better taste.

Thus do we perceive that all nations pursue that course of life which they are taught to love. It is this principle that determines the character of a nation. It is this that makes the civilized life one of refinement, of gentility and sociability; and the savage life, a theatre of sports and games, of ferocity and war.

It is this that makes the native Indian of the forest, bound like the wild deer, over the western mountains, in pursuit of the panther and the bear. In this his soul delights. To range the woodland—to submit to toil—to row his frail bark upon the bosom of the lake—to brave danger in the din of war—to rouse for fight at the war-whoop, or the clarion blast—is the elysium of a savage life. This they have been taught to love, and their taste has moulded their minds to the adaptation of such novel occupations. Yet in those very occupations which our tastes pronounce rude and un instructed, are exhibited an ingenuity and a skill, which, if brought to ad-

mire the arts of civil life, could construct an engine, draw a landscape, or paint a portrait of the fairest damsel!

It is upon this principle, which we term "taste," that the leading spirits of society act upon its members. It is the cultivation of this principle, that fashions and forms the customs and habits, morals and manners of nations; produces their indescribable contrasts, and fastens upon them, I had almost said, with the chain of destiny, a character as indelible as Egyptian hieroglyphics. This principle not only explains the vast difference in natural character, from the brightest sunlight of civilization, down to the darkest shade of barbarism, but true as the native magnet, it serves as an index to the character, habits and manners of individuals in civil society. A correct and discriminating moral and intellectual taste, is the fundamental principle of a useful education. In youth, its proper cultivation, leading it in right channels, teaching it to love that which is ennobling in human nature, that which exalts and purifies, to love science and gain energy by the investigation of it, is the only sure method which can be adopted, to bring the mind through dreaming childhood, up science's rugged steep, that it may thereby avoid the desert gloom of ignorance, the siroc winds of vice. If mind is inspired in juvenile days, with a genuine love of literature, of refinement and usefulness, that love is the seal of promise, that to such a mind the future will open a scene of elysian charms—of balcyon joys. The cultivation of such a taste, a thirst for knowledge, is the magic key that opens the door to the rich laboratory of nature, and instead of viewing the external, its bulk and shapeless form, the mind enters into its complicated combination, tracing phenomena to their causes, and as if propelled by some unearthly power, it seeks, even in subterranean depths and ocean's coral bed, to pry into the very secrets of Omnipotence, and trace to the Original, the whole genius of his wondrous work!

A mind inspired with such a taste, will investigate the laws of nature—those propitious laws, under which Heaven has seen fit to place us—learn the intricate relationship which exists between man and man, his duties and obligations in society, and thereby elevate himself to the best circles and best friends. Such a mind ever sails upon a placid sea. The misfortunes of life have for it no terrors—novelty, transition, or decay of things held dear, cannot disappoint or sadden it. Its home is in the society of the intelligent, the refined, the virtuous and the good; while around it cluster the holiest affections of the purest hearts.

On the other hand, a vicious and corrupt taste will indulge in low and grovelling thoughts; while the bright arcana in which stalwart reflection loves to revel, like the "sealed book," its charms are ever hid from view. However strongly duty and necessity may urge to the cultivation of mind and moral improvement, if taste be wanting, its destiny is grovelling sensuality; and when selfish ambition forgets to act, as it ultimately will, it finally relapses into its much loved state, and there remains, known only on account of its baseness, until death, the winding-sheet and coffin, shall close the scene!

These are the results of the two principles. One leads us to the flowery fields and blooming dales of mind; the other, to desert wastes and weeds of "noxious growth." One rends the veil of ignorance, and gives the mind access to the bright regions of intellectual light; the other enshrouds it in clouds and darkness. One sees benevolence displayed in



all the works of creation, sees "Goodness employed in all the good and ill that chequer life;" the other views vengeance in every storm, and the "gorgon head" of cruelty in all the reverses and afflictions of humanity. One brings our youth under the auspices of the schools, the church, and the company of the wise and good; the other carries them to the sink-holes of crime, the bar-room, the horse-race, and the gambling-house.—The former points to honor, distinction, respect, and everlasting fame; the latter, to the dreary shades of infamy, disgrace and ruin!

Then what must be our conclusion? Would we improve our race, and raise man in the scale of being? Let us cultivate this principle. Would we render ourselves what nature designed we should be, and distinguish humanity with attributes, thoughts and feelings of which brutes cannot boast? We must cultivate this principle. Then it is that

"Our peaceful lives will glide
Like some unruffled dream."

Ever remembering, in the words of Montgomery, that

"Life lies in embryo—never free
Till nature yields her breath;
Till time becomes eternity,
And man is born in death."

West Richmond, N. Y.

THE PERSECUTED BOY.

RICHARD MELLEN was the son of parents whose circumstances in life chained them down to the intercourse of ordinary society. From mere childhood he had been victimized as the butt of ridicule for the whole neighborhood. In schools, there is always some pupil singled out, on whom the leers, and jibes, and taunts of every malapert scholar are heaped. In the one to which our little hero belonged, he had to submit to such imposition, and pass through the fiery ordeal of such persecution. But it was remarked that he invariably bore all this mirth with becoming coolness, insomuch that it seldom provoked a retort. In fact, he was so keen and cutting when he did deign a reply, that there was an instinctive dread of condign punishment, when his persecutors beheld an unusual fixedness of his eye, and a bitter, contemptuous scorn gathering on his half-upturned lip, which ever preceded one of his most galling and biting notices of their railleury. This may seem strange in a boy, simply, but it was, nevertheless, as strangely true. Careless in his manner of dress, and absolutely droll and slovenly in his mien, it was no wonder that he was set apart by his schoolmates for their sole, exclusive and peculiar amusement. His preceptor engendered an antipathy to him, as, by accident, he discovered something repulsive in his address. Even his parents, imbibing the popular opinion, at length began to look down upon him as the boy devoid of genius; and concluded that it was preposterous to continue him at school, where he not only failed to make any proficiency, but had to stem a torrent of abusive epithets, dire vituperation, and contumely, profusely lavished upon him by his cotemporary school-fellows.

But Richard was a philosophic little soul; and maugre all that he had to contend with, wrapt up in the knowledge of his own prowess, he never allowed the smoothness of his temper to be lashed into a foam by the storms of passion; consoling himself with this thought—"there *shall* be a change some day." Society he never courted, nor courted the smiles of any one. For hours after Morpheus had sealed the eyelids of all oth-

ers, he pored tirelessly over his books; and as the earliest lark began its matin orison, he placed himself at his window, and studied by the light of breaking morn. Mellowed by the solemn quiet of midnight, and inspired by the balmy influence of Aurora, the spirit of poesy soon became incorporated with his juvenile mind. Tender thoughts and sublime sentiments sprang up, spontaneously, from the prolific soil. The light of heaven shed its radiant beams in his expanding heart. The iris of his own peace spanned the world of his imaginative day-dreams. The ideal blendid with reality. The cold world laughed at his seeming stupidity, but he heeded them not. His parents chided their son for his sedentary life, but he replied in a mild, filial way, and said to himself, "there *shall* be a change some day."

And there was, too, a new era in the life-time of the young Miller.—In proportion to the growth and strength of his physical system, did his mental enlarge and improve. As the lineaments of boyhood slowly disappeared, genius and manhood were portrayed, in bold relief, in their stead. Intellect nestled in the dark chambers of his piercing eye, and the flash of poetic fire that shot forth from that place, irresistibly made you wonder and admire. Thus, by intense application to wisdom's lore, did he fling back the scorn of foes into their own path, mounted the slippery ladder of eminence, and looked down from a lofty height on his former despisers, but now invidious but unwilling admirers.

Poetic talent will discover itself sooner or later. Miller commenced his publications over a fictitious signature—"Cincinnatus"—and ere long heard high eulogiums on his productions from the lips of his veriest enemies, when they little dreamed who was the author. Every tongue lauded their beauty, and every heart melted under their pathetic strain.

About this time, the wily god, Cupid, aimed a shot at his heart; and well it told in that uncorrupted reservoir of life! And well did the sly archer do his devoir in this instance. Oh! how tenderly Richard fostered the passion! The ideal angel, before whose shrine his youthful soul had bowed in ecstatic devotion, seemed personified in the object of his affection. The torch of love inflamed every sentiment, bursting forth in song; and every whispered thought was linked, in hallowed sweetness, with her name. But an insuperable barrier was thrown out before him. The girl of his choice was of wealthy and honorable parentage—he of poor and obscure. Yet she returned his ardent love. To her he communicated the name of the anonymous writer, who received the applause of all. Oh! how sweet to confide the secrets of his inmost heart to so sweet, gentle and smiling a maid! A promise was made to defer a nuptial connexion till the world should place him, in honor, on a level with her parents.

Years went by: Richard Mellen stood first and foremost as a jurist, at the most renowned bar. "*Cincinnatus*" was known in "*propria persona*." The being of his first love was his honored bride. The dull, ignorant boy was forgotten in the eloquent, patriotic, erudite statesman. The boy whom we first introduced to you is now an Hon. in the House of Representatives of the United States. Take up almost any periodical of the day, read the boundless encomiums bestowed upon him, and you may learn that, although genuine talent be subdued and crushed for a while, like a smothered fire, it only recoils to issue forth in another place, more furious and magnificently brilliant.

West. Lit. Cask.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AMONG the many evidences of the increasing value of our Order, as well to society at large as to its immediate constituency, its triumph over a jaundiced public disfavor may be regarded as greatly influential in rendering its efforts fully effective. Public opinion in this country, although often in error, is all powerful to aid or to check the efforts of men and the force of principles, and to it as an august tribunal must the claims and merits of measures be subjected. Unworthy projects it is true may sometimes win its favor, and deserving schemes of benefaction may languish under the withering influence of its frown, yet the experience of every observing man we think will attest the truth, that the proper character of men and things will in due time receive its relative just reward. Errors of opinion and prejudices are alike among the infirmities of the public as well as the individual mind; nor is it remarkable that mankind are sometimes in haste to laud ephemeral deeds, or slow to appreciate real merit, when we consider the many foibles to which even the most intelligent and impartial minds are constantly subject. Again, men are apt to be incredulous, when great and extraordinary works are essayed, without apparent commensurate means to carry them out to successful accomplishment.

Our fellow-citizens, many of them distrusted the ability of humble men in the early days of Odd-Fellowship to effect more than mere local individual and mutual aid; whilst others, less liberal in their judgment, withheld their countenance from the offices of our Order under entire misconceptions of its true character, or from blind prejudices zealously cherished against it as an institution designed to uphold morals at the expense of Christianity. Of the latter class, we regret to say, many still continue amid the almost universal enlightenment in relation to the character and principles of Odd-Fellowship, to pursue our Order with anathema and *holy* exorcism.

During a period of six and twenty years we have silently and unobtrusively been engaged as confederated spirits in the work of doing good to our fellow-men. We have formed a system of instruction and counsel well adapted to the elevation and improvement of man in all his relations: we have devised, in connexion with this effort for his moral culture, a plan of individual relief for him when overtaken by disease, calamity and distress: we have, as auxiliary to these two cardinal elements of Odd-

Fellowship, provided an avenue to learning and intelligence for the orphan, succour and consolation for the widow, and reputable interment for the dead. The circle within whose limits these benefactions extend, embrace over forty thousand affiliated brethren in North America. The amount therefore of our contribution among the efforts of the philanthropists and benevolent spirits of the age may be more easily imagined than calculated. The true object of Odd-Fellowship is to improve the character of its votaries and to train them by its teachings to the knowledge and practice of the whole duty of man to his fellow-beings. Some there may be who look upon their association with our Order as a mere individual beneficial connexion—we trust the number of such may be small—he who entertains such an idea of Odd-Fellowship is grossly ignorant of its first principles; he has hurried through its gradations from idle curiosity, and has either been heedless of its admonitions, instructions and counsels, or has totally misconceived its great end and aim. Let him learn that our Order has for its design a far higher, nobler purpose; and while it incidentally and first as a matter of local regulation, stops by the way to relieve its immediate children, it teaches and practices universal Love and Charity to all human beings upon the habitable globe, of whatever clime, faith or nation.

We have by a practical exhibition of these doctrines acted out a defence of Odd-Fellowship against all manner of opposition, and every where we are now greeted with the salutations of the good and the virtuous, who have been won over to a proper appreciation of our works, not by our seeking, but by the force of evidence reflected in streams of light from the Temples of our Order throughout our beloved country. Let none suppose for a moment that this is a mere ideal picture of the position of our Order; its truth is spread before us, while we write, in characters that cannot deceive. Every mail that comes from the north, the south, the east or the west brings us, as it were, in a continuous stream the cheering intelligence—every where Lodges are forming, not one or two, but in numbers, embracing the virtuous and choice citizens of the Republic of every class and every calling, high and low, rich and poor, all mingling, in beautiful illustration of the *equality* of all good men, upon a common level, in one indissoluble band of brotherhood, pledged to go forth as the champions of Friendship, Love and Truth, and the ministers of peace and good will to men on earth. What means this vast increase of our Order? what means the acquisition of States within our jurisdiction in which the very name of an Odd-Fellow was but a little while ago unheard, or if heard at all, named in terms of reproach? What means the increased intelligence and improvement every where within the Order itself? We present but one, the true answer to all these inquiries—it is the force of public opinion, which has found its way into a healthy channel, enlightened and purified by the beautiful practical benevolence of our beloved Order.

DURING a recent visit to Macon, Georgia, I attended United Brothers' Lodge, No. 5, and was agreeably surprised when introduced to their hall of meeting to find it one which, for good taste and beauty of arrangement has rarely been surpassed in the United States. The room is of moderate dimensions, 45 feet long by 26 wide, but handsomely and appropriately

furnished, and altogether possesses an air of heart-cheering comfort and brotherly union, strongly illustrative of the objects to which it is dedicated.

The chair of the N. G. struck me particularly, from its being adorned at the back with a very well imagined painting, representing the "All-seeing Eye" darting rays of light from amid thick clouds, and surmounted by the motto:—"Thou, Lord, seest us." This striking the eye at the moment of entering, (for it directly faces the entrance,) has a most imposing effect—nor does its influence readily subside—for who with that solemn warning before them would indulge illiberal feelings, or refuse that pity to a brother which the Almighty vouchsafes to us all.

The chairs of the other principal officers are in excellent keeping, and the drapery gracefully arranged. Indeed the Lodge furniture seems to have been designed throughout with peculiar taste and care. The altars, the bow-arrows and quiver, the antique battle-axe, &c. are all beautiful in their way, and reflect great credit on the brother who executed them. Connected with this hall is another of much larger size, which has been fitted up by the Lodge for lectures, exhibitions, &c. The members are anxious to place in it a library that shall be accessible to all who will avail themselves of the advantages it will afford for obtaining information. Thus are the 'United Brothers' intent on promoting the moral and intellectual natures of Odd-Fellows and the community. Success attend them in their exertions for the promotion of the welfare of humanity.

A. CASE.

~~34~~ We present our friends with an admirable story from the pen of Miss E. M. W. and have been favored by the fair authoress with several other interesting tales. We propose to insert one in each number until we shall have completed the publication of them. Meanwhile we expect the favor of other articles from her gifted pen.

~~35~~ We beg to return thanks to brother P. G. Sec'y Jos. H. Hough, of New Jersey, for his prompt response to our appeal to the brotherhood in our last for a copy of the old Covenant. That brother has presented the Grand Lodge of the United States with the work, which will be placed in the archives of the Order.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

Maine—Extract of a letter from brother B. A. G. Fuller, dated Augusta, April 18, 1844.

Our Lodge (Sabattis, No. 6) went into operation the 28th of December last—and we now number about 150 members—taken from among those who, from being good members of society, are well fitted to become good Odd-Fellows. We are in a flourishing condition and hope to continue so situated. The opposition we have had to encounter, though never very extensive or powerful, has gradually weakened, and the rooted prejudices of not a few have been quite eradicated—as we have ever endeavored, in accordance with our principles, to avoid quarrels and hold the faith in

unity of spirit and in the bond of peace. As we are yet in our infancy we need "light" on many points, and it is to obtain this that I write.

New York—Extract of a letter from brother D. S. Curtiss, dated Perry, May 8th, 1844.

Please insert our young "Silver Lake Lodge, No. 106, I. O. O. F." in your list of Lodges—we were instituted on the 9th of February, 1844, and now have some 30 members.

The Order is flourishing in this region—we have initiated brothers in Silver Lake Lodge to establish Lodges in several other places. But we have here the most unfavorable place in the world to give the Order a footing—it was in this section that the Morgan affair took place, and the old prejudices of the people against Masonry lives in all its vigor; and they will identify those they have associated in their minds—yet we are "onward."

Pennsylvania—Extract of a letter from G. Sec'y Wm. Curtis, dated Philadelphia, April 25th, 1844.

I send you the result of the election in our Grand Lodge on Monday evening last, viz:—

JOHN PERRY,	- - - -	M. W. G. Master.
N. B. LEIDY,	- - - -	R. W. D. G. Master.
W. W. WEEKS,	- - - -	R. W. G. Warden.
WM. CURTIS,	- - - -	R. W. G. Secretary.
F. KNOX MORTON,	- - - -	R. W. G. Treasurer.
P. G. M. HORN R. KNEASS,	} R. W. G. Rep. to G. L. of U. S.	
P. G. M. JOSEPH BROWNE,		

We polled 277 votes, but little or no opposition. The Order is in our State, I assure you, in a flourishing condition. I have just returned home from Lancaster, where I have been assisting to open an Encampment to be called Washington Encampment, No. 11.

I herewith send you the result of the election in our Grand Encampment on Tuesday evening last, viz:—

RICHARD L. WEST,	- - -	M. W. G. Patriarch.
HENRY LEFFMAN,	- - -	M. E. G. High Priest.
JAMES L. WARWICK,	- - -	G. S. Warden.
W. A. SHUMSUAY,	- - -	G. J. Warden.
AARON WATER,	- - -	G. I. Sentinel.
F. M. RICE,	- - -	G. O. Sentinel.
LOUIS L. PAULY,	- - -	G. Scribe.
JOSEPH BROWNE,	- - -	G. Treasurer.
P. G. P. PAUL MOODY,	- - -	R. W. G. Rep. to G. L. U. S.

Ohio—Extract of a letter from P. G. M. Charles Thomas, dated Cincinnati, April 24th, 1844.

The Order in this State is progressing beyond my most sanguine expec-

tation. Being Grand Treasurer I have this day signed five charters for subordinate Lodges, all to be instituted at good points.

In the north of this State there are many very good locations, where Lodges could be sustained; and if I were to judge by the communications I have received, and the interest manifested in them, I must come to the conclusion, that the time is not far distant when we will number fifty good and true subordinates.

On the 27th inst. in my official capacity I institute an Encampment in Hamilton. Having in December last instituted Capital Encampment, No. 6, in Columbus, this of course will be No. 7.

I regret very much that the "Covenant" was not conducted on the same plan that it is at present. On the old system, the credit system, there was some one complaining all the time; but under the present arrangement every one who takes it, so far as I have heard, are well pleased. I am aware that the work does not receive that support it should in this city, but I hope you receive encouragement enough to continue it; believing, as I do, that there is nothing so useful to the Order.

Indiana—Extract of a letter from brother Orlando Lane, dated Madison, April 30th, 1844.

I presume you have been regularly advised from time to time, by the proper officer, of the condition and prospects of the Order in this State.—I will, however, take the liberty to state in general terms, that we are as prosperous as under the circumstances of the times could be reasonably expected. We have added four numbers to our list since our last annual report; three of them in the northern part of the State, and one at Lawrenceburg on the Ohio river. The increase for the last two quarters has been much more rapid in the northern part of the State than in this vicinity. This fact is probably owing, in some measure, to its novelty among them;—I am happy to learn, however, that they have exercised great caution in the admission of members.

A quarterly communication of our Grand Lodge was held at this place on the 15th inst. A very full attendance was had from every part of the State. The day following (16th) was devoted to the dedication of the New Hall recently erected in this city by Washington Lodge, No. 11.—The ceremonies of the day were commenced by a truly eloquent and appropriate address by bro. A. W. Bruce, at the Wesleyan Chapel; after which, the Order repaired to the New Hall, where the ceremony of dedication was performed; which was closed by a short but fervent address by bro. Tal. P. Shaffner, of Louisville. The services were well arranged and truly imposing, and were witnessed by a numerous and attentive audience. I trust they have left a favourable impression upon the minds of the community; and I speak confidently when I say, they have exerted a beneficial influence upon the Order here. Bro. Shaffner remained with us through the entire week, occupying the evenings with a course of Lectures upon the *principles* of the Order.

I am happy to inform you that there is a decided improvement in the condition of the Patriarchal branch of the Order in this city, since our

last annual report. We have had an addition of ten to our number within the last four months, with the prospect of a still further increase.

Kentucky—From G. Rep. T. P. Shaffner, dated Louisville, May 9th, 1844.

The Grand Encampment of Kentucky assembled on the 3d inst. We had a very harmonious session. The following are the officers for the present year:—

JOHN FONDA, - - - -	M. W. G. Patriarch.
TAL. P. SHAFFNER, - - - -	M. E. G. H. Priest.
WM. IRVIN, - - - -	G. Warden.
WM. WHITE, - - - -	G. Scribe.
JAMES S. LITHGOW, - - - -	G. Treasurer.
S. M. PEASLEE, - - - -	G. Sentinel.

The business transacted was principally of a local character. The G. Patriarch or myself will attend the G. L. of U. S. in September, and you may expect Kentucky to be fully represented this year and forever after.

The Grand Lodge held her annual communication on the 4th inst., being present a full representation. The business of this body was also of a local character and to comply with requisitions of the G. L. of U. S.—The following are the officers for the present year:—

WM. MATHEWS, - - - -	M. W. G. Master.
JOHN B. HINKLE, - - - -	R. W. D. G. Master.
WM. HULL, - - - -	R. W. G. Warden.
P. M. JONES, - - - -	R. W. G. Secretary.
JOHN IRVIN, - - - -	R. W. G. Treasurer.
THOMAS TODD, - - - -	W. G. Conductor.
CHARLES HEERY, - - - -	W. G. Guardian.

Our Grand Master will represent the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, by virtue of his office, in the next G. L. of U. S.

From the reports of the subordinate Lodges under our jurisdiction I learn that the Order is still in a flourishing condition—since I wrote you last Herman Lodge, No. 17, was opened in this city—to work in the German language.

I may here mention that I attended the Grand Lodge of Indiana on the 15th ult. and was much pleased to find it a body of a fine character—being composed of men worthy of the cause to which they belong.

The Grand Lodge joined in the procession with Washington Lodge on the 16th, and participated in dedicating a new Hall, which in neatness cannot be surpassed in the east or west. An excellent address was delivered by brother Bruce at the Methodist Church, and a dedicatory address was delivered in the Hall.

The Grand Lodge of this State has declared in favor of changing the time of meeting of the G. L. of U. S. to August. The Grand Lodge of Kentucky has also gone in favour of it: I think the west and south will be unanimous for the change.

On the 6th inst. I attended a procession which was at Shelbyville, Ky. Brothers Todd and Hill delivered very fine addresses—after which all attended a dinner given by Mr. Redding of that place. The afternoon was

very pleasantly spent with each other, and at night all partook of a supper which was given by Mr. Hastings of that place. After mingling in brotherly love we left at 10 o'clock, P. M. for the city. I have attended a great many public meetings of the Order, east and west, but never one more spirited and friendly than the above. Every exertion was used by the members of Shelbyville to make the visitor comfortable. The fact is I cannot place them in their proper light—enough will be said when I tell you they are truly Kentuckians! Odd-Fellows indeed!

The time of the meeting of the Grand Lodge is changed to Thursday instead of Saturday.

I wish you would publish in the "Covenant," which has the highest post of honor—the Encampment or Lodge? The Grand Encampment or Grand Lodge? &c.*

Mississippi—Extract of a letter from D. D. G. Sire Geo. I. Dicks, dated Natchez, April 12th, 1844.

I have the satisfaction of informing you that the Order in our State is still onward. Since my return home I have visited Wilkinson Lodge, No. 10, at Woodville; at which time they celebrated their first anniversary of the organization of their Lodge, which passed off in handsome style and effect. Doct. A. C. Holt, the orator on that occasion, acquitted himself in a manner beyond the expectations of his most intimate friends. I hope you may be able to get a copy of it for publication.

I shall, on the first of next month, take a tour through the eastern portion of this State, and shall report to you any thing that I think may be of interest, to yourself and to the Order.

Since my return I have written twice to "Far West Lodge," Little Rock, Arkansas, but cannot hear any thing from them—in my first communication I transmitted the A. T. P. W.

The Lodges in this city, Vicksburg and Jackson are making great preparations to celebrate the 26th inst. in their different locations with great spirit and zeal.

Hoping you are well, and wishing you all the success in the advancement of the principles of our beloved Order, through the instrumentality of the Covenant, I remain, &c.

Georgia—From N. G. Robert Austin, dated Augusta, May 10th, 1844.

Some six months ago I joined the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, and am now N. G. of Washington Lodge, No. 7, in this place. I have heard much respecting your *Magazine* but have never seen it, neither do I know that this letter will be directed right; however, if it reaches you my object is to become a subscriber—and I think, if your terms are liberal, that 30 or 40 subscribers *at least* might be obtained in this place. I do not know the amount of the yearly subscription, consequently I can-

* In answer to the above we can only say, that we know of no law of the Order defining the post of honor in processions, other than the common practice which allows to the Patriarchal branch of the Order precedence—ED.

not send *the proper enclosure*, but will as soon as I know your terms. I would like if you could send me the back numbers of the present volume, and tell me if you could do the same to all who might subscribe.

Our Lodge has been in operation only two months and three days, and we number 143, all enthusiastic in the cause and are increasing rapidly every day. Since I mentioned such a Magazine being in existence as yours, I have been repeatedly requested to write for it so that they might see it—and as I am anxious to see it myself you may enter my name as a subscriber and forward me the numbers.

Michigan—Extract of a letter from D. D. G. Sire Samuel Yorke AtLee, dated Detroit, April 12th, 1844.

Your late favors of the 3d inst. came duly to hand, including the Dispositions to confer the P. Degrees and to institute the Michigan Encampment, together with the necessary books. Accordingly said Encampment was duly established and the following officers installed on the 12th day of April, 1844, by P. C. P. Aaron B. Campfield, viz:—

SAMUEL YORKE ATLEE,	-	-	-	-	C. Patriarch.
BENJAMIN F. HALL,	-	-	-	-	H. Priest.
JOHN ROBINSON, JR.	-	-	-	-	S. Warden.
WM. DUANE WILSON,	-	-	-	-	J. Warden.
JOHN CHESTER,	-	-	-	-	Scribe.
A. S. KELLOGG,	-	-	-	-	Treasurer.
MATHEW GOODING,	-	-	-	-	Sentinel.

The following brethren were also exalted to the R. P. Degree, viz:—
 Adrian R. Terry, George Doty. The ceremonies of installation were conducted by P. C. P. Campfield acting as G. P.—P. Jona. M. Reed as G. S. and G. H. P.—and myself as G. S. W. The Encampment commences under the most happy auspices, and I unhesitatingly predict that its operations will be carried on in harmony with all the noble principles of Odd-Fellowship.

The Order in Michigan has received great aid from P. C. P. Campfield. He lately visited this city, passing through on business relating to his commission warehouse in Buffalo, but was constrained by bonds of love to tarry with us for a season. During his sojourn here, he officiated as P. G. in Michigan Lodge, No. 1, and was strenuous and untiring in performing all the honorary duties imposed upon him. Votes of thanks were unanimously adopted in his favor, and his intercourse has brightened a chain the lustre of which will, I trust, never be sullied.

From the same, dated April 17, 1844.

Yesterday at Odd-Fellows' Hall I installed "Wayne Lodge, No. 2, I. O. O. F." in the persons of the following officers elect, to wit:—

ADRIAN R. TERRY,	-	-	-	-	N. Grand.
JOHN ROBINSON, JR.	-	-	-	-	V. Grand.
CHARLES S. ADAMS,	-	-	-	-	Secretary.
JOHN T. HUNT,	-	-	-	-	Treasurer.

I was assisted by brother Wm. Duane Wilson, N. G. of Michigan Lodge, No. 1, and brother B. F. Hall, V. G. of the same. The new Lodge commences operations under excellent auspices, and I assure you that it will do honor to the Order.

From the same, dated May 16, 1844.

Yesterday I had the very great pleasure of being notified that a packet had arrived per Express from Baltimore, via New Orleans, &c. &c. I hastened to get it and did not grudge the \$3 demanded for the package. On opening it, I found an Installation Book for a subordinate Lodge and another for an Encampment, besides the Constitution of the G. L. U. S. I received, moreover, my original Commission and one of the kindest and best letters from the G. C. S. that I ever received. It did me good I assure you. It was so hearty and fraternal. I think that when we meet we shall find that we are related at least in the 42d degree.

Day before yesterday I transmitted by Mr Bradley, one of our democratic delegates to the National Convention, the petition for Wayne Lodge No. 2. The Order flourishes happily, and by winter I do not think that the G. Sire's D. D.'s will distance their brother.

PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 14, Alexandria, D. C.

——— Encampment, No. 2, Saco, Maine.

Wayne Lodge, No. 2, Detroit, Michigan.

Piscataqua Lodge, No. 6, Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Nashonoo Encampment, No. 1, Nashua, do.

Chatahooche Encampment, No. 3, Columbus, Georgia.

Roger Williams' Lodge, No. 3, Providence, Rhode Island.

Narragansett Encampment, No. 1, do. do.

——— Encampment, No. 3, Portland, Maine.

Hochelega Encampment, No. 1, Montreal, Canada.

Michigan Encampment, No. 1, Detroit, Michigan.

The Golden Rule.—We have received the numbers of this paper which have been published.—It is devoted to the cause of Odd-Fellowship; is under the guidance of an experienced P. G. M. of New York, and we venture the opinion that if it continues as it has begun, to be filled with good matter, that it will live, and that is saying a good deal for a periodical devoted to our Order.

I. O. O. F.

THE COVENANT

AND OFFICIAL MAGAZINE

OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

VOL. III.

JULY, 1844.

No. 7.

FLORITA:

A SPANISH TALE—ALTERED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MISS E. M. WALLEY, OF MACON, GA.

CHAPTER I.

ONE evening in the summer of 1641, a number of cavaliers strolled down the Prado in the direction of the street d'Alcala, busily canvassing an event of great interest to the court of Philip IV., and the public of the city of Madrid. The conversation was very animated, yet it referred neither to the revolt of the Catalonians, nor to the revolution that had just placed the Duke of Braganza on the throne of Portugal. It related only to a company of opera singers, recently arrived from Italy; and who, on the preceding evening, had enjoyed the honour of performing before the king.

All voices were loud in their praise, and the news that they were engaged for six months at the theatre *de la Cruz*, was a matter of general congratulation.

"By Saint Iago!" cried one of the most passionate admirers of this exotic company, "I do not believe there is better music in Paradise! I have heard more than a hundred oratorios, not only in the king's chapel, but in most of the principal cathedrals of Spain, and among them all, I never yet heard a voice to compare with that of Marino, the *gracioso*."

"And I," exclaimed another, "will maintain that neither Spain, nor the rest of the world, can produce a voice like that of la Magdalena, the *primo*

donna. What brilliancy! what power! Her notes are like a shower of spangles—a kind of musical fire-works. Saint Cecelia must have sung just so—I was in ecstasies—in heaven—vive la Magdalena!"

"Vive la Magdalena!" repeated his companions with enthusiasm.

At this moment, a cavalier who had listened to these eulogiums with evident disapprobation, suddenly exclaimed—

"But she either *cannot*, or she *will not*, sing in Spanish."

"Indeed! Who told you that, Don Pedro?" they all exclaimed with one voice.

"She herself; gentlemen, she herself, this morning, when I called upon her with the offer of a part in the little opera that I have just written, and which Don Blas Minco is putting to music."

"Is it possible that she could refuse *you*, the author of so many chef-d'œuvres?"

"Yes; she refused positively, declaring that she would sing nothing but Italian words and Italian airs. I wish you could have heard her tone. It was that of a queen, sure of her empire. Ah! she is a wonderful creature, and we must all bow to her decrees."

At these words, pronounced in a tone of irony, the cavalier, with a courteous gesture of adieu to his companions, turned from them into one of the alleys which led to the gate d'Átocha.

The evening was now far advanced, and the darkness extreme; yet, apparently well acquainted with the ground, he pursued his way fearlessly, sometimes talking to himself, at others stopping with upraised head, as if to count the stars. He proceeded for a long while in this manner, before discovering that he had wandered into the poorest quarter of Madrid, and very far indeed from the Plaza-Mayor, where he resided. At length, however, he awoke from his revery, and looking round him, like a man fallen from the clouds, he murmured—

"The blessed virgin aid me! I have lost my way!"

At this moment a distant clock struck ten, and the cavalier, after a few more hesitating steps, found himself in a kind of square, formed by the crossing of several dark and crooked streets, among which he could not even discover the one by which he had entered it. The houses were high, and pierced by few windows, though here and there a faint light in some upper story, indicated a watcher in these melancholy abodes of poverty. The doors, unfurnished with locks, were all open; but what had they to fear whose whole stock was not worth ten reals? Poverty was a surer safeguard than the most secure lock. At this hour of the night, they seemed deserted, so deep was the silence that reigned around. Not a human voice was heard—not a breath of wind—nothing save the hoarse bark of some beggar's dog, which occasionally arose from a cellar.

Only one light glimmered through the darkness of the street. It was that of a lamp placed like a Pharos at the corner of a house, before an image of the virgin, who, from her niche, seemed to throw a glance of pity on the poor passers-by.

Our cavalier, with a devotion to *Our-Lady* common to all Castilians, took off his hat, repeated an *Ave Maria*, and seated himself on the stone bench before the niche, to take breath and enjoy the fumes of a cigar.

At this period, the nights in Madrid were fertile in adventures. *Lovers* and *thieves* held undisputed sway from midnight to the first angelus,

and serious encounters frequently occurred in the streets, without any interference from the negligent or timid police. But in this obscure quarter, there was nothing to entice either pickpockets or serenaders, and without expecting any thing of the kind, he drew his cloak over his shoulders, and philosophically disposed himself to make the best of his situation.—The lamp which shone full on him, threw out his figure, like that of a portrait on a black ground, and assuredly there was that in his appearance which might have tempted people more scrupulous than those who inhabit the environs of *la puetra des Embajadores*. His cloak, of the finest black cloth of Legovia, was worn over a silk jacket, on the front of which sparkled the red cross of Santiago. A little collar, trimmed with points of Mechlin lace, fell over a heavy golden chain which supported a medalion of Notra-Dame-de-Guadaloupe; while his hat, with its jewelled buckle and shadowy plumes, half concealed an intelligent, cheerful and florid countenance, belonging to a man of about forty years of age.

He had fallen into a revery, in which he dwelt on the refusal of la Magdalina; and though naturally good natured in an eminent degree, it is certain that he felt considerable rancor towards the *prima donna*, and was now revolving projects of vengeance in his mind.

"Ah! it will do no harm to humble the pride of this queen of the theatre," said he to himself. "I am resolved that before two months have passed, she shall beg on her knees for what she has now refused, and I shall not grant it very readily, I promise her. I will write a comedy that will turn the heads of all Madrid, and when it is performed, the Italian company shall sing to empty benches at the theatre de la Cruz. Ah! ah! she will bitterly repent her impertinence! Refuse a part in my *Orpheus*, indeed! She shall regret it, or my name is not Calderon de la Barca."

At this moment, a strain of music, which seemed to issue from the grated window of an opposite house, cut short the angry monologue of the cavalier. The notes were those of an instrument so soft and mellow, that they scarcely broke the silence of the night. After this prelude a voice was heard.

"Virgin santissima!" murmured Calderon de la Barca, clasping his hands with an expression of delighted astonishment, "what can this be?"

Never before had such accents greeted his ears. This voice of marvellous compass and unparalleled purity and brilliancy, abandoned itself to a capricious improvisation, apparently sporting with the instrument to repeat the notes which a light but practiced hand drew from it. Then, after another prelude, the same voice chanted a hymn to the virgin. During this soft adagio, Calderon had approached the house, where he listened, leaning on the stone bench before the open door. The idea of revenging himself on la Magdalina by writing a popular comedy, was superseded by one which pleased him much more. He believed that he had found a rival to the Italian *cantatrice*, and that his Orpheus might be brilliantly executed without her assistance. After pacing for some time before the house, uncertain whether he should recognize it again the next day, and rather undecided as to the best means of introducing himself to the songstress, he suddenly came to a resolution, and boldly entering the door, he called in a loud voice—

"Hollo! is any one awake here?"

"Who is there?" cried a voice from the end of the passage; and the light of a lamp glanced on the wall.

"An honest gentleman, chevalier of Santiago, lost in this labyrinth, who seeks the clue by which he may regain his home; if any christians are within hearing, let them point it out in charity."

There was a moment's silence, then a door opened, and an aged female, very poorly dressed, appeared with a lamp in her hand.

The Chevalier raised his hat, saying politely, "God bless you, my good lady! I am completely bewildered in this part of the city, with which I am unacquainted, though I have lived in Madrid these twenty years; I knew not where to apply for information, when I heard a voice whose divine accents guided me here. Was it you who sang thus?"

The poor woman courtesied humbly, and replied with a smile expressive both of satisfaction and melancholy,

"No, Signor—it was my daughter!"

"Upon my soul, she has the most remarkable voice I ever heard. I should be much gratified to hear it again, that I might better judge of her talent; I will return to-morrow, if you please to tell me where I am, and who you are?"

"Signor," she replied respectfully, "you are in the street of Mira-al-Sol, near the gate of Embajadores. I am a poor widow, and my name is Ana Muller. Can I be of any further service to you?"

"No, my good lady, I know my way at present. You have relieved my embarrassment—may the Lord reward you for it. To-morrow I will see you again." And he departed.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning Calderon de la Barca had little difficulty in discovering at the end of the long street of Embajadores, the spot where he lost his way the evening before. He once more found himself in the street of Mira-al-Sol, which probably received its name in irony, for the sun never shows its face there for more than a few minutes at noon, when it finds its way among the dilapidated houses, every story of which projects like a pent-house over the one beneath it. Approaching the oldest and most sombre of these houses, he knocked at the same worm-eaten door, which he had entered the last evening. Ana Muller instantly made her appearance, and having expected this visit was better dressed than on the former occasion. She was a woman of grave and respectable appearance, who might once have been handsome, but age, and probably care and sorrow, had hollowed her cheeks, and ploughed her brow with deep wrinkles.

"My dear lady," said Calderon, "you see that I am a man of my word. I told you yesterday that I would return, and here I am."

"You are welcome, Signor," said she, introducing him into a low, dark room, nearly destitute of furniture, with a door on one side closed by a curtain of faded tapestry. Calderon seated himself in an old leather arm chair, which Ana Muller ceremoniously drew forward, and looked around him, a little surprised at what he saw, and at the reception he met with.

The appearance of the room indicated extreme indigence; two or three joint stools were ranged before a broken table, a little shelf above it bore a few articles of the coarsest crockery, which proved the extreme frugality of their repasts. But before the window was a piece of furniture which might have graced the saloon of a grandee. It was a harpsichord, whose richly carved feet were inlaid with brass ornaments, while the top sparkled with incrustations of mother-of-pearl and silver.

"What a magnificent instrument!" exclaimed Calderon, in a tone of surprise and admiration.

"It is the chef-d'œuvre of my poor Muller," said the old woman, with an expression of melancholy pride. "He worked on it the last ten years of his life."

"Your husband, then, was a maker of musical instruments?"

"Yes, Signor, and he was also an excellent musician. All who knew him thought he had great genius. It is now twenty years since he came here from his own country, Germany, because he had heard that artists prospered in Madrid, and at first he was very successful; he worked for all the churches, and it was then that we were married. But my poor husband was too much of a genius to grow rich. He invented, and his associates were jealous of his talents. They contrived many ways to annoy him, till at length he became discouraged and neglected his work; then we were very unhappy."

"He did not neglect this, however," said Calderon, turning his eyes towards the instrument.

"No, he labored at that to console his misery."

Saying this, Ana Muller arose and brushed off a few grains of dust which had tarnished the top of the instrument; then she continued in a melancholy tone,

"This is to me a history of our lives for ten years! Each of these ornaments, each of these keys, recalls some date: we often deprived ourselves of necessities to purchase some beautiful piece of ivory or mother-of-pearl, which he carved himself. He sometimes passed whole nights in seeking combinations which would give its sound more clearness, sweetness or correctness. But alas! his health could not sustain so many privations, and the strength which supported him seemed to fail suddenly, when he had finished it. He fell sick, and very soon there was no more hope for him. The evening before his death he said to me, 'Ana, you have been a good wife, and I am confident you will fulfil my last request. I leave you nothing on earth but the harpsichord—that is the fortune of our daughter. Never sell it for less than twenty thousand reals—it is worth more than that.' I have obeyed him, Signor. I have suffered cold—I have suffered hunger—my daughter has been sick—every form of poverty has assailed us, yet in the midst of all this destitution I have refused to sell my husband's chef-d'œuvre. I have refused ten thousand reals for it—my neighbors think me crazy I believe, but I do not repent it."

As she said this she approached the instrument, and looked at it with a kind of respect and love, as the painter regards the work of his heart and imagination—or the devotee a holy relic. Calderon was silent—the relation of the poor woman had touched his feelings. He admired her faith, her resignation, her devotion, and was surprised to find in one of her humble condition so much true refinement.

"Excuse me, Signor, for dwelling so long on my sorrows," said the widow. "I should before now have asked you to what motive I owe the honor of your visit."

"I told to you yesterday evening. I wish to hear the voice of your daughter again, which from a distance seemed wonderfully fine."

Ana Muller reflected a moment, and then answered with humble dignity—

"Signor, before introducing you to my daughter, I wish to know who you are?"

"I am Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca," said he, smiling.

At this well known name, the name of the most celebrated dramatic author of the period, Ana Muller exclaimed,

"Don Pedro Calderon here! in my house! this is an honor that I shall never forget, Signor! My poor husband was one of your most passionate admirers—he carried me to see *le Mercader de Tolèdo*, and the famous comedy, *Para vencer amor querer vencerle*. What crowds! what transports we witnessed! how you were applauded!" And raising the curtain which covered the entrance to another apartment—"Come my daughter," said she, "come and see the Signor Don Pedro Calderon de la Barca."

A young girl immediately made her appearance, and after making a timid courtesy, remained standing in the middle of the apartment.

"Signor," said the widow, looking at her child with a smile of love and joy, "this is my daughter Florita Muller; she was her father's pupil, and learned music almost at the same time that she learned to speak."

"It is thus that great artists are formed," said Calderon: "your daughter is such already, I am confident, and I have the greatest desire to hear her again."

"Come, Florita," said her mother, leading her to the harpsichord.

The poor girl appeared agitated, and almost frightened, at the presence of a stranger. She trembled as she took her seat, and preluded with an uncertain hand, occasionally throwing timid glances around her, while Calderon listened, and observed her with a mingled sentiment of interest and curiosity.

Florita was not beautiful, but she had one of those faces which we never forget. Her figure was tall and frail, as if she had grown too fast, and in her attitudes and gestures, there yet remained something to remind you of the graces of childhood. But her countenance indicated faculties more fully developed—it was at once intelligent and reflective, sensitive and proud. Her black hair fell in thick waving locks on her shoulders, and her eyes of the pure deep blue, peculiar to Germany, were shaded by long lashes of the same hue. Her brow was imperial, and the faint bloom of her complexion resembled that of a rose, which had opened in the shade. Yet her features when in repose had no particular attraction! but when they were animated by the glow of genius—when she raised those calm deep eyes, then she was beautiful.

"Now sing, my daughter," said Ana Muller, in an encouraging voice. "Do you want your notes?"

She shook her head, and pressing her brow with both hands, as if to draw in inspiration, she commenced, accompanying her voice with only a few accords. It trembled at first, but soon recovered its magnificent tones, its wonderful compass, its rare expression.

Calderon scarcely breathed, leaning on the arm of his chair, with his eyes fixed on Florita, he seemed lost in profound satisfaction, intense admiration.

"Very well, my daughter!" said Ana Muller, gravely, as she concluded.

"Admirable!" exclaimed Calderon, rising and bowing respectfully to her, then unrolling a piece of music which he had brought with him, he added, as he placed it before her—

"Now, Signora, will you oblige me by singing this?"

It was the piece in which la Magdalena most particularly shone—her triumph.

"Willingly, Signor," said Florita, smiling a little, for she saw that he wished to try her skill.

After glancing rapidly over it, she commenced singing it in the same light and brilliant style, with the same readiness as that she had just performed, throwing her whole soul into the inspiration of the theme, of which only the leading points were noted.

When she finished, Calderon turned towards Ana Muller, and said,

"Your daughter is the first musician in Spain, and, perhaps in the world. There is in her talent, success, glory, and fortune—will you permit her to perform in public?"

Ana Muller clasped her hands with a deep sentiment of fear, pride, and joy.

"It is not for me to answer you," said she, "it is Florita who must decide."

"Mother," replied the young girl, calmly, "was it not to become a great artist, that my father educated me? Did he not say that he wished me to acquire renown by my talent? Did he not predict for me more happiness and glory than I dare to expect? His will must be accomplished! Yes, my mother, I accept the Signor's proposal."

"Viva!" cried Calderon, "you shall have a part in my Orpheus; you will eclipse la Magdalena, and every other Italian *cantatrice*, I promise you. I will take charge of your *début*, and every thing relating to it.—To-morrow—no, this very day, you must quit this house."

"Sancta Maria! is this a dream?" murmured Ana Muller, looking alternately at Calderon and her daughter, "but, Signor, how is it possible for us to appear before the world? we who are so poor!"

"I have told you that I will take charge of all that; you shall have dresses, furniture, money."

"Ah! Signor," interrupted Ana Muller, in bewildered astonishment, "who is to give us those things?"

"The talent of your daughter, on which I willingly make you an advance."

Florita was not listening, she was slowly pacing the apartment, as if to take leave of all their misery. She already felt the consciousness of talent, and the presentiment of success.

"Mother," said she, returning to the harpsichord, on which she leaned with a kind of melancholy joy, "mother, we will carry away nothing but this; and now, if we were offered a *hundred* thousand reals, we will not sell it."

CHAPTER III.

A month after this, an immense crowd filled the theatre de la Crux. On that evening, Florita Muller was to make her first appearance in the new opera of Calderon de la Barca. All were eager to hear the young rival of *la Magdalena*. Those who most passionately admired the Italian, felt pity for the poor girl who so rashly opposed herself to one whose talent they believed unequalled in the world—others, took part with the protégé of their favorite Calderon, and earnestly wished her success. A feeling of national pride also disposed many in her favor, and the desire to see Spanish talent outrival that of Italy, was universal.

The vast theatre was badly lighted, but there were so many rich dresses, so many jewels and bouquets, that the lively colors, the gold and precious stones which sparkled on all sides, seemed to illuminate the spectators with their reflection. At length, the curtain rose, and a deep silence immediately ensued—the scene was feebly illumined by wax lights enclosed in globes of gauze—at the back of the stage, some large pieces of pasteboard, painted grey, represented the rocks of Thrace, and a few trees cut out of green paper, and fastened to the sides, figured as a forest. This was all the luxury of decoration, or the expense of scenery at that period.

The spectators, now motionless and attentive, turned their looks towards the vacant stage; the orchestra played the first strains of the overture, and were listened to with profound attention. Florita, who was to make her appearance in the first scene, stood in the wing between her mother and Calderon de la Barca. No one spoke in this group, isolated from the rest of the actors. The poor girl was very pale, but had not as yet betrayed any excessive emotion. Her eyes were fixed on the stage, and her clasped hands pressed to her heart, as if to repress its beatings. She was beautiful at this moment, in her robe of white satin, embroidered with green leaves, and her flowing locks crowned with roses. She was the very ideal of the timid Eurydice, the pale nymph whom a husband's love would have drawn from the regions of death.

When the orchestra with a thundering crescendo closed the overture, Calderon took the hand of Florita, and said, in an encouraging voice,

"Come, now is your time."

She trembled, and looked before her as if an abyss had opened in her path.

"Oh!" she murmured faintly, "I am afraid!"

"Florita! dear Florita," exclaimed Calderon, "take courage, I entreat you!—are you not sure of your talent, of your triumph?—think of the future that is before you!—you are on the road to honor, to glory!"

Florita passed her hand over her brow, and sighed profoundly.

"*Allons*, for fortune! for glory!" repeated Calderon.

"*For my mother!*" said she, in a voice scarcely audible; and she entered on the scene.

Ana Muller, as pale, as trembling as her daughter, leaned heavily on the arm of Calderon. She would have seen, she would have heard, but a cloud was before her eyes; a confused murmuring resounded in her ears! she thought herself dying. Calderon listened anxiously, with his eyes fixed on Florita, for he also, was afraid.

But this uncertainty, these fears, lasted but a moment. Florita sung, and while her voice was heard, the auditory scarcely breathed—then a salvo of applause, such as had never been heard beneath that roof, saluted the aurora of her sublime talent.

This first effort was sufficient—*la Magdalena* was vanquished. An instant after Florita rushed back into her mother's arms.

"Viva la Florita! viva!" cried Calderon, with enthusiasm, "this is the most splendid début that I ever witnessed!"

A crowd of admiring amateurs now thronged around her, and Florita received this first homage with mingled smiles and tears.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Calderon triumphantly, "we are now convinced that the first *cantatrice* in the world, is a Spaniard."

The opera of Orpheus concluded, amid the same transports of admiration. The most ancient annals of the theatre recorded no similar triumph; and from this night, as Calderon had predicted, the Italians sung to empty benches, and but few weeks elapsed before *la Magdalena* humbly solicited from Calderon a much lower part than that she had once refused—and even this he did not promise her.

What a change of fortune for the poor widow and her daughter, who had so long languished in all the privations and sorrows of extreme indigence! They were rich at present, and surrounded by luxuries—but they were not dazzled by good fortune. Ana Muller remained the same modest, worthy woman, who had so courageously supported her past misfortunes—and Florita preserved the same submission towards her mother; the same devotion to her duties, the same disinterested affection for her art.

It was a delightful and happy life. The days flowed rapidly by, amid triumphs which envy itself respected. Florita had an innate elegance of mind and manners—an instinctive good taste, which united to distinguished talent, placed her at once at the summit of her profession. In presence of all the luxury around her, she frequently recalled the misery of former times, and compared the gay and elegant apartments in *la Plaza Mayor*, with their ruinous and melancholy house in the street of *Mira-el-Sol*.—Often, when seated before the harpsichord, which held the place of honor in her saloon, she said with a sigh to her mother,

"Ah! if my poor father were but living!"

"The Almighty does not bestow every blessing at once in this world," replied Ana Muller, with resignation.

After the first success of Florita, all the young lords of the court had wished for introductions to her, and the great ladies invited her to sing at their brilliant *sarao*s, in which all the first society of Madrid was assembled—but Ana Muller always refused these testimonies of admiration; these allurements of a circle in which her daughter was not destined to move. Her maternal instinct, and a sentiment of prudence, told her that Florita would there be exposed to dangers, and that in the condition in which Providence had placed her, she should wholly be devoted to her art, and to the public who loved her. She believed that the tranquillity, the good name of Florita, depended on her keeping aloof from these attractions, and she persevered in her resolution, so that the beautiful *cantatrice*, whose praise was the theme of every tongue, lived in a state of almost absolute seclusion.

Only one man visited them intimately—this was Calderon de la Barca—he had naturally become their counsellor and friend. They owed every thing to him, and their gratitude continually reminded him of it. Ana Muller often said to him,

“When I die, Florita will not be left alone in the world—I know that in you she will find a protector, a friend, a second father.”

“Yes, a second father; I love her as if she were really my daughter,” replied poor Calderon with a sigh.

Florita had been only one year on the stage, yet she had already attained the maturity of her talent, and reached the most elevated limits of her art. Her genius apparently divined whatever was terrible or pathetic in the passions, and her instinct revealed to her how they vibrate on the chords of the human soul. She expressed love, jealousy, grief, in accents which found an echo in every heart—but she was yet ignorant of many emotions that she delineated with so much power. She had never loved, though she had often inspired that passion; and more than one gallant cavalier had written her letters, which her mother threw into the fire without reading, and gave her serenades which she never heard, for the room where she slept, adjoining her mother's, was remote from the street.

Amidst the crowd who surrounded her at a distance, Florita had however remarked one man, who was always seated as near to her as possible, yet never addressed her in any of those flattering terms which she was accustomed to receive from others. He usually took his station on one of the benches, which a few privileged persons were permitted to occupy on the stage; and there, in motionless attention, only manifested his approbation by a smile or an expressive gesture. He was young, elegant and handsome, but there was something grave and haughty in his physiognomy, which contrasted singularly with the delicacy of his features, and the almost feminine grace of his whole person. His hair, which he wore long, according to the fashion of the time, was of a light chestnut color, and its golden curls fell round a throat as slender and graceful as that of a young girl—but a fierce mustache and thick, dark eyebrows, relieved his face from the charge of effeminacy, which his blue eyes and blooming cheek might have warranted.

Florita, observing this cavalier always in the same place, speaking to no one, and apparently known to none, became at length more sensible to his mute expressions of admiration than to the most rapturous applause of others. On entering, she first sought his eyes, and when they met hers she felt an emotion until then unknown—an inspiration which he only could excite. His presence threw a powerful interest over each incident of her dramatic life. She felt proud that he should witness her success, and when the bouquets and crowns fell at her feet, she would turn towards him with an involuntary movement of joy and triumph, expecting one of his looks, one of his smiles. In that immense crowd of idolizing spectators, she desired the admiration of only one, and she was not sure of having obtained it. For one word from his mouth she would have relinquished all her triumphs; but this word she had never heard. She became at length entirely engrossed by his presence or remembrance. She lived only on that strange sentiment which no one had guessed, and which she herself did not understand. She bewildered herself in conjectures con-

cerning this man of whose name even she was ignorant. She had an ardent desire to know it—to know something about him, yet she had never asked a question, or said a word by which it could be known that she had observed him. It had also passed in the depth of her heart, undiscovered even by her mother.

One evening Florita appeared in the character of Eurydice, in which she had made her début the year before. An immense crowd were assembled on this anniversary, and at its conclusion she was called back with long and loud plaudits, while a shower of flowers fell around her. A triple salvo of applause shook the walls, and all the audience rose, clapping their hands. Florita bowed towards them—pale, yet animated—her heart palpitating with gratitude and joy, then raising her eyes, she perceived only a few steps from her this *incconnu*, who with looks of deep emotion and happiness bowed to her. Florita trembled, and casting down her eyes, she forgot every thing else. She neither knew where she was, or what was around her. Happily the actor who waited to conduct her off the stage, perceiving her paleness, hastened to lead her back to her mother and Calderon de la Barca.

"What a happy day, my daughter," cried Ana Muller, with tears of joy.

"It is indeed, dear mother," said Florita, looking timidly back. The one whom she sought was still within view, leaning against a pillar, with his eyes fixed on her. She was at that moment supported by Calderon's arm, and with a violent beating of the heart she ventured to say,

"Don Pedro, who is that gentleman before you? the one who wears a black velvet doublet, and has a band of emeralds on his hat."

"He is a Frenchman," replied Calderon, absently; "I believe he is called the Marquis de Ribiers."

"Ah! is he a stranger?"

"Yes, and a nobleman of high rank in his own country. I understand that he is making the tour of Europe. He has not been long in Madrid."

"Then he is here only *en passant*?" said Florita, faintly, while her heart seemed to cease its beating. But Calderon did not hear her inquiry—he was silent.

"Come, my child," said Ana Muller, with solicitude, "this has been a fatiguing evening for you. Heavens! your hands are as cold as ice, and how you tremble!"

That night Florita could not sleep: she wept till morning, repeating from the depth of her heart:—"The Marquis de Ribiers! a great French nobleman!—he will soon be gone, perhaps!—oh! why did he ever come to Madrid! why did I ever see him! But what can make me so unhappy? why do I care whether he goes or stays!—oh! I am crazed, I can think of nothing but him!"

CHAPTER IV.

Nothing was wanting to the success and glory of Florita, but the honor of having sung before the king; this was a favor of which Calderon was very ambitious for her, and which he would have obtained long before, if

the protracted illness of the young queen, Elizabeth of France, daughter of Henry the fourth, had not interrupted all festivities at court. Philip the fourth loved gayety and splendor, and he had broken through the austere habits of his predecessors, as far as the inexorable laws of etiquette permitted; but since the illness of his queen, he had lived in great seclusion in his palace of Retiro, and his court became as melancholy and austere as it ever was in the time of Philip the second.

At this period, however, the queen seemed suddenly to revive; her palid but beautiful face resumed its soft bloom, and she was once more for a short time the most beautiful princess in Europe. The king was desirous that this happy convalescence should be celebrated by one of those magnificent fetes, which he knew how to order with so much luxury and taste, and he determined to show her a new spectacle in the gardens of Retiro.

Nothing which now remains, can give any idea of the royal palace of Retiro, as it then existed. The buildings erected by Charles the fifth and his successors were surrounded by a vast park, whose thick groves threw their peaceful shadows over winding alleys and blooming parterres, scattered irregularly amidst the massive trees, like bouquets of choice flowers thrown carelessly among them.

In the centre of these silent shades, sparkled like an immense mirror, the beautiful lake on whose bosom floated a light flotilla, which each day offered amusement and exercise to the queen and her ladies—while its limpid waves bathed the drooping willows and tall poplars on its flowery banks, where the nightingale sang all the night. It was here that he wished to show her a naval representation, and Calderon de la Barca was appointed to compose the piece; the subject was left to his own selection.

"My lord," said Calderon, to the noble who had charge of the arrangements, and throwing a glance over the tranquil lake, where a multitude of stars were at the moment reflected—"my lord, on such a night as this, by the light of a thousand tapers, and on a theatre of which the gardens would serve for a decoration, his majesty might witness the expedition of the Argonauts and the conquest of the golden fleece."

"What an idea!" exclaimed the nobleman, with delight, "what an ingenious allegory! you have made a happy choice, Calderon. His majesty will understand all the allusions of the subject in his quality of Grand Master of the Golden Fleece. I will instantly select the actors for you, and Florita must take the part of Medea."

"My lord," said Calderon, joyfully, "she has long aspired to the honor of singing before their majesties; for so long as they had not heard her, she thought a flower wanting to her crown."

A fortnight after this, on St. John's eve, all the Spanish court were assembled in the gardens of the Retiro. A vast amphitheatre had been erected on the edge of the lake, and extended some distance over the water, supported by boats moored to the shore—the scene represented a grove near the sea, and when the curtain rose, the dark and moving waves were seen breaking gently at the foot of the rocks.

It was a magnificent spectacle. On one side the resplendent amphitheatre, with its mirror reflecting a flood of light, in the middle of which was the throne, adorned with a profusion of rich crimson drapery, and sur-

mounted by the arms of Castile. The king, habited in black, was seated in a splendid chair of state, with the queen at his side, as she has been painted by Velasquez, in a long blue robe, with her luxuriant blond hair, drawn up from the brow and fastened back with rubies, while her beautiful hands were crossed, and partly hidden under the waves of lace which fell from her sleeves. On both sides of the throne, were ranged the higher nobility of both sexes, and below them the crowd of courtiers.

Opposite to this sparkling apartment, appeared the dimly lighted scene—a grove through which the night wind was sighing, and beyond it the sombre waves, and the sky veiled in clouds.

On the rising of the curtain, Florita appeared, robed in purple, with her brow encircled by a band of gems—it was Medea, who, followed by her companions, ranged the shores of the Hellespont, preparing her enchantments and invoking the infernal powers. The young actress, however, trembled, and her eyes sunk before the gaze of that noble assembly—she felt that she was no longer before *her* public, the public who loved her—and a kind of fear froze her heart. It seemed that genius had abandoned her, and inspiration was extinguished—with a doubtful and hesitating glance, she looked towards the orchestra, but at this moment her eye fell on the Marquis de Ribiers, who was near her—nearer than usual—and at the sight of him every faculty was restored, every power received fresh impulse; and more noble, more beautiful, more talented than ever, she commenced her invocation to the infernal deities.

We will not attempt to analyze the libretto of Calderon de la Barca, or speak of the music of Don Blas Nunès; we shall only say, that the noble assembly who listened, were under the mingled influence of admiration and terror. Florita was sublime. Never did the antique Medea possess more grandeur, more passion, more poetry—never did her savage tenderness, her devotion, her jealous fury, find such talent to interpret them.

The third act had commenced. Glaucé had just been brought before the furious Medea, and the enchantress was preparing the ornaments whose invisible flames were to devour her rival.

Seated on a rock, with her hands spread over the tripod, her brow contracted, and her long black tresses floating in the wind, the moaning of the storm mingled with her voice, while the spectators scarcely breathed under the impression of this savage harmony.

Calderon, however, turned frequent and unquiet glances towards the black clouds, which a furious wind drove over the face of heaven. He heard the cracking of the frail scaffolding which formed the scenery, and felt the boats which supported it, knocking violently against each other—even the trees introduced into the scene, uttered notes of warning to his ear—but the spectators, seated in the saloon on firm land, saw nothing of these appearances, and their effects only added to the scenic illusion.—The orchestra drowned the noise of the storm, and no one thought of danger. But all at once a horrible crash was heard, the wind roared with tremendous violence, the canopy was torn off, the lights extinguished, and all the immense scaffolding which overhung the water, fell like a house of cards before the breath of a child. A long cry of terror rose from the saloon, which Florita heard; but a moment after, she neither saw nor heard any thing more. She found herself in the water, supported by a fragment of the building which was rapidly sinking under her weight, while her head was covered as by a humid veil.

"My God! my mother!" cried she, "oh! save me!"

At the same instant a vigorous arm was thrown around her, and a voice said—

"Fear nothing, Florita! Above all, do not stir. I will save you."

Clinging instinctively to the one who sustained her, she fainted. They were fastened between two boats. A shock might have crushed them both. The Marquis de Ribiers exerted all his strength and succeeded in disengaging her from a quantity of wet canvass in which she was enveloped. The shore was not twenty paces from them; but to reach it, they must traverse a chaos where all was yet affright and confusion. The voice of Calderon echoed above all others, as, wringing his hands, he exclaimed—

"Florita! Florita! A hundred thousand reals to any one who can save Florita!"

Her mother, surrounded by women who sought to restrain her, was vainly striving to rush amid the floating ruins.

"Thank God!" cried the Marquis, "Florita is safe! behold her!"

A moment after they deposited her still inanimate form on the shore. Ana Muller flew to her with cries of agony. Then perceiving that she breathed, and that she was really saved, began to weep.

"Mother!" murmured Florita, with a long drawn sigh, as she opened her eyes.

"Oh, my child!" exclaimed Ana Muller with transport, "I thought you lost; let me bless the one who saved you."

"It was he!" said Florita, looking towards the Marquis de Ribiers, who stood pale and trembling in his wet dress—then turning towards Calderon, who knelt at her side, with tears streaming from his eyes, she added with a faint smile—

"And you also thought me lost."

The king and queen had retired with their suite, and the guards had dispersed the spectators. None remained but the victims of this strange disaster. Jason had an arm broken, the king of Corinth was killed outright, and most of the other actors were drawn from the water in a deplorable condition. By the care of Calderon, Florita was placed in a chair to be conveyed home; but before her departure the king sent to inquire of her safety, and she received a magnificent bracelet from the queen, in token of sympathy.

The extreme emotions of joy and terror through which she had that evening passed, nearly exhausted her, and when put into the chair, she closed her eyes to retain a more perfect idea of the new and strange happiness of which she had no previous idea, and which she almost doubted, even now. Yet, the arm that had saved her, seemed still around her, and she heard the agitated, earnest voice which said—

"Florita, if I cannot save you, we will die together!"

These words she had heard as in a dream, when with fleeting sense she clung instinctively to the Marquis de Ribiers, and at length sunk fainting on the breast of that man whom for months she had loved almost without knowing him.

CHAPTER V.

The next day, Calderon de la Barca called on the Marquis de Ribiers, to thank him in the name of Florita and her mother. The Marquis replied that many persons envied him the happiness of having exposed his life to save that of the beautiful Florita; and he requested the favor of making her a visit that evening; "For," said he, "who knows whether I shall be in Madrid to-morrow? Any day I may be suddenly re-called to France."

These words re-assured Calderon, who would have seen with a secret distrust, a vague jealousy, the Marquis, or any other man, admitted to her familiar acquaintance; but in this case, there could be no danger, and he readily promised compliance with his wishes.

Never in her life; not even when she made her first appearance in public, or on the last evening when she appeared before the court of Spain, had Florita experienced such deep agitation, as at the moment when the Marquis de Ribiers entered her apartment. When he approached, and in that voice which she so well remembered, addressed to her one of the usual forms of civility which she had heard a thousand times before, the expressions seemed to have acquired a new sense, more extensive, more expressive, and she found herself unable to reply, otherwise than by a mute gesture of gratitude. The Marquis had that delicacy of perception and ease of manner, which enabled him to adapt himself to every situation, and equally to conceal ennui or strong emotion. On the present occasion he was gay and brilliant, while poor Florita, overcome and alarmed by her own emotion, appeared absent and taciturn. Her feelings were so intense that she could find nothing to say, and she feared to speak lest even the sound of her voice should betray her.

Happily she had a means of expressing her feelings without danger of being understood, and here her talent came to her aid. As the Marquis inquired if the accident of the last evening had affected her voice, she arose smiling, opened the harpsichord, and only replied by improvising one of those thrilling airs which Calderon compared to the concerts of seraphims. Inspired both by her heart and genius, the trouble of her soul imparted an indescribable charm to her voice—by that she dared to express all her trembling joy, her tenderness, her passion. She sung as she had never sung before, and even Calderon felt as if he heard her for the first time. This evening was perhaps the most delightful of her life—under the eyes of him she loved, she felt without alloy all the grandeur and power of her talent—the happiness of being beautiful, brilliant and admired.

The Marquis listened with his hand on his brow, and his eyes veiled with their long lashes—the same silent admiration as usual at the theatre, only that Florita could now perceive the hand pressed on his silken doublet, as if to repress the beating of his heart, and she could hear the sighs which heaved his breast.

When she finished, overwhelmed by the violence of her own emotions, her hands remained resting on the keys, and she bent feebly forward with her eyes fixed on the instrument.

"What ails you, child?" said Ana Muller, touching the moist, cold brow of her daughter. "Heavens! how pale you are!"

"I am well—I am content—I am happy," replied she, pressing her mother's hand. "You see that I have not lost my voice."

Then suddenly recollecting that it was getting late, and that the Marquis would soon take his leave, she turned towards him and engaged in a lively conversation. She questioned him on his travels, and his country, and listened with delighted attention to his replies. Florita, like most of her countrywomen, possessed little information, but her mind was of that fine tone which even ignorance cannot degrade. Calderon might easily have perfected her education, but her deficiency in that respect had never occurred to him—the poet had thought only of the artist. The Marquis, with his brilliant imagination and cultivated mind, spoke to her understanding as well as her heart: she felt her ignorance, and blushed for it.

"Oh!" said she, ingenuously, "that I could travel! that I could see the world, and learn something! Until now I have believed the world enclosed in the city of Madrid, and that out of our Spain all were savages—but I now know that France also is beautiful."

"You must one day visit it," replied the Marquis, "such talent as yours should not confine itself to any spot of earth. Our court and city would fête you—our poets would write your praise, and you would be unrivalled, as you ever have been."

"Yes, that would be a triumph," said Calderon, with a constrained smile, "but in the mean time, you must spread your renown in France. I hope that you may see her once more in the character of Medea before your departure."

"Your departure, my lord!" repeated Florita, "are you going to leave us?"

"Perhaps in a week—perhaps in a month—perhaps in a year," replied he, "it depends entirely on my own will."

"I thought," said Calderon, gravely, "that you were daily expecting the order for your recall."

"Yes, the order will very probably arrive, but I may disobey it," said the Marquis, glancing at Florita, "indeed, I feel much inclined to do so."

From this day forward the Marquis de Ribiers became a frequent guest, but he never saw Florita except in the presence of her mother or Calderon, who watched their conversations with jealous inquietude. Poor Calderon! despair was in his heart, for he also loved her—and with a hopeless devotedness, which aspired to no other reward than her friendship and confidence—to no higher enjoyment than that of each day beholding her.—Yet he was jealous and miserable, at perceiving that another had awakened emotions in that soul, which, since it could not be his, he hoped would remain insensible to all love but that of glory.

One evening Florita performed the part of Medea, in "*The Conquest of the Golden Fleece*," which for more than two months had held undisputed possession of the stage. Her performance of the character was ever admirable, but on this night she surpassed all former efforts. The theatre shook with thunders of applause, and the curtain fell amidst enthusiastic shouts of *Viva la Florita!* Calderon was ready as usual to conduct her home, but on approaching with this intention, he found her standing silent and motionless, with her eyes fixed on vacancy, and apparently absorbed in the contemplation of some horrible fancy. On hearing his voice

she started, and rejecting with disdain all the choice flowers scattered around her, she burst into tears.

"My child," exclaimed her mother in alarm, "what ails you? What has happened to you?"

"Nothing," said she hastily, "nothing—but I am fatigued. I am weary of singing thus. What a life is mine!"

"What!" said Calderon, in astonishment, "you who are such a passionate lover of your art?"

"I am weary of it," said she, despondingly.

"Weary of glory! of the most brilliant success that woman ever enjoyed!" said Calderon.

"Glory! fame! success!" she murmured bitterly. "Oh! this evening I have comprehended their worth. Yes, until now, blind that I was, I prided myself on being something in the world, and what am I? An unfortunate woman, forced to appear before the public, for whose pleasure I must weep or laugh; and who, according to the caprice of the moment may receive me with crowns or hisses. Truly, my fate is a very desirable one."

"What in the name of wonder has happened this evening?" murmured Calderon.

"Nothing," replied Florita, in a tone of calm sadness. "But as I have already told you, I am dreadfully fatigued to-night. Come, dear mother, let us go home."

Then perceiving that her mother was in tears, she threw her arms around her and added,

"I will pray to God for renewed strength and power to drive away all these disgusts."

Two hours after this Florita arose noiselessly, and with a light step passed through her mother's apartment, which adjoined her own. She was in her night dress, over which a light mantilla was hastily thrown; and pale, agitated, with hair unbound and falling in negligent luxuriance around her figure, she glided rather than walked over the matted floor. Having by a glance assured herself that her mother slept, she cautiously descended the stairs, leaving the door open behind her. A complete silence reigned throughout the house—all the servants had retired, and with uncertain steps she traced her way to an apartment on the ground floor, which had a strongly grated window opening upon the street. This with a trembling hand she unclosed; De Ribiers was there, and every night for a week she had met him thus. Pressing her brow against the cold grating, she looked out and shuddered.

"I am here, my beloved," said the Marquis, "how impatiently I have waited for you! How slowly comes the hour of our meeting."

"'Tis the only happy one in my sad life," murmured Florita.

"Do you know that you have performed admirably this evening," resumed the Marquis. "Brilliant as you ever are, I never heard you sing as you have to-night. It was the most sublime expression of love, jealousy and despair."

"What lady was that whom you accompanied?" demanded Florita.

"She was a very great lady—the Countess Agamonte," replied the Marquis, "she usually resides on her estate, but being by chance in Madrid she was eager to hear you, of whom every one was talking. She ad-

mired and applauded you enough to satisfy even me, dear Florita, and told me at parting that she owed to you the most delightful evening of her life."

"Yes, I amused her extremely," said Florita, coldly. "But why was she alone—where was Count Agamonte?"

"Count Agamonte," replied the Marquis, laughing, "oh! he does not go to the theatre yet. He is a child of five years old—beautiful as an angel—the only child of the Countess, who is a widow."

"Ah! I understand," said Florita, suddenly withdrawing her hand which the Marquis till then retained through the bars.

"Yes, you outdid yourself my beautiful Florita," resumed the Marquis. "I cannot tell you all the praises that you received—every expression of admiration was exhausted on you, and I—I gloried in your triumphs, and repeated in my heart, this beautiful woman, whose talents are the theme of every tongue, whose virtues win the respect of every admirer, is Florita, my own Florita!"

On hearing these words Florita covered her face with her hands, and wept bitterly. She reflected on the immense difference of rank between herself and the great lady whom she had seen seated beside the Marquis, and whom he thought it an honor to attend in public, and she thought in bitterness of spirit that those titles, those honors of rank which belong to high birth could never be hers—that she could never be the equal of the man she loved. "What am I," thought she, "and what can I hope from his affection? Would he not degrade himself in the eyes of the world by an union with me, while all would applaud his choice should he make the Countess Agamonte his bride?"

The Marquis, unable to comprehend her sudden emotion, exclaimed with a gentle expression of reproach,

"Why these tears—this grief? What have I done to offend you? We have been so happy of late, what change has occurred?"

Florita was too proud to acknowledge the cause of her grief—she would have died sooner.

"There is no change," she replied with an effort, "but I feel as I ever have, that I am doing wrong to be here, alone with you, deceiving my mother."

"You love me no more, Florita," interrupted de Ribiers.

"I!" said she, vehemently, raising her eyes appealingly to heaven, "I love you no more! Should I be here if I did not! But you Henry, alas! at times I doubt—I doubt your love."

"Unreasonable child," said he with a smile, "you want me to repeat for the thousandth time, that I love you—tenderly, deeply, more than life, fortune, or any thing but honor. Do you believe me?"

"Yes, you love the poor Florita," said she with an accent, in which melancholy and passion were indescribably blended.

The hours passed rapidly by in sweetly confidential converse through the jealous grate, and with the first dawn of day Florita regained her apartment, after having promised de Ribiers to meet him again in the same place.

The next evening Calderon had attended her home, after one of those representations of *Medea*, which were always the occasion of new triumphs for her—but the poor girl was pale, absent and melancholy, and sat with-

out speaking or touching the refreshments, which as usual were prepared for her. Her mother left the room for a moment, when Calderon approached her, and after a momentary pause, said,

"The Marquis de Ribiers was not present this evening?"

Florita trembled—she perceived that he had discovered the cause of her depression, and burning blushes covered her face, quickly succeeded by a mortal paleness.

"Do you love this man?" asked Calderon, in a tone of grief and compassion.

"Yes, I do love him!" replied Florita.

At this moment Ana Muller re-entered the room, with a letter in her hand. It was addressed to Florita, and had been delivered by a servant of the Marquis. Florita trembled as she received it, and struck with a sad presentiment, approached a lamp at the other extremity of the room, and read with a beating heart—

"All the joy of my life is past, for I must quit you. The order which recalls me to France has arrived—I should not have obeyed it, had I not at the same time received an intimation from the Spanish court directing me to leave Madrid in twelve hours. My friends have endeavored to procure a mitigation of this sentence, and have obtained it on a condition which I have refused—I have refused to remain and marry the Countess Agamonte.

"I am going Florita—going without even seeking an interview with you—but it is best for us both that I should do so. I depart sorrowing—almost hopeless. Death alone can release me from my afflictions, and at this moment how gladly would I welcome it. But you my Florita, pursue your destiny—be still beautiful, adored, and as I trust, happy—yet forget not your unfortunate

HENRY.

"P. S. I shall be detained twenty-four hours at Guadalajara with the duke of Infantado. If I there receive a word from you, a last adieu, it will be one other moment of happiness in my sad life."

Florita remained for a moment motionless, with her eyes fixed on the letter. She was deadly pale, but no other sign betrayed her consternation and despair. Her mother and Calderon looked at her in anxiety and silence. At length, she came towards them, seated herself with apparent calmness, and appeared for a moment lost in thought, then turning to Calderon, she said—

"It is now a year and a half since I commenced my career; I have gained a considerable sum, have I not?"

"Without doubt," replied he, astonished at the question. "I have been watchful of your interests, and have lately placed four hundred thousand reals in the hands of my friend, don Fabrique Moreno."

"I am glad to hear it," said Florita, "that is for my mother."

"It is for you my child! it will be your marriage portion!" cried Ana Muller, with emotion.

"She has one richer than that," said Calderon, smilingly, "her talent

At this moment the clock of a neighboring church struck twelve, and he arose.

"It is late," said he, "Florita is fatigued with the performance, I must retire, good night dona Ana—adieu, my child, till to-morrow."

He turned to depart, but Florita extended her hand, and in an agitated voice, repeated,

"Adieu!"

He pressed her hand to his lips, and perceiving it cold and trembling, he murmured,

"Poor Florita!"

After his departure, Ana Muller looked anxiously at her daughter for a moment, and then said,

"My child, that letter?"

"To-morrow, dear mother, you shall know its contents," she replied with tears in her eyes, and securing it under her velvet bodice.

As usual, the mother and daughter offered up their evening devotions together, then each retired to her own apartment.

Ana Muller was soon in a profound sleep; and Florita, who had not undressed, then arose softly, and entered her mother's room. The night lamp threw a feeble light over her chamber, and the heavy damask curtains drawn around the bed prevented her from hearing the light step of her daughter, or the trifling noise which she made in opening a casket that contained her jewels, and a hundred quadruples. Florita took a few pieces of gold, and the pearl bracelet which she received from the queen—then sinking on her knees at the foot of her mother's bed, took leave of her, with deep, though silent emotion. A moment after she descended the stairs, drew back some heavy bolts, and left the house. Enveloped in her mantle, she walked with rapid steps, and without looking around: the silence and darkness of the streets gave her no concern—death itself would not have alarmed her at this moment—she was under an excitement, in presence of which all secondary objects disappeared. She thought only of the one she sought, and those she had left behind, to whom morning would bring distress and desolation.

Thus she pursued her way till dawn, when she at length perceived one of those carriages, which, at that period were much used by strangers, and persons of small fortune, for little excursions around Madrid.

Florita mounted the heavy equipage, and putting a quadruple into the hand of the driver, said, "To Guadalajara."

CHAPTER VI.

On the evening of that day, the Marquis de Ribiers, was extended on a couch in his apartment, at Guadalajara; he had arrived that morning, fatigued and suffering in body and mind. His friend, the duke of Infantado was absent, and sad and lonely, he had no one in attendance but Chaville, his French valet who waited at a respectful distance.

The clock in his apartment struck seven.

"Chaville," said the Marquis, "are you very sure that no letter has come for me?"

There was none, when I enquired a quarter of an hour ago, and I left orders that if any thing arrived, it should immediately be sent up; but if my lord desires it, I will inquire again."

"No, Chaville, not at present, wait a moment, how long this evening is, and how chilly!"

Chaville stirred up the coals in the silver brazier, and gave the Marquis his box of pastilles.

A moment after a light knock was heard at the door.

"It is her letter!" exclaimed the Marquis, springing from his couch, and impatiently throwing open the door, then starting back, he faintly articulated "Florita!"

There was something in the tone with which he pronounced this word that froze her heart. In the momentary silence that ensued, Chaville disappeared, and Florita sunk, trembling and exhausted on a seat, while de Ribiers on his knees beside her, murmured, "My lovely Florita, have you indeed come to bid me adieu? I dared not hope for this. I fled from you, not daring to trust myself with another interview, but I feel now that I wronged both you and myself. Yes, I bless you for this moment of happiness. The remembrance of it will never leave my heart."

"Oh, Henry!" she exclaimed, burying her face in her hands, "You know not my madness; when I read that fatal letter, a sudden frenzy shot through my brain—to see you—to live in the land that you inhabit, seemed all that could render life endurable. I felt that you were more to me than country, friend, or parent—and I quitted all to follow you. The world will blame me, but what is the world to me—you are my world—and you will know me guiltless—send me before you to France, let us never meet save in public—but be there my inspiration, there enjoy my success—and let me sometimes hear of your prosperity and honors, though I may not share them—I ask nothing more of heaven."

As she uttered these words, the Marquis sprang to his feet, and clasping his hands, exclaimed passionately,

"Now good angels guard me! for I am sorely tempted—no—no—I will not yield—I will live and die a man of honor."

"Florita," said he, with painful emotion, "I love you, and I am going to give you the greatest proof of my love, by refusing the sacrifice that you would make to me. In the innocent devotion of your heart you cannot realize my motives. But the plan that you have devised is impracticable—to be to you only a watchful friend or brother, with a heart full of passion, is impossible. I dare not trust myself—and I will not sully the hitherto unblemished honor of our family by an act of baseness. You must return to Madrid immediately, and I do not leave this spot till you are safely restored to your friends."

She looked steadfastly at him, without replying: she seemed not to comprehend him.

"Listen," said he, gently, "it is from the love and respect that I bear towards you, that I do not accept your devotion. I will not sacrifice your life, and brilliant expectations, to my passion for you. I cannot give you a place worthy of you, Florita, I cannot marry you—and the world shall never regard you as filling a less honorable station. Do you understand me?"

"Yes," said she, rising.

She was very pale, but her tranquil countenance revealed nothing of what was passing in her soul—while the Marquis, agitated and bewildered, felt his resolution falter, and for a moment regretted the happiness he had refused.

"One day, Florita," said he, "you will appreciate my conduct, and understand that I have loved you enough to renounce you —"

"You have loved me!" repeated she, in a broken voice, and her tears flowed freely as with shame and terror she perceived the risk that but for his generosity she had encountered. "Oh! my God," she murmured, "you have saved me!"

"My Florita!" exclaimed de Ribiers, pressing her to his breast in uncontrollable emotion—then gently releasing her, he retreated to a distance. The danger of his situation alarmed him, and without venturing to add another word, he rung the bell violently. Chaville instantly appeared.

"Order round my carriage, and prepare yourself to attend this lady to Madrid."

The valet bowed, and retired. Florita sat motionless, apparently lost in thought, while the Marquis stood in gloomy silence by her side. In about ten minutes the sound of wheels was heard in the court.

"Adieu, dear Florita!" exclaimed the Marquis, with tears in his eyes. "May you be happy—your happiness is dearer to me than my own. This has been a fearful trial to us, but its remembrance will bring peace to our souls:" he paused, overcome by excessive emotion.

Florita raised her eyes to heaven, then without uttering a word, she pressed his offered hand to her heart, and passed quickly out, while de Ribiers in an agony of grief, exclaimed—

"Florita! dear Florita! I have acted with barbarous courage!" but she heard him not. A minute after, the chariot was rolling on its way to Madrid.

The next morning Florita, melancholy and exhausted, re-entered her home. Her absence had been known for some hours, and the faithful Calderon was already with her mother: they both ran to meet her, and the unhappy girl on beholding them, fell on her knees—the afflicted mother raised her child, and embraced her, weeping, while Calderon tenderly supported her into the house. On reaching their apartment, Florita seated herself, with her brow resting upon the harpsichord, and her face buried in her handkerchief, which was steeped in tears.

Ana Muller with clasped hands and eyes cast down, stood beside her in a stupor of grief.

"My child," said Calderon at length, with an effort, "you have committed a great fault, but happily it is yet unknown—you have returned in good time. Take courage, your mother pardons you, and there may yet be much happiness for you in the world."

Florita seized his hand, and joining it with that of her mother, impressed a kiss on both, then raising towards heaven a look of sad, yet firm resolve, she said—

"The world, I renounce it! my career in it is finished. Dear friend, console my mother. Mother, I have but returned to bid you adieu!"

"And where would you go?" exclaimed Calderon, struck with grief and astonishment.

"To a convent," she replied, "in that calm retreat I will await my release."

"Oh! my daughter," said Ana Muller, "have you then loved that man so much?"

"I loved him as he is worthy of being loved, my mother," replied Florita, with an indescribable expression of grief and pride, "and I will now give him a last proof of it."

The next day she entered a convent of Carmelites, and for a week nothing was talked of in the court or city, but this event. Ana Muller separated courageously from her daughter, convinced that religion only could heal the deep wound of her soul, but she soon sunk under the grief of such a loss—and dying, bequeathed her beloved instrument to Calderon, and her fortune to the poor of Madrid. Calderon de la Barca long lamented the object of his faithful attachment, and often at eve, he might be seen on his knees, in the church of the Carmelites, listening to a voice from the choir, which, to his ear was like that of an angel chanting praises in the eternal tabernacle.

ODD-FELLOWS' CELEBRATION,

AT LANCASTER, OHIO, APRIL, 26, 1844.

ORIGINAL ODES, composed expressly for the occasion, by ROBERT E. H. LEVERING.

ODD-FELLOWS' HYMN.

Blest are the hearts that feel,
And banish others' grief,
Obedient to the Saviour's will,
They too, shall find relief!

Blest are the hands that give,
The STEWARDS OF THE LORD,
A hundred fold shall they receive
As their sublime reward!

Blest are the deeds that bring
Salvation to the poor,
That make the widow's heart to sing,
And orphans sigh no more.

Blest are the SONS OF PEACE,
Who LOVE and QUIET shed,
They shall have mercy, and their bliss
Shall like a river spread.

Blest in affliction they,—
The good that they have done,
In death shall chase their gloom away
As mists the rising sun.

Blest in God's Paradise,
Like stars forever glow,
To prove that *he alone* is wise
WHO DON'TH GOOD BELOW!

ODD-FELLOWS' MELODY.

While for greater Zeal we're praying,
 Heart in heart, and hand in hand,
 Father, let thy Spirit sway,
 Animate the social band!
 Give us feeling
 For the sad of ev'ry land!

We have felt the world's deep sorrow,
 And can feel for others' woe,
 Whisp'ring joy shall come to-morrow,
 Bidding *Faith* and *Hope* to glow!
 Blest in blessing,
 We would thus the Saviour know!

Give, that we may bless while giving,
 Earthly comforts with the bliss,
 Double joy to widows' grieving,
 And to orphans more than peace:
 As Thy stewards
 Spread thy goods in righteousness!

Give us then Thy sweet approval,
 More than earth could ever give,
 Blest in life, and blest removal
 From the earth with Christ to live!
 All is from Thee!
 With increase Thine own receive!

ODD-FELLOWS' HYMN.

"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR!" Thou dost say!
 Treading in the Saviour's way,
 We would spread Thy gifts abroad,
 And be like Thee, Father, God!

"BE THOU MERCIFUL!" we hear!
 For those deeds our hearts prepare—
 Give us souls to love all men,
 Not for earth, but Heav'nly gain!

"LOVE FULFILLS THE SACRED LAW!"
 Truth from Holy Writ we know!
 Bind it closer to our heart,
 Wider blessings to impart!

To the man who helps the poor
 Thou hast made a promise sure,—
 While we comfort in distress
 Cheer us with Thy solid bliss!

In the Saviour's path of peace,
 May we find His righteousness,—
 True Religion—DOING GOOD—
 Peace on earth, and peace with God!

ODD-FELLOWS' ANTHEM.

(HARK!) Hark! how the Saviour cries!
 The seraphs bear the news:
 "Hail CHARITY! that from the skies
 Sheds tears like morning dews!
 Blest LOVE, in God-like dress,
 And GOOD WILL come to earth
 That bears to all the BRANCH OF PEACE,
 And shows its Heav'nly birth."

(HAIL!) "Hail, Charity!" our hearts,
 At Mercy's call reply!
 Thrice hail the LOVE that good imparts,
 And no beholder nigh!
 For ev'ry sigh a smile,
 For ev'ry tear a joy,
 Expecting no reward, the while,
 But bliss without alloy!

(THIS.) This, BROTHERN shall we do!
 RELIGION UNDEFILED!
 The widow bless, her joys renew,
 Sustain the orphan child!
 GRAND MASTER of the sky,
 Thy aid we would implore,
 In doing good, and when we die,
 To bless forevermore!

ADDRESS.

BY BRO. ELDER ISAAC N. WALTER.*

In every age of the world, and among the different nations of the earth, attention has been paid to perpetuate the memory of important events.

The birth-days of kings and princes have been celebrated; the great principles upon which societies and associations are based have been ex-

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hibited in all their original simplicity and splendor, and deep impressions of their intrinsic worth stamped upon the minds of multitudes on their returning anniversaries. Conquering heroes have been deified, and the achievements of the mighty in battle have been commemorated to hand down to posterity the glory and fame of martial deeds.

And there is nothing better calculated to excite to noble works than such commemorations, when men gather together, at stated periods, to celebrate important epochs in national history; to recount the virtues of the wise and good; to listen to practical demonstrations of their principles, and to make public manifestations of their attachment to systems that have their respect and confidence.

This is the testimony of all history, and so it will ever be; there is implanted, in greater or less degree, in every human bosom feelings of veneration for the great, and love and admiration of the good and beautiful; and almost as universal is the impulse to give expression to those feelings by public acknowledgment and ceremonial rights.

We read in Jewish history that the people of that nation were accustomed to assemble at Jerusalem—men, women, and children, from all parts of the dominion came in thronging thousands to keep, in the “holy city,” the solemn festival enjoined by their religion; and having there united with one heart in grateful thanksgiving to the Almighty for their deliverance from Egyptian bondage, they returned again to their several homes, their piety and patriotism increased, and all the best feelings of their natures renewed and strengthened. From a small and insignificant beginning that people rose with unexampled rapidity until they stood first among the nations—the twelve tribes—acknowledged as the chosen people of God. This proud distinction they forfeited by their ungrateful disobedience. Corruption and crime succeeded to the pious simplicity of the ancient Hebrews; and while good men were mourning over the degeneracy, and looking with longing eyes for the advent of a promised Messiah, in the fulness of time, as foretold by prophets and seers, our Divine Teacher appeared, as commissioned seraphs announced to trembling shepherds that the King of the Jews was born.

This was a great and auspicious event, the dawn of a new and glorious era: old superstitions and idolatries were to be done away, and man, released from the thralldom of error, received bright and cheering revelations of his true nature and his exalted destiny.

Surely such an event is worthy of all commemoration; and for nearly two thousand years its returning anniversary, and those of others connected with the heavenly mission, have been celebrated throughout the Christian world.

Again: as a prominent feature in our own national history, we have met, and are met, this day to celebrate the most glorious event that ever transpired in the political history of the world.

We do not meet in the empty pageant of regal splendor; we come not to daze our eyes with the crowns of kings, or diadems placed upon the heads of mortals as blind and as weak as ourselves, but to celebrate the birth-day of a nation, and to join our voices in the acclaim that now gives utterance to the emotions swelling in the hearts of seventeen millions of American citizens, in the deep acknowledgments of a nation's glory, and a nation's liberty.

Associated with this day are reflections of the most pleasing and magnificent character; we call to recollection the struggle, the perseverance, and the victory, of the patriot spirits of '76, when the dark cloud of British oppression hung over them, and the engines of death were despatched across the mighty deep to deprive them of their rights—to destroy their liberties, and make them, and us their descendants, vassals forever.

But those unconquerable spirits declared that for their rights they would contend, and their motto, "Liberty or Death," roused them to action.—And those who could not command the deadly firelock grasped the spade and pickaxe from their fields of toil and directed their course to Bunker's height to dig the grave of their enemy. By their united efforts they planted the tree of liberty, nourished it with their blood, and it has grown until its towering height reaches the clouds and spreads its branches over millions of happy beings in the land of the free. Thanks to the virtue, the patriotism, the perseverance, of our fathers.

By perseverance were made to rise in regular succession the cloud-capt spires and lofty battlements of Nineveh, Babylon, Carthage and Rome. By perseverance a Franklin called the lightning from heaven, and laid the thunderbolt harmless at his feet. And by perseverance the scientific have chained the electric fluid to the railroad car, and travel with lightning speed around the world; or, mounting the ærial chariot, are borne upon the wings of the untiring whirlwind. And it was perseverance that gave this new world her freedom, and we can rejoice that for sixty-seven years, the sun, in his daily and annual revolutions, has poured his light upon the plains and valleys of an independent nation.

But this day we are met to celebrate the fourth anniversary of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, in this city; the birth-day of an institution which has for its object the happiness of mankind. Four years ago the first impulse was given to principles of Odd-Fellowship by regularly organizing a society and adopting a constitution. Its commencement was small, popular sentiment against it, the prejudices of the people stood ready to impede its progress, but in the midst of all opposition it has moved on in the majesty of its strength, and the beauty of its character, dispensing its blessings upon the afflicted, raising the bowed down, cheering the heart of the widowed mother, and wiping the tear from the orphan's eye.

And when the indiscriminate leveller of all human greatness, while spreading his ruthless devastations in the world, has marked for his object a brother and a husband in this city, Odd-Fellowship brooded over his afflicted pillow, and stood around his dying couch, until the last flickerings of life were gone, to administer the balm, and lend a helping hand. Thus to the living and the dying have the principles of the Order been demonstrated before you. The principles of Odd-Fellowship have only to be known to be appreciated—possessed, to create happiness, and reduced to practice, in order to spread joy and peace throughout community.

In vain men try to ridicule a system that is productive of so much good; one that carries with it the evidence of its own worth, and stamps, in all its acts, its profession with eternal value.

Poetry may delight the world with song; the orator may fascinate mankind with his towering eloquence, and still, when the excitement of the

moment is past, the multitudes dispersed, not a fragment or crumb remain to feast the mind in quiet retirement. But Odd-Fellowship is best enjoyed when reflecting upon the past, and silently meditating the deeds of charity performed. Charity is one of the leading attributes of the Order. Charity, the heaven-born—first of the Christian graces; for what says the Apostle, in summing up the choicest of the spiritual gifts? “Faith, hope, charity,” ‘the *greatest* of these is *charity*.’

But the world has wondered, and the curious have inquired, if the principles of Odd-Fellowship are productive of so much good, why not publish them to the world, and let all mankind become acquainted with the tenets of our creed, our forms and ceremonies? We answer, that such of these as are concealed from the public gaze concern only ourselves, they do not, and cannot, in any way, affect the uninitiated; at the same time, they are accessible to all worthy men upon the same conditions as we ourselves receive them. “The rules of the Order admit to membership every man of good moral character who is capable of pursuing the ordinary avocations of life.”

The more secret principles are, the more sacred; and the more sacred they are invariably productive of the greatest good. To publish all, then, would at once destroy the object; the whole fabric would fall to the earth, and no guardian angel be found in the ark of Odd-Fellowship to soothe the sorrows of the afflicted.

But we are accused of having bad men in our society—men who are unworthy the countenance of the wise and good.

This objection is one that might, with equal justice, be urged against any society that exists, or that ever did exist, whether social, political, philanthropic or religious; for there never yet was sect or denomination, however pure and holy the tenets of its creed; no political organization, however patriotic in motive; no combination for relieving the distresses, or promoting the happiness of men, and scarcely even a private family, but has numbered in its list of members some who were unworthy.

It is necessarily so from our very natures, for man is an imperfect being. Suffice it, at this time, to say, that good moral character is made a requisite for admission to our Order; that no indecorous or immoral conduct is suffered in our meetings, and that offending members are punished with expulsion, or other appropriate penalty. “We meet in friendship, transact our business in harmony, and depart in peace.”

Again: it is said, secret societies subvert the government, and destroy well regulated systems.

Fortunately for us there is a rule whereby to judge of men, their motives, and their deeds. The Saviour of the world has said that, “by their fruits ye shall know them.” The more general and important regulations of our Order have been published, and are open to the inspection of the world; these bear testimony that its object is the happiness of man. This is the *blossom* and the promise, if the *fruit* be different you will know it; however secret our actions their effects will be visible; and if it be seen that our institution is productive of evil in community; if it encourages vice, immorality, or crime, or in any way tends to the subversion of good order in society, then visit it with the withering scourge of public opinion; or, if you please, suppress it entirely by the strong arm of power. If, on the other hand, you find following in its train, support

to the feeble, comfort and consolation to the afflicted, and relief to the distressed; if you see the sweet stream of charity flowing from it as from a natural source, then, we ask for it your confidence and support. We cheerfully abide the result.

Those who are blest with health and prosperity, surrounded with kind relatives and friends ready to minister to every want, may deem an institution like ours unnecessary; but the dearest friends may be taken from us, and the treasures of this world take to themselves wings and flee away. Even in this situation the Odd-Fellow is not without a resource; he may be stretched upon a bed of sickness in a land of strangers, peniless, and with nothing to hope from the cold charity of an unfeeling world; but even there he will find in his extremity a brother and a friend to relieve his necessities, and send him on his way rejoicing. It is thus that Odd-Fellowship smooths the rugged paths of life, and turns the wilderness into a garden, and the thirsty lands into springs of living water.

With reference to the antiquity of our Order I need say but little, as we have access to the pages of Holy writ; in reading the history of Jonathan and David, and other ancient worthies, we can trace the principles of Odd-Fellowship. It has survived the downfall of empires, and the destruction of dynasties; the monumental marble has crumbled to decay; the pyramids are grown gray with years; Thebes, with her hundred gates, sleeps beneath her desolations that with voiceless eloquence proclaim her fall; but Odd-Fellowship is still the same. The moral earthquakes of centuries have not shaken; persecution has not destroyed; neglect has not dissolved; nor has prosperity swerved from its legitimate object an institution which unveils in the bosom of the great God the sacred tenets of its creed.

The kingdoms of the earth have passed from the stage, and scarcely a remembrance of their glory remains. The glittering towers of Troy have fallen; Greece, the land of glory and of song, is trampled under foot; Rome, who, from the banks of the Tiber, sent forth her edicts to the world, has been deluged by a barbarian torrent, and the red arms of her destroyers have prostrated her martial prowess forever; the glory of Spanish chivalry is quenched in anarchy and confusion; but Odd-Fellowship still passes on, cheered by the sorrows she has alleviated, by the tears she has dried. Thus, from remote antiquity, she has kept her onward march, unwavering, unsubdued. As the handmaid of liberty she unfurls the banner of innocence, and aids in the wide diffusion of Christian benevolence, where once the poor Indian, in his idolatry, bowed his knees to the setting sun, and offered his sacrifice to the Great Spirit of darkness and storms.

Upwards of three thousand years have gone down the tide of time since Odd-Fellowship commenced her glorious course; the whirlwinds of war have passed over the earth, spreading desolation and death; the sceptre has fallen from the palsied arm of the monarch, and lofty thrones and empires have passed away in the splendid drama of destruction, since the sublime edifice of Odd-Fellowship first dipped its spire in the clouds and shed its brilliancy in the benighted bosom of the world. The prejudice of bigotry, and the tyranny of ignorance, have fled before it; its lamp has illumined the dark page of history, and shed a glorious lustre on the march of science. It is a consoling reflection that our institution took its rise in

a period of such intellectual splendor, that it has flowed on through the gloom and glory of the world; and that the light of its antiquity comes streaming up from the buried nations of olden time, and experience, hoary with departed centuries, comes with the funeral torch of by-gone empires to light us down to the end of time, and gild the character of our Order with the garb of innocence and love.

Thus the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows have great reason to rejoice in the rise and progress of their institution, and that their principles have been kept sacred, and handed down unsullied, through the generations of the world to the present. And if the same integrity shall be observed, future generations will behold, with rapturous joy, the flag of Odd-Fellowship borne upon the winds of heaven, and rejoice to see upon its waving folds, in characters of living light, that "IN GOD WE TRUST."

Let us rejoice this day that we have attained to what we have, and from the past let us be encouraged to press the battle to the gate, not forgetting that we are dependant upon the Father of our mercies.

And while we carry out our principles in our associations with the world, let us convince mankind that Odd-Fellowship is based upon "Friendship, Truth and Love." And when the first bright rays of the morning sun play upon the mountain's gilded brow, and when the light of day recedes from the face of the sleeping waters, let us bring our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving to Him who arched the firmament—to Him who wove the rainbow—whose awfully pervading spirit lights up the sunbeam in the morning, and walks upon the pinions of the midnight storm.

One word to the fair partners of our lives: your deepest and dearest interests are combined with the prosperity of your husbands, fathers and brothers. Agreeably to the tenets of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, you are excluded from associating with us in our mystic profession; not because you are unworthy of the secret, nor because the tools of the craft are too ponderous for you to wield, but because the principles of mercy and charity are inherent in your nature; your tears of sympathy flow without bidding. You need not those strong and stubborn ties which are necessary to smooth the rougher attributes of man; you need not the sign of Odd-Fellowship to summon you to the bed of affliction, nor the use of symbols to lead you to virtue. Your own hearts are the *Lodges* in which virtue presides, and the dictates of your will is the only needed incentive to action. Frown not then upon our Order, but be assured that to be correct Odd-Fellows we must improve in all the social relations of life.

We cannot close without offering a small tribute of respect to our Masonic friends. We hail you as brethren of the mystic tie. Pilgrims of the East, to you it has been given to view the trophies of your Order, rising in the East, and progressively spreading to the West, by its wide and diffusive light commanding the attention and admiration of mankind. To you, as a part of the wide-spread family of your ancient Order, is committed the solemn and impressive trust of transmitting to posterity pure and unimpaired your secrets, your beauties, and your benefits.

We hail you as fellow-laborers in the great work of Charity and Benevolence: and when with us you visit the mourning circle, and find hearts pierced with a thousand sorrows, covered with gloom, and shrouded in despair, then mingle your tears with theirs, and while the curling and up-tending smoke of your burning incense ascends to heaven, the afflicted

will learn that Masons have hearts to feel and beat responsive to theirs; and your memory will be cherished in their fondest recollections.

Brethren of our Order, guard well the avenues of admission against the approach of unworthy candidates, and when called upon to exercise the power to punish, let purity of principle govern your judgment, and let neither fear, favor, or affection, swerve you from your duty, or pollute the sacred Temple of Odd-Fellowship. Be consistent with the principles you profess, and the most fastidious enemy of the Order will find nothing to declaim against.

Thus you will constitute a perfect ashler in our glorious edifice, and confer honor upon an institution which has stood as a monument to the world of love and truth, and your names will emblazon its escutcheons as part of the bright roll of worthies upon whose character fame will rest forever.

By a correct observance of those principles, guided by the volume of inspiration, influenced by the spirit of God and the light of Odd-Fellowship, you will be enabled to obey the summons of death when he approaches upon his pale horse, and bow with submission to the mandates of the *Supreme Grand Master*; and when laid away in the cold retirement of the tomb, where the zephyrs of summer, and the ruder blast of winter, will sing the solemn requiem around your solitary domicile, the sprig of cassia will waive with perennial beauty over your grave, while your spirits rest in the bosom of your Father and God, and have seats in the Celestial Lodge above, where all tongues are vocal with "Holiness to the Lord," and where all the ancient worthies unite to sing the Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

THE DISCONCERTED CONCERT.

BY MISS YENINA MOISE, OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

THE Genius of music her Ariel cited,
And by a brief note to a Concert invited
The various instruments stringed and air-born,
From the Harp of the Graces to Dian's shrill horn.
Unlike modish gentry they all went in *trains*.
And perhaps might have joined in a prelusive chime,
But the chords of precedence too rigidly straining,
Soft union fled of their harshness complaining.
The trumpet inflated by being Fame's agent,
Professed to be *primo* in harmony's pageant,
But the proud Organ's pedal a damper unpraised
To high sounding titles so pompously blazed.
If Antiquity's Scale the loud braggart could settle,
Old Tubal a man of considerable metal,
Priority's right on herself had bestowed,

Which made him a *Mirror* in minstrelsy's code.
 The classical Lyre appealed to Apollo,
 If all their pretensions might not be deemed hollow
 Compared with her powers whose *affettuosso*,
 Every dice won from the shades doloroso.
 Violin with her *brow* in collision next came
 And declared not a *peg* would she lower her claim:
 She even would challenge seniority's test,
 For A. G. E. D.* on her form was imprest.
 Next Piano advanced in a *half mourning* suit,
 Pre-eminent rank with the last to dispute.
 Ah! *non troppo presto*—fall back in your place,
 For every one knows your grandfather was *Bess*;
 And your dwarf cousin-german the petty *Rebeck*
 Corelli himself could not cure of a squeak.
 A fiddle-stick too for your "*ancien regime*"
 My *forte* is to float upon Fashion's gay stream;
 And where is the aspirant pray to bon-ton,
 Who covets me not for the brilliant Salon?
 A string at some distance was now heard to jar,
 And with Spanish hanteur interposed the Guitar,
 Strike not an *additional key* of assurance,
 Your pitch is already beyond all endurance.
 Upright in appearance you will not deny
 With the moderns a rival in me you decry;
 And though more imperfect in structure and sound,
 Not less fascinating am frequently found.
 Sweet Ariel indignant at *discords* like these,
 Would have cast them from *Cliff's*, or o'erwhelmed them with high C's.
 But a *pause* then ensuing the Genius declared,
 They all so much out of their tenor appeared,
 With their own *variations* so deeply engaged,
 By her best *overtures* they could not be assuaged.
 She therefore dismissed with a *shake* of the hand,
 And an elegant *Coda*, the querrulous band.

THE SPHERE OF WOMAN.

THERE has been a great deal said about the rights and the capacity of woman; whether, in all respects, she is equal, or, in some, inferior to man. The whole dispute, it appears to us, may be settled by a little consideration. We believe that woman is fully, proudly equal to man, but that God has made her for a different sphere of action—a sphere in no wise inferior to his, either in its dignity or its influence. Because her work is not so prominent as man's; because she is not called upon so much to mingle in the stormy elements of the outer and busy world, we must not under-rate the influence which, in the retirement of home, or in the gen-

*Names of the Violin strings.

Her ministrations of life, she exerts upon the great community, and upon the individual soul. Whatever may be the opinions of others, we hesitate not to say, that the tempestuous elements of busy life, the excitements of commercial, legislative and political action, are not in the sphere of woman. We do not say that she has no *right* to be there, but we say that no one who feels the true dignity and power of her woman-hood, *wishes* to be there. She glories in her station as the moon glories in its orbit, and for her to leave it would be to sunder that beautiful *duality* of nature—that wise law of *part* and *counterpart*—by which the whole is made harmonious, in which is *diversity* but also *equality*, in which each has a different office yet each is essential.

And what *is* woman's sphere? Let us, in the first place, ascertain where is her true power. The dominion of woman is the AFFECTIONS. It is her great and beautiful office to reveal the secret power that there is in LOVE—which is God's own nature. The brightest lineaments of her character appear, as the shadows of life grow darker. In seasons of sickness, in hours of pain, in vigils of weary care, she rises into a sublime fortitude. The spirit which in calmer moments shrinks with trembling sensitiveness, gives out rich music in the storm. And when impending danger, pitiless calumny, or cruel persecution, assails the object of her affections, she gathers her virtue about her as a shield, and with a power that makes the weak things stronger than the mighty, and imparts to the timid a bravery that defies all peril, she goes forth to share his fortune to the last, exhibiting a constancy that is more eloquent than words, and a love that cannot die. Here, then, is woman's sphere. At home—in offices of benevolence and pity—in developing the heart's best and holiest feeling—she reigns with a royalty that requires no less spiritual dignity, no less intellectual exaltation, than man in the stormy arena of debate, the seething marts of traffic, the devious though dazzling path of ambition.

Let it not be supposed that we deem woman incapable of those efforts which are specially termed *intellectual*, or that we would have her desist from these efforts. No. Let her sing as Hemans has sang, and reason as Somerville has reasoned. Still, this is not her *peculiar* sphere, and therefore not the station where her peculiar power is manifested. Here she finds at least a competitor in man, and her triumphs are no more than equal to his. Besides, we feel that if she was wholly immersed in intellectual pursuits, or in business, or ambition, the harmonies of social life would be broken, some of the most tender-offices of humanity would be left unfulfilled; in short, she would be WOMAN, with all that we attach to that name which is beautiful and true, no longer. Even when she has left this better sphere, and triumphed, we have not admired that which was *masculine* in her conduct, but that which was *womanly*—the fearlessness of *faith*, and the strength of *affection*. Men have achieved as bold deeds as Joan of Arc, but the sainted rays that stream over the armed maiden fall from her true-hearted devotion and her religious intrepidity.

Shall woman go forth into the dusty, tortuous ways of trade and commerce? Who, then, will make bright the threshold and the hearth, and nurture the mind in infant blossoming? Shall woman move in the stormy mazes of political action? Who, then, shall man find to soothe him when the bitter world has driven him back upon himself; when anger, scorn and calumny have roused him to madness, or crushed him with de-

spair? Shall woman agitate in our legislative halls? Who shall bind up man's broken heart, and watch unweariedly by the bed of sickness, and wipe the dampness from his throbbing brow? Are not these high and holy offices—fully equal to the dignities of man? And would you break them up? Would you turn the sweet music of affection into harsh discords? Would you change the lighted eye of devotion into the fierce glare of political ambition, of forensic anger, or monetary disappointment? Would you crush the finer strings of woman's heart, and make it cold, callous, and world-hardened? No. The practical result of such theories would overthrow our domestic shrines, and turn them out of doors—would break down the crystal battlements that surround our homes, and make them like our streets, and caucuses, and courts, the haunts of selfish cares, of discordant tongues, of hollow mockeries, and busy, bustling feet.

We do not appeal, then, against any abstract *right* which woman may have, but in behalf of a law of the Creator, who has assigned to the sexes different yet equal spheres—who has made the sun that travels in glory, no more admirable than the star that waits in bashful beauty at the gates of the morning—who has given a great and beneficent office to the *showers* that swell the mighty rivers, and the *dews* that nourish the opening germs. No true woman pants after political distinction, or the noisy bustle of the business world.

The peculiar sphere of woman, then, being comprehended in the affections, her efforts are intimately connected with those great and distinctive influences which especially belong to Christianity. It is not chiefly by *intellectual* exertions, or by *physical* force, that this achieves its triumphs, but by those influences upon the moral nature, those labors of love, those appeals to the affections, which still the more silent but deeper and mightier springs of our being; which bring into prominence those qualities which have too much been neglected, and kept in the back-ground by the world, and which give to kindness and charity and brotherly love, an eminence above all other moral sentiments, and clothe them with the peculiar approbation of God. The direct contrast between the precepts of Jesus, and the warlike, the fierce, the dark passions of our nature, is too commonly noticed to require remark. These passions have agitated the old earth for ages. With the sword, and the scourge, and the chain, men have thought to subdue their brethren, and to secure obedience to their ideals of truth and virtue. They have endeavored, though vainly, to link might with right; or, in the heat of the moment have lost sight of all kindly sentiments—have drowned every brotherly emotion in selfishness, ambition, or revenge. Religion itself has too often been made to play a false part in the world. Men have crowned with its name the most monstrous deformities, quenched all devotional life in the dry husks of form and ceremony, and wielded its mighty influence with covetous, lecherous and bloody hands. And that which we call *civilization* has too often been a covenant of selfishness, a sanctifying of fraud, and force, and meanness, while the earth, in the name of legal battle, has been reddened with murders no more lawful in the sight of God than the slaughter of Abel. Christ came to shed the light and efficacy of a divine life through these customs and passions of the world—to substitute justice for fraud, and love for fear, and reason for force, and kindness for revenge—in short, to reveal the brotherhood of man, the Fraternity of God. And just in proportion as

Christianity has an influence in the world, will love, charity, meekness and mercy become exalted, and their sphere of operation widened. Just in proportion as the spiritual weapons of reason and truth and goodness prevail, the weapons of war will become broken, the law of force will be suspended, the shedding of blood will cease, and the affections of the human heart will go out and do their work, the beautiful, the sublime work of reconciling man to man, of revealing to each his relations to all, of revealing to all their relations to God.

Does not the Age, then, which, with all its absurdity and its sin, is full of these sentiments of Christianity, does it not open a wide sphere for the efforts of woman? Yes; as Christianity prevails, these distinctions and deeds which, in eyes blinded by show, and absorbed in the sensual, have dazzled men, obscured the worth of woman's offices, and given to the other sex an undue elevation, will fade out and be abandoned, and she will come up to that equality in *prominence*, which she has always had in true *power*. She will toil with him, side by side, in the great harvest-field of humanity, not like Ruth, gleaning the work afar, but gathering up the fallen, and binding the scattered sheaves.

The true beauty and power and triumph of woman, is to labor with that ability which God has given her, for the benefit of humanity. It is to summon the tenderness of her nature to noble deeds of charity and of self-sacrifice. It is to extend the sympathies that she may narrow within the compass of home, out to the unfortunate, the sinning, the destitute of our race. It is to second man's reason with her love—his appeals for goodness and truth with her deeds of benevolence and peace. While he goes out into the great marts, into the haunts of wickedness, amid the clashing of selfish passions, or the sorrowful spectacles of vice; while he goes out there, with a strong purpose and a good will, to plead for God and for humanity; let her triumphs, none the less great, none the less beautiful, be seen as she moves by the bed of sickness, as she supplies the shrivelled lips of want, as she brightens the heavy eye of care, as she gives to the desponding, the forsaken, the guilty even, the charity or the forgiveness which they require. Especially may she accomplish a great work with the poor and the sinful of her own sex. She may go where man cannot enter, and wield a power which he cannot exert. She may revive many a wretched spirit to virtue, causing it, if it cannot die with its pristine loveliness, at least to die with righteous peace. The gentle smiting of her words may open tears of penitence that have long been dry in the rocky heart, or choked by callous and shameless transgression. In homes of poverty, in dwellings of virtuous but neglected humanity, where man is too proud or too harsh to go, she may brighten with her ministrations of sympathy, and the dim visions of age, and the eyes of the dying may turn upon her with a blessing.

When the law of Christianity prevails, woman will not have to abandon her sphere to assume a forwardness in the offices of reform, but her sphere will become enlarged out into that wide domain, where violence, and cruelty, and hate, and fraud have so long reigned. The universal diffusion of Christianity will extend the sanctity of home to the boundaries of the earth, and will cause meek, patient woman to go up with her ministrations of mercy where warriors have contended for empires, and kings have climbed to bloody thrones. When Aceldoma becomes Eden once more,

"*woman's sphere*" shall be the wide world of human action ; for not then will be required the ambition that has struggled in dusty conflict, the talent that has battled in angry debate, the power that has curbed men as with a band of iron—but the love that has watched by the sick-bed, shone in the prisoner's dungeon, nourished the hungry, lifted up the despairing, and cheered the desolate. For the distinctions which man has sought, the world has given its honors ; but for the offices of woman, rewards are comprehended in the beatitudes of Christ.—*Symbol.*

BYGONE DAYS.

THEN are times when wand'ring emotions will yearn,
To revel on joys which may never return,
To gaze on the scenes and the memories dear,
To list to the voices we ne'er more may hear.

In such hours as these remembrance still wings
Her way to a vale where each green bower rings
With childhood's gay laugh as it floats on the air,
Where lov'd sisters whisper the vow and the pray'r.

Where often I've wander'd by green sunny glade,
And banks where bright violets sportively play'd ;
Where soft balmy zephyrs each floweret stirr'd,
And tones of affection were breath'd in each word.

Yes, my spirit will ever linger around
The sweet home of my childhood where joy was found
'Tis my star to illumine life's weary way
To realms brighter far in eternity's day.

LEONORA.

THE I. O. O. F. CELEBRATION.

From the *Shelby News* of May 15, 1844—by request.

MR. EDITOR:—Festivals and celebrations indicate best the tone of public feeling; and the mode of their reception indicate best the estimate placed by the community on the events, institutions or principles designed to be commemorated. If this maxim be true, we may fairly conclude, that the philanthropic and benevolent institution of Odd-Fellows has been introduced in our community under very favourable auspices, by the very beautiful, interesting and appropriate celebration of the Order, held in our village on Monday, May 6th. We were peculiarly interested by the order and method, with which the procession was conducted; the richness and beauty of the regalia worn by the members; the cordial and fraternal feeling exhibited by the brethren; and, indeed, the spirit which pervaded the whole procedure.—And presuming some sketch would not be uninteresting to some of your readers, who had not the pleasure of witnessing it, we will lay before you a brief outline of the proceedings of the day.

And as a preliminary observation, let me congratulate the Order in this place upon the large number of their visiting brethren who attended from Louisville, Frankfort, Danville, &c.—numbering, with the members of Howard Lodge, about seventy members, who joined in procession. Their whole conduct whilst in our village shewed to our citizens that they were men of high standing and great worth—ornaments to society, and valuable members of community.

At eleven in the morning, after having organized at the Hall, (which is tastefully and appropriately fitted up,) the procession, preceded by the enlivening strains of the Amphion Band, proceeded to the eastern limits of the village, and made a most imposing appearance—eliciting ejaculations of interest and admiration from the very numerous assemblage of spectators which crowded our streets. They thence proceeded to the Methodist Episcopal Church, where they were entertained by very pithy, cogent and eloquent addresses by Messrs. Todd and Hill, in which the bearing, design and objects of the institution were ably and satisfactorily set forth, and a most able defence was presented to the objections urged against the Order. And we must not here omit to mention the very animating and enlivening effect produced by the delightful strains of vocal music, appropriately prepared for the occasion, by the Choir in attendance.

After the conclusion of the services at the church, the procession again formed, and proceeded to the western limits of the village; thence to the "Redding House," and partook of a sumptuous entertainment, gotten up with the usual liberality and good taste of its host.

After an hour spent in luxuriating on the viands spread before them, and in a mutual interchange of social and fraternal feeling, the procession again formed and proceeded to the hall.

In the evening, the members of the Order, with a very large number

of the citizens, attended the Concert at the College Chapel, by the Amphion Band;—and here, Mr. Editor, I must express my satisfaction at the full attendance, and the disposition manifested by the community to patronize and encourage the spirited and energetic exertions of the young gentlemen, who compose the band. Their music was most excellent, and their attainments in the science of music is said to be rapid and laudably progressive; and their existence will contribute much to the pleasures and enjoyments of the community.

The Odd-Fellows closed their celebration of the day by proceeding in form to the "Farmer's House," and partaking of a superb collation served up for them by the proprietor, Mr. H. S. Hastings.

In conclusion, I deem it but a just meed of praise to say, that the Order were happy in the selection of their Marshals; than Messrs C. S. Wolford, J. C. Bull, and W. G. Rogers, no men could have performed better the duties of the responsible and arduous position; nor none have elicited more universal approbation. Indeed, the whole affair was an unusually enlivening scene, and broke in very happily upon the monotony of our village life. The occasional recurrence of such celebrations have a healthful influence on the community.

A CITIZEN.

SHELBYVILLE, May 6, 1844.

*To the Officers and Members of Howard Lodge,
No. 15, I. O. O. F., Shelbyville, Ky.*

The committee to whom was assigned the duty of making arrangements for the celebration, &c. of the Lodge on the 6th day of this month, beg leave respectfully to report that, pursuant to previous notice, the members of the Order met at "Odd-Fellows' Hall," at half past 10 o'clock, A. M. when the procession was formed, under the direction of P. G. John C. Bull, Chief Marshall, assisted by Wm. G. Rogers, of Howard Lodge, and Grand Marshal Charles S. Wolford, of Louisville, and marched to the Methodist Episcopal Church, where the following exercises were performed, &c., and listened to by a very large and attentive concourse of ladies and gentlemen:

- 1st. CHORUS—*by the Choir.*
- 2d. PRAYER—*by Rev. D. C. Procter.*
- 3d. AN ODE—*composed by Bro. J. H. Macmichael, of Natchez.*
- 4th. ADDRESS—*by Bro. I. Shelby Todd.*
- 5th. SONG—*composed by Miss E. C. Hurley, of New York.*
- 6th. ADDRESS—*by Bro. Walter F. Hill.*
- 7th. ORPHAN'S HYMN—*composed by Rev. Bro. J. N. Maffitt.*
- 8th. BENEDICTION—*by Rev. Bro. J. G. Bruce.*

After the services at the church had closed, the procession was formed and marched to the "Redding House," where a sumptuous free dinner, upon strictly temperance principles, was served to the members of the Order, the Amphion Band and Choir, who kindly officiated for us at the church and while in procession. After dinner the procession again formed and proceeded to the hall.

In the evening, the members of the Order went in procession to Bro.

Henry S. Hastings', where a very handsome free supper was served to the members of the Order, after which an appropriate address was delivered by Grand Representative Tal. P. Shaffner, Esq., expressive of the pleasure he and his brethren of Louisville had derived from their visit to Shelbyville, and the hospitable manner in which they had been entertained. Dr. Wm. T. Knight, of Howard Lodge, replied briefly and eloquently, and the company dispersed in "Friendship, Love and Truth."

The procession was large—numbering about 70. We were pleased to see all the Lodges of Louisville, and the Lodges of Frankfort, Danville and Lancaster represented. Among the visitors we were rejoiced to see M. W. G. M. Wm. Mathews, D. G. M. John B. Hinkle, G. S. P. M. Jones, G. W. George Blanchard, G. T. E. V. Bunn, and many other distinguished members of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky.

After the services of the day were ended, the Lodge unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the thanks of the members of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows be, and they are hereby tendered to our Bros. HILL and TODD for the appropriate addresses this day delivered by them, and that the N. G. and V. G. be a committee to solicit the brothers to furnish copies for publication.

Resolved, further, That the thanks of the members of the Order be tendered by the N. G. to the members of the Amphion Band for their kindness in furnishing music on this day.

Resolved, further, That the thanks of the members of the Order be tendered by the N. G. to the young Ladies and Gentlemen who kindly volunteered their services to conduct the music in the church on this day.

Resolved, further, That the thanks of the members of the Order be tendered by Bro. P. G. Bull to Mr. Redding for the hospitable manner in which he entertained the brothers on this day.

Resolved, further, That the thanks of the members of Howard Lodge, No. 15, be, and they are hereby most cordially tendered to the brethren who on this occasion have visited us for the purpose of aiding in the celebration of this day; that the brotherly feeling evinced by them for the members of this Lodge finds its suitable response in our hearts.

Resolved, further, That the thanks of the members of this Lodge be, and they are hereby tendered to the Methodist Episcopal Church for the use of their house on the day of our celebration.

Resolved, further, That the thanks of the members of this Lodge be, and they are hereby tendered to Bro. Henry S. Hastings for the handsome collation furnished to the members of this Lodge and their visiting brethren on the evening of this day.

The report and resolutions were unanimously adopted, and, on motion, ordered that the committee request their publication in the Shelby News.

W. F. HILL, S. H. L.

A PERILOUS SITUATION.

CAPTAIN CROW, in his Memoirs, relates the following perilous adventure:—"One afternoon, when we were ten to twelve hundred miles from any land, and were sailing at the rate of seven or eight knots, the alarm was given that the ship was on fire in the after-hold. I was in the cabin at the time, and springing upon deck, the first persons I saw were two young men with their flannel shirts blazing on their backs; at the same time I perceived a dense cloud of smoke issuing from below, and looking round me, I found the people in the act of cutting away the stern and quarter boats, that they might abandon the vessel. At this critical juncture I had the presence of mind to exclaim, in an animated tone, 'Is it possible, my lads, that you can desert me at a moment when it is your bounden duty, as men, to assist me?' And observing them hesitate, I added, 'Follow me, my brave fellows! and we shall soon save the ship.' These few words had the desired effect, for they immediately rallied, and came forward to assist me. To show them a proper example, I was the first man to venture below, for I thought of the poor blacks entrusted to my care, and who could not be saved in the boats, and I was determined, rather than desert them, to extinguish the fire, or perish in the attempt. When we got below, we found the fire blazing with great fury on the starboard side, and as it was known to the crew that there were forty-five barrels of gunpowder in the magazine, within about three feet only of the fire, it required every possible encouragement on my part to lead them on to extinguish the rapidly increasing flames. When I first saw the extent of the conflagration, and thought of its proximity to the powder, a thrill of despair ran through my whole frame; but by a strong mental effort I suppressed my disheartening feelings, and only thought of active exertion, unconnected with the thought of imminent danger. We paused for a moment, struggling, as it were, to determine how to proceed. Very fortunately for us our spare sails were stowed close at hand. These were dragged out, and, by extraordinary activity, we succeeded in throwing them over the flames which they so far checked, that we gained time to obtain a good supply of water down the hatchway, and in the course of ten or fifteen minutes, we extinguished the flames. Had I hesitated only a few minutes on deck, or had I not spoken encouragingly to the people, no exertions whatever could have saved the ship from being blown up, and as the catastrophe would most probably have taken place before the hands could have left the side in the boats, perhaps not a soul would have survived to tell the tale. I hope, therefore, I shall be excused in assuming to myself more credit (if indeed credit be due) for the presence of mind by which I was actuated on this occasion, than for any thing I ever did in the course of my life. The accident I found was occasioned by the ignorance and carelessness of the two young men whose clothes I had seen burning on their backs; through the want of regular officers they had been entrusted to draw off some rum from a store cask, and who, not knowing the danger to which they exposed themselves and the ship, had taken down a lighted candle, a spark from which had ignited the spirit.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE subject of education as an adjunct to the great purposes of Odd-Fellowship is one to which the attention of our brotherhood cannot be too often or too earnestly directed. To relieve the distressed, succour the disconsolate and educate the orphan, what nobler cause could prompt the energies of our beloved Order? Education has been well said to be the "*guardian of liberty* and the bulwark of morality." The day has come when the light of this inestimable blessing is being shed abroad throughout our happy land illuminating the darkest sections of the country, and dispelling ignorance every where even among the most destitute and friendless of our race. Let not the efforts of a brotherhood whose high moral aim has been so successfully exerted to elevate the character and comfort the need of its votaries be withheld from this beautiful handmaid of the "chiefest virtue." Let it be remembered that there can be in the holy office of educating the children of our deceased brethren no sting, no wound to the most delicate or refined sensibility. Such schools are no *charity schools*—they must be established upon the same principles which characterise our ministrations to our sick and disabled brethren, so that the orphan will occupy the same position as the parent, *begging* not as a boon the blessing of education at our hands, but *demanding* as a right a participation in the advantages of that institution to which the parent in his lifetime contributed his subscription, and to the accumulation of which he may have devoted his time, talents and untiring zeal.

Our Order is for the most part composed of the industrial classes of our fellow-citizens, whose life is and has been generally speaking occupied in laborious efforts for the support and maintenance of their families, and whose legacy to their offspring seldom exceeds the good name and example of their parents. Children thus cast upon the world if permitted to pass on into maturing life without the benefit of education, not unfrequently grow up a burthen to themselves and to the country which gave them birth, when if the interposing agency of Odd-Fellowship was at hand, to train them to virtue and wisdom, by the force, influence and teachings of education, they would become ornaments to society at large, useful citizens and bright examples of the redeeming character of our beloved Order. The life of man is at best but short, and it has been estimated that in every ten or fifteen years the great body of the youth of the country are passing into manhood and taking the place of those of the generation that

is receding from the world. The helpless child becomes the grown man or woman, assuming the rights and duties incident to life. In view of this picture of mankind we cannot fail to observe that the character of each succeeding generation must partake in a greater or less degree of the virtue or vice, intelligence or ignorance of that which preceded and the march of improvement must in equal ratio be effected by the relative capacity of one generation to profit by the experience of another, avoiding its errors and advancing its salutary admonitions, prompted by the light and influence of knowledge—thus to a great extent the cause of education is intimately blended with the cause of all high and elevated efforts of man to advance the general good of his fellow-creatures.

It would be idle to offer any suggestions upon the value, the inestimable value of education to the rising generation—it is indeed a pearl of priceless value, and whatever may be said of the aristocracy of mind, we acknowledge ourselves the willing, captive, votaries of intellectual greatness, most especially when enshrined in any of God's creatures where the first feeble scintillations of mind were cherished into a living flame through the instruction and teachings of a simple, unostentatious common school. We commend this subject to the Representatives who are to assemble in Grand Lodge of the United States in September next. It is worthy the efforts of their united deliberations, and he who shall be able to unite the opinions and concentrate the energies of that distinguished body upon a well digested scheme of education to the orphans of our departed brethren, to be uniform and general throughout the jurisdiction, will not only have secured for himself a monument more enduring than brass, but will also have entitled himself justly to the proud distinction of being ever hailed and acknowledged as a benefactor of the human race.

Grand Lodge of the United States—The annual session of this body will be held at the city of Baltimore on the first Monday of September next, when we hope every State Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment will be present in the person of an immediate Representative. We are gratified to say that Georgia, Maine, Rhode Island and New Hampshire have been added to the confederacy of Grand Lodges since the last session, and we are not without hope that the State of Michigan will also be included within the number before the next session.

Representatives Elect to September Session, 1844, so far as heard from.

P. G. M. WM. W. MOORE,	—District of Columbia.
P. G. M. HORN R. KNEASS,	} Pennsylvania.
P. G. M. JOSEPH BROWNE,	
P. G. P. PAUL MOODY,	
P. G. P. JACOB HULL,	} Virginia.
P. G. JOHN D. MCCABE,	

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

Massachusetts—Extract of a letter from D. D. G. Sire Albert Guild, dated Boston, May 17th. 1844.

After so long a time I have made out to get all the reports from the subordinate Lodges in, and I believe I have got them corrected. I send you the above draft, (\$540,) which is all I have on hand at present—please have the amounts credited to the proper sources, and much oblige &c.

From the same, dated May 25th, 1844.

I proceeded yesterday, the 24th inst., with several brethren from this city to the pleasant village of Portsmouth, in the State of New Hampshire, where I had the pleasure of meeting with about 40 brethren from Wecohamet and Washington Lodges, who had assembled there for the purpose of assisting in the formation of a new Lodge. At 11 o'clock, A. M., the meeting was called to order, and after a few preliminary remarks I proceeded to institute Piscataqua Lodge, No. 6—after which the Lodge made choice of the following officers, viz:—

REV. GEO. W. MONTGOMERY,	N. G.
ELIAS AYERS, - - - - -	V. G.
GEO. W. TOWLE, - - - - -	Secretary.
DAVID MOULTON, - - - - -	Treasurer.
EMERSON SHERBORNE, - - - - -	P. Sec'y.

All of whom being present were installed into their respective offices.

At half past three o'clock, P. M., the officers of Wicohamet Lodge, No. 3, were invited to fill the chairs, and initiated 9 new members—and after a recess of one hour the officers of Washington Lodge, No. 4, were also invited to fill the chairs, and initiated 12 new members—making 21 in all. And I would here wish to return my most sincere thanks to the brethren of those Lodges, for the very valuable assistance they rendered me on that occasion, and the able and efficient manner in which they performed those duties.

They have now six working Lodges and one Encampment in New Hampshire—and I am happy to say, that I think for the interest they take and the correctness of the work, they would not suffer in comparison with any equal number of Lodges within my acquaintance.

Georgia—From D. D. G. Sire Rev. Albert Case, dated Macon, May 10, 1844.

I have this evening organized Franklin Encampment, No. 3, in this town. It is mostly composed of the early members of Franklin Lodge, No. 2—the oldest Odd-Fellows in the city, and under their direction it will prosper. This is the second Encampment in the city—Ocmulgee, No. 2, having been organized last October. It is to be hoped that the patriarchs will strive together for the good of Odd-Fellowship, and that both will be prosperous and successful. The following are the officers of Franklin Encampment, No. 3, for the present term:—

CAPT. ISAAC HOLMES,	-	-	-	-	C. P.
JOHN J. JONES,	-	-	-	-	H. P.
E. J. JOHNSTON,	-	-	-	-	S. W.
E. SAULSBURY,	-	-	-	-	J. W.
GEORGE J. SHEPARD,	-	-	-	-	Scribe.
ALBERT MIX,	-	-	-	-	Treasurer.

At a subsequent meeting 18 candidates were proposed for membership and before the 15th ten were exalted. This Encampment is confided to the care of those who *will* cause it to flourish. Its return will not be small at the close of the first term.

Columbus, May 13th.

On the morning of the 11th I left Macon by railroad to Barnesville, 40 miles—thence by stage 76 miles to this city, where I arrived at 7 o'clock yesterday morning—distance from Charleston about 400 miles.

Assisted by patriarch D. S. Lemman I conferred the several Encampment Degrees on the following brothers, viz:—Wiley Williams, Esq.; Hon. L. B. Moody, Mayor of the city; Rev. L. F. W. Andrews; John Condon; Jesse J. Sutton; G. B. Phole; Thomas K. Wynne; Josiah Morris. The following officers were elected and installed, and the Encampment was duly organized, as Chattahoochee Encampment, No. 4, of the city of Columbus and State of Georgia:—

D. L. LEMMAN,	-	-	-	-	C. P.
REV. L. F. W. ANDREWS,	-	-	-	-	H. P.
WILEY WILLIAMS,	-	-	-	-	S. W.
HON. L. B. MOODY,	-	-	-	-	J. W.
JOHN CONDON,	-	-	-	-	Scribe.
JESSE J. SUTTON,	-	-	-	-	Treasurer.
G. B. PHOLE,	-	-	-	-	Guardian.

At a subsequent meeting the following brothers, being among the applicants for the charter, were introduced and received the several degrees, viz:—R. N. Bardwell, James Johnson and James S. Norman.

This Encampment is composed of members of Lodge No. 6, in this city—who are gentlemen of the highest respectability, moral worth and influence. It is gratifying to see the interests of the Patriarchal Order confided to such brothers, for by them it will be protected and cherished.—The Lodge here numbers about 70 members, and the Encampment will soon have a good list of good members. The Order is prosperous in this city, and from the great care taken I have no doubt it will be preserved from those who would disgrace it, and outshine all opposition from whatever source it may come.

Charleston, 17th May.

At home with improved health—grateful for all favors, and pleased to see our beloved Order making such rapid strides in the State of Georgia. Since the formation of the Grand Lodge there has been a Lodge organized at Augusta which numbers 170 members; another at Columbus, and Bro. G. L. Warren, R. W. D. G. Master, has ere this formed one at Marietta. Verily, the 'South keeps not back' in the good cause of Friendship, Love and Truth.

Ohio—Extract of a letter from P. G. M. Thomas Sherlock, dated Cincinnati, May 24, 1844.

Since my term as Grand Master of Ohio has expired I have denied myself the pleasure of sustaining a correspondence with you, because, being aware of the extent of your business, I felt that I would be trespassing on your time, and I could furnish you with information only that others ought to do *officially*.

I am happy to say that the onward march of our Order in this State still continues, and that every thing connected with it moves on harmoniously. Twenty-nine Lodges and seven Encampments are actively engaged in the good work. Charters for two more subordinate Lodges have been granted, and our Grand Master is now absent from the city to institute one of them. We have yet at least twenty good points untouched.

As you may remember, the Order in this city has long had it in contemplation to erect a Hall for its own use—I think now that this work will be accomplished within the ensuing year.

I am ashamed that Cincinnati has not yielded a better support to the Covenant. We ought to have taken at least 100 to 150 copies here—but it appears to be impossible to induce members to subscribe. It is gratifying to know, however, that the work is gaining popularity with those who read it, and I am still in hopes that we will be able to do more for it.

We invite the attention of all Lodges and Encampments of the Order to the subjoined letter from D. G. Sire Stewart of Missouri. We are confident that upon examination the security of the Grand Lodge of Missouri will be found abundantly ample for any loan which the prosperous Lodges under our jurisdiction may be disposed to make, to assist her in the laudable purpose of erecting a Hall in the city of St. Louis, and we are equally sure that the investment will not only be a safe one but will also very much promote the well being of the order in that section of country.—Ed.

Missouri—Extract of a letter from D. D. G. Sire, Wm. S. Stewart, dated St. Louis, May 14th, 1844.

I had the pleasure of writing you by brother Carey, Grand Secretary G. Lodge, Mo., and omitted by him to inform you of the passage of a resolution by the Grand Lodge held on the 10th inst., to devise ways and means to complete our Hall, now in process of erection.

The Grand Lodge of Missouri has expended considerable money in the purchase of an eligible site for her Hall—and I am pleased to say the selection is a good one, and one that reflects much credit on the Order here—the lot is 40 feet front by 85 feet deep, two squares above the Planter's House, fronting on 4th, the most pleasant and airy part of the city. The Grand Lodge paid for this lot between 5000 and \$6000, and in addition to this owns a lot 25 feet front by 100 deep, on 7th street, which lot worth \$2000.

The lease of our present Hall will expire this fall, and it is impossible to procure a room that will answer our purpose in the city—so that it is absolutely necessary that our building should be completed by that time. The Grand Lodge has not sufficient means at her command at present to enable her to complete the building—has therefore come to the conclu-

sion to solicit from the different subordinate Lodges in the Union a *loan* of \$20 or more each, or to purchase one or more shares each in said Hall. The Grand Lodge could think of no plan so well calculated to raise a fund immediately as to make her wants known to the great family of Odd-Fellows—hence the passage of the following resolution:—

“*Resolved*, That an application be made to every subordinate Lodge in the United States for a loan of at least \$20, towards completing the building of our Hall.”

A resolution was also adopted requesting you to call the attention of the fraternity to the circular of the Grand Lodge of Missouri in the forthcoming number of the Official Magazine in such manner as you may deem most advisable.

The entire cost of the building will be about \$10,000, 4 stories high, 40 by 80—the lower floor will contain *two spacious stores*, which will rent for \$500 each—the second floor will be finished for a *concert room*, and will readily command \$1000 per annum—the third floor will I think be used as our *library room*—the fourth for the Lodges—the two basements will rent for say \$200 each—in the rear of the building will be an office and sleeping room, which will rent for at least \$200, so that the investment will be a good one and pay from 20 to 25 per cent.

There will be no doubt but the money can be refunded in 12 months after the erection of the building. The main object is to get the building up, and then I am satisfied the members will step forward and take stock sufficient to place the Grand Lodge in funds to pay back to the different Lodges who may contribute in aiding her in her enterprise.

I know of many brethren here who are able to contribute, but fear the Grand Lodge will not be able to complete the Hall—should they see that it will be done they will then come to her assistance. I have taken \$400 in stock, and if I had the means would erect the building myself, for I know it would be a good investment.

I know many citizens who would take a large amount of stock but our charter will not admit of it.

There will be a circular sent to your address, also to the different Lodges in your city. I have had such a sick family lately that I have been taken entirely from my business, but will in a few days try and hand you another remittance on account of the “Magazine.”

Mississippi—Extract of a letter from G. Sec'y John B. Dicks, dated Natchez, May 8th, 1844.

It affords me pleasure to again communicate to you that the Order within this jurisdiction progresses steadily and harmoniously. Its prospects for advancement, and its condition for usefulness, were never more flattering than at the present time.

At the late quarterly communication of this Grand Lodge, held in this city on the 22d and 23d days of April last, the reports from all the subordinate Lodges were in; some of them gave cheering evidence of energy and zeal on the part of the brotherhood, to disseminate the principles they profess, while benevolent hearts respond to the wants and sympathise with the feelings of the destitute and sorrow-stricken child of adversity. Our Lodges in numerous instances have cheerfully extended aid where no le-

gitimate was binding—the universal desire to do all the good we can needs not the prompting of enacting laws, yet those laws making provision for the Order and its connexion, are scrupulously obeyed.

This Grand Lodge, on the 23d of April last, granted charters to institute two other subordinate Lodges, viz:—Concordia Lodge, No. 12, in this city, and Belmont Lodge, No. 13, in the town of Belmont, Ponola county.

The anniversary of the Order in the United States was celebrated in this city by the following Lodges, viz:—Grand Lodge of the State, Wildey Encampment, No. 1, Mississippi Lodge, No. 1, Washington Lodge, No. 2, and Concord Lodge, No. 12, with the addition of a number of visiting brothers from the interior of the State.

The procession was large and respectable—after moving through some of the principal streets they entered the Methodist Chapel, where they were greeted by the approving smiles of several hundred of our citizens, a large majority of whom were Odd-Fellows' best friends, the matrons, daughters and sisters of our happy homes.

After prayer by the Grand Chaplain an appropriate Ode was sung by the choir; Rev. Bro. S. W. Speer then delivered an eloquent and instructive Address, closing his discourse with statistical accounts, shewing the great amount of relief afforded by the Order throughout the United States for the fiscal year last past.

I forgot to mention in my last that P. G. D. N. Barrows, of Capitol Lodge, No. 11, at Jackson, was recommended by this Grand Lodge as a suitable person to act as Agent for the Covenant at that place—to the above I would add my own recommendation. Bro. Barrows is a very worthy man, in every particular, and a most indefatigable Odd-Fellow. Capitol Lodge is about 14 months old and now numbers between 50 and 60 members. Bro. Barrows' influence has had its weight in that quarter. Capitol Lodge I am informed celebrated the 26th ult.—an Address from Rev. Bro. Camp—53 members in procession, and an universal rush of the populace to the church to see and hear all about Odd-Fellowship. It is truly cheering to read the flattering accounts from all parts of our country, of the unparalleled progress of the Order. It cannot, however, be said to be astonishing, for it is almost universally admitted, that all intelligent communities seek how they may best promote their own and the happiness of their fellow-beings, and wherever the precepts of Odd-Fellowship are adhered to, that desirable object and end is obtained.

The health of our city remains good. Bro. Geo. I. Dicks and family are well; at present he is absent to Jackson—it is doubtful if he will visit the north this summer. We have just received the May number of the Covenant—I see a requirement in the May No. that shall have my attention, officially, immediately after our next, being our annual communication, to be holden in July.

EXPULSION.

BOONVILLE, Mo., May 14th, 1844.

To the Editor of the Covenant, Baltimore.

DEAR SIR :—By a resolution of Far West Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F., am instructed to forward to you for publication the name of A. E. HARDY, who was formerly a member of this Lodge, but who is now by the resolution above referred to, expelled from all the rights and privileges of Odd-Fellowship, in consequence of his being detected in forging, and leaving his family in a destitute situation.

Respectfully yours, in
Friendship, Love and Truth,
J. M. EDGAR, Sec'ry.

The Ark.—This is the title of an excellent periodical, published at Columbus, Ohio, devoted to the cause of Odd-Fellowship—we acknowledge the receipt of the May and June numbers together this day, the 11th June, being the first we have seen of it. Will brothers Blain & Glenn receive this explanation for seeming unwillingness to exchange.

Independent Odd-Fellow.—We received the June number of this work this day, 11th June, being the first number received since March last.—The Covenant has been mailed regularly for it, as our printer advises us.

Erratum.—In our list of receipts in June No. R. L. Robbins, Nathaniel P. Brooks and Wecohamet Lodge should have been credited \$4 each.

L. O. O. F.

THE COVENANT

AND OFFICIAL MAGAZINE

OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

VOL. III.

AUGUST, 1844.

No. 8.

THE MACROBITE.*

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MISS E. M. WALLEY, OF MAGUN, GA.

A young German Artist, named Hasslinger, who was conveying an invalid sister, by easy journeys to Italy, stopped on a lovely evening, in the month of June, at the gate of the Model-farm, of Schleissheim castle near Munich.

The superintendent, Mr. Eberhard, had been a college companion of the young painter, and he resolved to pass several days there, hoping in some measure to dispel his sister's melancholy by exploring the magnificent palace, to which this rural establishment is an appendage.

Schleissheim stands on the monotonous and sterile plain, which surrounds Munich, where it glows like a diamond in the sand. This castle might indeed claim for itself alone, the eulogium which Gustavus Adolphus bestowed on the capital of Bavaria.

"Munich," said that prince, "is a golden saddle on a lean steed."

Schleissheim, erected in 1684, by Max-Emmanuel, in the Italian style, is situated on the confines of an extensive down, enclosed on all sides by a belt of stunted pines, and other alpine plants. The vestibule, paved with Salzburg marble, terminates on either side by gigantic flights of stairs leading to a noble gallery, whose ceiling is adorned with the allegoric paintings of Amigoni, while its walls boast many valuable productions of the Flemish masters.

* *Macroble* signifies *centennial*, or rather, one who has lived more than a century. With respect to the subject of this tale, it is in perfect conformity to the traditionary history of the English revolution. The accessories only, belong to the region of romance.

Behind the castle, the thicket is so close as to be nearly impenetrable, composed of ancient and often strangely distorted trees, whose venerable moss the setting sun tinges with glowing saffron or bloody red.

In front, stretches the level down where quiet reigns unbroken, save when some distant noise of the farm alarms the watchful frogs and sends them with headlong haste back to their sedgey homes. The model-farm is located in that part of the down which till lately constituted the park and gardens of the palace. Its dependencies resemble a hamlet, with all the rural characteristics of poultry-yards, disabled wagons, pools of stagnant water, and a plentiful swarm of blue-eyed and bare-footed children.

This was not apparently a spot calculated to raise the spirits of a young girl in feeble health, and secretly condemned as incurable by the physicians of Berlin—yet there was such an air of repose in this assemblage of princely ruins, and German comfort, the grass and the earth smelt so sweet, the milk from the farm was so refreshing—and they had entered through a gate so beautifully carved, that the poor invalid was charmed with it, perhaps the more for its melancholy aspect, which so much accorded with her own prospects.

Therefore, when her brother offered his hand to assist her descent, she sprang from the carriage with the light joy of a child. It was then eight o'clock, and the moon appeared just rising above the pines.

"Wilhelmina," said he, as he received her into his arms, "is not this a lovely evening, and yonder moon beautiful?"

Wilhelmina stood for some moments leaning on his arm, apparently absorbed in the contemplation of the deserted palace, and the balmy fields.

"Brother," said she, suddenly awakening from her reverie, "I have been confined to the carriage ever since we left Ingolstadt, it will refresh me to ramble round the castle before I sleep."

Though somewhat apprehensive of the night air for her, Mr. Haslinger reflected, that the moral satisfaction resulting from the indulgence might counterbalance its disadvantages, and having carefully assured himself that no vapor obscured the serenity of the sky, he pressed her hand affectionately in sign of acquiescence.

"What do you think of it, Fritz?" said he, turning to Mr. Eberhard.

"The castle terrace is rather exposed," said the superintendent.

"But there is no wind to-night," said his friend.

"The dew however always produces a degree of dampness on our lawn," replied Mr. Eberhard.

"This path I perceive leads to the palace," observed Wilhelmina, "it appears as smooth and dry as the floor."

The superintendent finding that she persisted, made no farther objection, he only requested permission to accompany them in their walk, and the young lady whose head was protected by a large handkerchief tied over her hat in the German fashion, wrapped herself in a large shawl, and taking her brother's arm, the three friends proceeded towards the palace.

The front terrace of Schleissheim, with its magnificent ranges of marble steps, is the point from which the imposing solitude and wild vegetation of this northern Versailles appears in its utmost grandeur.

The admiring visitors lingered long upon it, but at the moment of their departure, Wilhelmina by a new caprice, insisted on making the entire circuit of the palace.

"I fear that the *wetterseite* (weather side) may be injurious to you," said the friendly superintendent.

In Germany, this name is given to the eastern part of an edifice, because the rain usually comes from that point; and even in the most favorable localities of Bavaria, this exposition is always damp.

"We will only pass it," said Wilhelmina, hastening on.

They reached the eastern wing, to which strangers are never introduced, and had only to pass its extreme angle, to find themselves again in front of the lawn—when Wilhelmina suddenly uttered a sharp cry, and with a terrified expression, clung convulsively to her brother's side.

On hearing this cry from Wilhelmina, their guide stood as if rooted to the earth, while Mr. Hasslinger, after rapidly glancing around from earth to sky, and perceiving no cause for her alarm, concluded that his lovely young sister had experienced a sudden return of the latent illness that was destroying her.

"Are you in pain, dear sister?" said he, tenderly, mastering his inquietude as far as possible, "this night-air is too much for you; come in quickly, I entreat."

And the young man, both impatient and vigorous, raised her in his arms like a child, nor did he stop with his precious burden, till he placed her before a blazing fire of pine knots in the saloon of Mr. Eberhard. Reanimated by its glowing warmth, Wilhelmina slowly recovered from the faintness which had followed her alarm, while her brother watched every movement with intense anxiety.

"Do you feel very ill?" said he, gently.

"No," said she, in a languid voice.

"Why did you cry out so?"

"Oh, that was very foolish, but while you were talking with Mr. Eberhard, a bat, flitting like an arrow through the air, brushed my face with his wing; this drew from me the cry of surprise which alarmed you—my weakness must be my excuse."

Saying this, she essayed to smile, kissed her brother, and supported by her attendant, left the room.

Mr. Hasslinger remained for some moments after her departure, buried in thought, with an expression of dissatisfaction and deep anxiety on his countenance; but perceiving Mr. Eberhard enter the room, he hastened to him.

"Did you discover any one on the terrace?"

"No one," replied the superintendent, "did your sister see any one?" added he, with an air of great concern.

"No," said the painter, tranquilly, "but her sudden fear alarmed me."

The two friends, after a slight repast, separated for the night—and soon silence and repose reigned undisturbed over that spacious lawn, bathed in the calm light of the moon, while scarcely a breeze from the Tyrol waved a leaf.

The next morning at day-break, Mr. Hasslinger having risen, as was his habit, to smoke a pipe, descended from his chamber, and seated himself on a fallen tree upon the lawn, overlooking the cultivated fields. To the calm of the evening before had succeeded the noise of labor. Steers were drawing the plough to field; ducks, turkeys and hens clucked, gabbled and sung from pool, perch and barn—butterflies of various hues flut-

tered around him, and swallows twittered from every roof. The perfume of a thousand plants assailed his senses in unison with the fumes of Hungarian tobacco, which he inhaled from his pipe.

In the midst of this beatitude of a German smoker, his eyes accidentally rested on that part of the terrace where his sister had fainted. As he recalled the circumstances, his curiosity revived, and without regret he cut short his meditation to examine the spot at leisure. Except the sun which at this hour brightened the scene, nothing had changed on the terrace. One trifling circumstance however struck him. It was that the pannel of a shutter to one of the windows on the ground floor was open, and it was exactly there that the accident happened. Through this he gazed into the interior of the palace.

He perceived a spacious unfurnished room, the tapestry glowing with Cupids and nymphs in German costume. Ancient cobwebs enveloped Diana and Acteon in the same drapery, or joined forcibly, though by a frail band, the fugitive Daphne and her pursuer—bright rays of light darted through many a chink in the dilapidated windows, in which myriads of little flies were sporting—and these objects comprised all the mysteries of the apartment.

The painter, after pausing a moment to observe the effect of light and shade, was turning away, when he distinctly saw a side door open, and a tall young man wrapped in a cloak appeared on the threshold and advanced with slow steps into the room. Like a shadow he traversed those rays of light, and proceeded directly towards the spot where Mr. Hasslinger had stationed himself. But the stranger who walked with his head sunk on his breast, did not perceive him. He seemed instinctively to take a route that was familiar to him—consequently the painter, notwithstanding his extreme surprise, had time to draw back and so to place himself that he could still make his observations without being remarked. The young man soon made his appearance at the window, where he stood motionless for a few moments with his singularly beautiful eyes languidly fixed on the brilliant ascension of the sun in the heavens.

Mr. Hasslinger, though much agitated, did not fail to engrave on his memory the singular features which chance offered to his study. They belonged to that rare class which unites in one idealty the severe lines of the north with the graceful contour of the south. But the apparition was as short as it was attractive. The young man appeared agitated by some secret emotion—he sighed—his eyes filled with tears, and he retired.

Mr. Hasslinger, rendered discreet by the deep interest with which the event inspired him, resumed his pipe, wandered some time longer on the terrace, and as the morning advanced sought the path to the farm—still occupied in reflections on this singular rencontre. Our friend belonged to that generation of young patriots, whom the political events of 1830 found in the Prussian Universities, and whose illusive hopes were too often converted into unforgetting bitterness. He now knew but two objects of interest in the world, the health of his sister, and the study of his art. Confining himself to his comfortable house in Berlin, he employed a moderate fortune in endeavours to retain the fleeting existence of Wilhelmina, while by devotion to his profession he sought to forget the threatened evil. It is therefore probable, that this mysterious rencontre would

soon have been dismissed from his mind, with other objects of vague curiosity, had he not on approaching his former seat perceived his sister reclining on it in a thoughtful attitude, with her eyes fixed, as his had been, on the eastern wing of the palace.

The blow struck home—he felt that chill of the heart which is the echo of all treason, suddenly revealed—of all hypocrisy secretly discovered. But his subtlety became equal to his grief. During their breakfast he negligently opened his port-folio and took a pencil.

“I wish,” said he, smiling, to Mr. Eberhard and his sister, “to know your opinion on the character of a face, which I dreamed of last night. Inspiration is often born of dreams. The devil, you know, whispered a sonata to Tartini—I believe he has whispered something to me also.—Look at this profile!”

Wilhelmina and Mr. Eberhard approached him. The pencil, guided by a hand feverish with emotion, traced the paper with rapid but sure strokes.

“What do you think of it?” said the artist, presenting first to his sister the living sketch of the mysterious stranger.

A moment before, the pale cheek and fair smooth brow of Wilhelmina had been placid as the surface of a tranquil lake—but no sooner did she cast her eyes on the drawing, than she gently pressed her right hand on her heart, as if it beat too rapidly—bent her head, cast down her long lashes, and remained silent. The brother trembled, and not daring to venture farther, turned to his friend—

“And you Fritz?”

“It is indeed a remarkable countenance,” said Mr. Eberhard, in a sad voice, “but I doubt if such a one belongs to any mortal.”

“You are right,” said the painter, turning pale, “no one but the *Mephistopheles* of Goethe could unite those features, too perfect for humanity, with an infernal object. When I had this dream, perhaps the idea of a Margaret was also in my mind and heart—but she shall not be his victim—I swear to you——!”

“This I believe is a favorable hour to visit the gallery of paintings,” said Mr. Eberhard, coldly. “Come, I will call the servant who has charge of it.”

The visit was as solemn as the hearts of the three friends—every thing was examined in silence, till they came to Overbeck’s picture of Germany and Italy. Then the artist found means of expending on politics some of the smothered anger which the fear of agitating his sister prevented him from expressing more directly—and the astonished vaults of Schleiss-beim soon resounded with wishes and imprecations, to which certainly neither Napoleon, or the kings of Bavaria, had ever accustomed their echoes. To all these declamatory reminiscences Wilhelmina listened in silence; but Mr. Eberhard, in his quality of a Bavarian functionary, felt obliged to offer some opposition to his friend, whose sentiments he had never embraced, even at the university.

“There are unavoidable evils in every state,” said he, with a look of intelligence towards the young lady, “therefore I respect all prejudices, and have no wish for changes which may do more harm than good. You only think of the triumph, and forget the victims.”

“I know,” replied Mr. Hasslinger, “that kings themselves have perished—

ed in the cause of liberty." Wilhelmina, in her turn, now looked at the superintendent. "And that their deaths have proved the instrument of its progression," continued her brother—"but these fatal contradictions and horrible necessities humiliate and alarm me; yet I have no mercy for the faults which such examples have not corrected, and which may yet produce their recurrence."

These recriminations might have continued much longer, if the two friends had not blushed at prolonging their bitterness before the frail and gentle girl—and they left the gallery together, each with the secret desire to be alone.

Mr. Hasslinger soon afterwards seizing a favorable moment, took their guide aside—

"Are the apartments in the eastern wing never opened to visitors?" said he.

"No sir, but occasionally the king sends pictures from Munich, which are placed there till they are put up in the gallery."

"Let me see those pictures?"

"It is impossible, sir," replied the keeper with regret. "I am forbidden to do it."

In Germany, and particularly in Bavaria, an official will is sacred—and the order of a superior descends to an inferior like a revelation. This fidelity therefore did not surprise Mr. Hasslinger, and he changed his battery.

"Who has the keys?" said he, negligently.

"Mr. Eberhard."

"Ah, I understand!" thought the painter—and he resumed in a tone of well feigned compassion, "My poor fellow! I will not betray you—the superintendent shall know nothing of it. But you have not been sufficiently watchful. I fear there is some plan to rob the palace of those precious pictures. Early this morning," said he, frowning, "I saw a man at one of those windows. I advise you to visit the apartments with care. To be sure, it may have been a ghost—but you, a Tyrolese, have no fear."

The painter well knew with whom he had to deal—the Tyrolese are childishly credulous in their superstitions, therefore his last words were decisive.

"Prince Max-Emmanuel died in one of those rooms on the ground floor," said the Tyrolese, with a stupefied look, and seeking what he was to believe from the eyes of Mr. Hasslinger.

"It is very probable that it was Prince Max," said he, seriously.—"My friend, endeavor to procure the keys, and we will satisfy ourselves respecting it. Some night—this very one, if you please, we will visit the apartments together."

His expectations were not disappointed. Late in the evening the Tyrolese came to seek him with a pale countenance, and a lantern and bunch of keys in his hand. The painter gave him his travelling pistols, which were not loaded, and armed himself with his Gottengen rapier. But at the moment of thus penetrating by main force into the secret of his sister and his host, he reflected that he might at least avoid drawing the subaltern into difficulty—he therefore, while crossing the vestibule turned coolly towards him and said in a low voice,

"You are the father of five children—your life therefore is more value-

ble than wine. Give me the keys and lantern, and wait for me here—you can pray till my return."

The Tyrolese immediately drew from his pocket one of those unmeasurable chaplets which the Franciscans of Munich sell for a florin, and the painter, plunging into darkness, disappeared from his eyes.

With firm steps he traversed several apartments on the ground floor, where he only encountered solitude and vacuity. But on entering the saloon, which was partly lighted by the suspected window, he was astonished to find it open, and on endeavoring to enter the next apartment, though the lock obeyed his key, the door resisted all his efforts to open it. The open window suggested the idea that some person had lately gone out by that way—no doubt soon to return—and placing himself in an obscure corner, he determined to wait there awhile.

In about twenty minutes, an old man climbed slowly up to the window from the terrace; but he was not the stranger in the cloak—he was dressed like a domestic, and carried a basket in his hand. Closing the window with precaution, he passed Mr. Hasslinger without perceiving him, and knocking lightly at the unyielding door, it opened instantly, and he entered in silence.

This singular incident convinced Mr. Hasslinger that his research required great circumspection, and he immediately returned to the vestibule, where he found the mountaineer with the pistol in one hand, and his chaplet in the other, yet never losing sight of his path to the farm—fearing Mr. Eberhard quite as much as the most implacable ghost.

"I have discovered nothing to-night," said the painter, "but we will try again. Now extinguish your lantern, and be quiet."

Those adventures, commonly called romantic, are not of such rare occurrence as is generally supposed—there are few persons who could not, from some incident of their lives, furnish the subject of a melo drama—The equivocal conduct of the stranger and his servant, therefore, only interested the painter from their suspected connection with his sister, whose happiness, an invincible presentiment assured him, would be destroyed. Unfortunately, he soon lost his opportunity of obtaining the keys of the palace—the Tyrolese was sent to Munich, where duty detained him three weeks, and this absence of his confidant was a season of wearisome leisure to him. Nothing new transpired at Schleissheim; in vain he wandered around the eastern wing of the palace; in vain he laid whole hours on the lawn before it, holding his breath, to hear nothing but the chirping of the grass-hoppers. Each morning the sun arose from behind the mountains of Salzburg—blazed at noon on the mossy rocks of Schleissheim, and passed as in mockery over his head. Each evening it sunk into the woods beyond Ingolstadt, and reflected its last rays on the walls of Schleissheim, but without rendering them transparent. The palace still remained close as a prison, mute as a tomb.

In the joyous oasis of the farm however, Wilhelmina regained, if not health, at least the appearance of strength and animation. In Schleissheim there appeared to exist a secret charm, an invisible balm which sustained her—at noon, when the birds, drooping under the heat of the day, warbled more and more faintly from the motionless branches, she might also be seen like the birds, seeking the shade of some old tree in the park, or bending over a clear spring, and smiling to behold herself a little less

this, and a little less pale than in Berlin, as if this last ray of beauty, even in such a solitude was consoling to her. These moments so precious to Wilhelmina, this forgetfulness of impending fate, usually terminated by a stroll on the terrace; there in the fine sand which bordered the neglected parterre, her trembling hand would trace with a slender wand, some verse of Hebel, the favorite poet of Northern Germany, particularly the following:

"In the thickets, the nightingales are singing,
Fair children sport in the leafy arbors,
Their joyful shouts echo on every side,
And disperse the gloomy shades of care!"

Leaving these fugitive characters on the sand, she would steal quietly back to her apartment, a little wearied, but with a beautiful glow on her cheek, and a tender light beaming from her eyes; her heart seemed full—and the hidden happiness spread its cheering light over every thing around her.

On the return of the Tyrolese, Mr. Hasslinger made several nocturnal visits to the palace, but he always encountered the same obstacle; that obstinate door resisted all his efforts. A few excursions to Munich, Unterbrück, Nymphenburg, Biederstein, and the lake of Wurmser appeared to amuse Wilhelmina, and filled up the time till the last week of July; at this period, the rainy season was approaching, and Mr. Hasslinger prepared to depart, but met with a caressing opposition from his sister, which he knew not how to overcome. Old suspicions but half satisfied, still rankled in his mind.

"I dread these misty mornings for you," said he, gazing through the gothic window at the old trees in the park, whose tops were still wrapped in a blueish vapor.

"And that charming view of Schleissheim, that you promised me, when will it be finished?" interrupted Wilhelmina, gliding her smiling face between her brother's looks and the misty prospect.

"Dear sister, these vapors are fatal to you."

"Oh, I shall not fear them, till they condense into rain, and that rarely happens till the end of August—then we will fly."

"But you forget, Miss," remarked Mr. Eberhard, "that the early frosts of the Tyrol may then overtake you."

The painter, thinking his friend's zeal for her safety rather suspicious, preserved a cold silence.

"If I desire a week's respite," said the young lady, timidly, "it is to see Miss Eberhard, who will return in a few days from Vienna."

"Where she married the aulic counsellor G——," said the superintendent, secretly watching the effect of his words on Mr. Hasslinger.

"G——!" cried the painter, indignantly, "the judge of Silvio Pellico?"

"Himself," replied Mr. Eberhard, somewhat disconcerted.

The unexpected refusal of Wilhelmina, and the unskilful intervention of his host, had not put the painter in good humor, and the news of this marriage, by opening a former wound, became the drop which caused his cup of bitterness to overflow.

"Fritz," said he, seizing his arm with an iron grasp, "I thank you; Wilhelmina must go now, for a Hasslinger should no longer remain under your roof."

The insult was direct, but Mr. Eberhard made no reply; he only bowed to the young lady, and quitted the room, with a tranquillity which surprised the painter.

"You, my beloved sister," he exclaimed, "would never have chosen the Judge for a husband! By the memory of our father! you shall never marry any one but an enemy to royalty!" and as he spoke, he pressed her tenderly to his heart; but, like those field-flowers which fall under the reaper's sickle, the poor girl sunk upon his shoulder, her pale cheek became yet more pallid, and it was evident that she only kept from fainting by a strong moral effort. Her brother became more than ever convinced that a residence at Schleissheim was no longer desirable for her.

"Adieu, princely abode," murmured he, as his eyes rested on the many walls, "adieu, palace of silence and death! Adieu, secret that has escaped me, and which I abandon with regret!"

The painful scene just described, occurred just at night-fall, and Mr. Hasslinger resolved to depart at day-break the next morning; but as his disposition was as generous as violent, Wilhelmina easily gained his promise to part in friendship with the superintendent. But the attempt was vain. Mr. Eberhard had himself departed on horseback for Munich.

"At this hour?" said the astonished painter.

"Yes, sir," replied the Tyrolese; "but he has left the keys with me—if you please, we can have another search for the ghost."

Mr. Hasslinger, uttering a cry of joy, seized the keys; the events of the day had irritated his pride; Mr. Eberhard seemed purposely to avoid an explanation—several hours yet remained before his departure—all circumstances united to inspire him with the wish and determination to end his uncertainty.

Calling his servant, he ordered post-horses for seven o'clock in the morning—took his rapier, loaded his pistols, and being joined by the Tyrolese with a lantern, once more entered the palace.

His various preparations had consumed time, and the night was considerably advanced as he passed through the apartments, while a melancholy presentiment, like a noxious vapor, assailed his brain; and on entering the room where his researches had constantly terminated, he experienced that singular sensation of vertigo, which is the ordinary forerunner of a hoped for, yet dreaded event. And in truth, the first object that met his eye, was the younger stranger, in the rich costume of an English cavalry officer, bending from the window, in earnest conversation with Wilhelmina, who stood without on the terrace, enveloped in a large white shawl, which, contrasted with the dark back-ground of the park, produced a most phantom-like effect; and over this singular interview, there reigned an air of melancholy only disturbed by the bats, who flew in giddy circles over their heads.

For a moment he stood motionless and speechless, from mingled emotions. Then his furious hand sought the rapier, which felt like a feather in his grasp—but the noise of drawing it, alarmed the watchful pair—the stranger suddenly raised his head, and the young lady vanished.

"Who are you, sir?" said the stranger, advancing towards Mr. Hasslinger, who met him in all the height of his vengeance, and only replied by a bitter laugh—

"Who are you?" he repeated, haughtily.

• "The brother of Wilhelmina!"

The stranger recoiled as if from a blow.

"Defend yourself, sir!" cried the painter.

"I!" exclaimed the officer with horror. "Never! never! Mr. Hasslinger, listen to me!"—

The exasperated brother, as his only reply, made a thrust at him, and immediately their swords crossed.

"Come on," cried the stranger, "since you will have it so. I am weary of life—and by taking it from me you will probably save me from a crime; but you cannot see here—we will go on to the terrace."

"That my sister may separate us, I suppose! No—here is a light," and producing his lantern, he placed it on the floor between his adversary and himself, who, compelled at length to defend himself, soon wounded him slightly in the arm. But this blow the painter instantly returned by another, so well aimed as to bury his weapon several inches in the side of his opponent. The unfortunate man sunk on the floor, while his blood gushed forth in a torrent. "I am dying," he faintly articulated, "Wilhelmina!—adieu!" and he fainted.

The anger of Mr. Hasslinger was instantly extinguished; his honor, according to our social ideas, was avenged; forgetting his supposed wrongs, he only saw before him a young and brave man, whom his rash arm had apparently deprived of life—and he contemplated the work of sudden destruction with bitter remorse. The noble countenance of his victim at this moment, assumed to his eyes that super-human expression of grandeur and beauty, which Raphael alone has depicted, but which the approach of death, by an unfathomable secret, often flashes like lightning over the face.

Rapid steps were now heard, and the Tyrolese entered, followed by the old servant—who threw himself on the body of his master.

"Bertram! Bertram!" cried he in agony, "answer me!"

"Restrain your grief for the present," said Mr. Hasslinger, surprised at his familiarity. "I have severely wounded your master; he must be placed on a bed instantly, and I will go in search of a surgeon myself."

He was leaving the apartment, when the supposed domestic arose, and replied haughtily—

"I know what to do, sir. He requires no surgeon but his father.—When my son has regained his consciousness, we will have an explanation."

Saying these words, the old man, aided by the Tyrolese, raised him with care, and bore him to an adjoining apartment, leaving the painter alone, with his eyes fixed on the blood he had spilt, and doubting whether the whole was not a frightful dream—while the moon, pure and bright as on his first arrival at this ill-fated spot, emerging from the clouds shone calmly down upon him.

This circumstance recalled Wilhelmina to his terrified recollection—and he hastened back to the farm. He found her in bed, with a burning fever circulating in her veins—and in her delirium calling entreatingly for Bertram and her brother.

After watching by her with excessive anxiety, till the paroxysm had partially subsided, he left her for a moment in charge of a faithful attendant—but in passing to his own apartment, he encountered the father of the young officer.

"I have come to explain," said the stranger, in a grave voice; "how is your sister?"

"And how is your son?" replied the painter, anxiously. For a moment they looked at each other in silence, both moved by this exchange of questions.

"My son has lost much blood, but he will live—complete repose, however, is necessary for him. It is at his own request that I am here, leaving the faithful Tyrolese to guard him."

"Are you a physician," said the painter, eagerly; "if so, restore my sister!"

They entered her chamber together, and after forming his opinion, the old stranger wrote a prescription, with which Mr. Hasslinger instantly dispatched his servant to Munich.

On returning to the saloon, the grey tints of morning were just appearing in the horizon.

"If my sister's health permits, I shall leave Schleissheim this morning," said he to the old man. "Time is precious, therefore let me hear what you have to say."

The physician folded his arms, and replied—

"Would you, sir, give your sister to the son of a headsman?"

"What game are you at now?" cried Mr. Hasslinger, with an expression of indignant contempt in his eyes.

"Young man, do not look at me thus! Love, by causing our misfortunes, has confounded them—and as it has ruined us both, we must hereafter be inseparable in our adversity. Hatred is not suited to our common sufferings; there is now but one method of solacing them; it is by loving each other.

The countenance of the physician was visibly disturbed; he seemed under the influence of secret and moral torture; Mr. Hasslinger pitied him.

"Notwithstanding what you tell me," said he, "I think that your son is not responsible for the misfortune of his birth; and moreover, the happiness of Wilhelmina is dearer to me than any prejudice."

"And the executioner of a king is an important personage," said the physician, with an air of irony.

"What king do you mean? Good heavens!" cried Mr. Hasslinger, as if his memory had been suddenly enlightened, "I have often heard in Bohemia, at the baths of Libwerda, a strange history."

"Go on," said the physician, coldly.

"The masked executioner who beheaded Charles Stuart," pursued the painter, "was supposed to be a General Stoop."

"Who afterwards fled to the continent, and entered the French service, where he obtained command of a Swiss regiment;" said the physician, "but go on sir, why do you hesitate?"

"I was also told," said Mr. Hasslinger, in a low and melancholy tone, "that his family, who took refuge first in Switzerland, and afterwards in Germany, had remained through the successive generations of two centuries, as under the perpetual ban of heaven; and that misfortune pursuing the doomed race without cessation, seemed to perpetuate the regicide's punishment, by never allowing repose to his descendants. By a cruel railery of fate, this family seemed continually approaching happi-

wealth, fortune and glory, which, however, they never attained, and the best gifts of nature were lavished on them, as if only to render their uselessness more bitter—that they seemed constantly struggling in the void, with obstacles forever recurring, and opposed, to sneering and unapproachable phantoms which pursued them with unearthly rancor. It was also said, and this is the climax of their misery, that the family of General Stoop, too well principled to seek refuge in suicide from their frightful fate, yet dreading to perpetuate it, have long sedulously endeavored to avoid the bonds of marriage, or the enchantments of love, while fate, with barbarous obstinacy, is continually accumulating in their paths irresistible temptations to break these resolutions! and passion, far from sparing them, has no archives more attractive than their history—no testimonies more brilliant than their woes.

“Such is the account which I heard several years ago,” added Mr. Hasslinger, drawing timidly back, as if in obedience to a superstitious fear—“and I know not why the recollection of it haunts my memory to-day like a phantom,”—in fact, his nerves were so unstrung, that he scarcely dared to raise his eyes, and shuddered, notwithstanding his radical opinions, as imagination presented the image of General Stoop, on the black scaffold of Whitehall, between the axe and the block.

The time, however, was favorable for a decisive explanation. Wilhelmina had become calm—low moans indeed, occasionally mingled with her respiration, but they seemed more like the reaction of a painful dream, than the prolonged echo of her grief. The physician carefully opening the door of her chamber, silently observed these indications—then slowly returning, placed himself in the most obscure corner of the apartment, opposite to the painter.

“Sir,” said the old man, at length, in a tone of melancholy resignation, “the street facing the palace of Whitehall was chosen, as you know, for the execution of the unhappy Charles; and the historian Hume declares that the motive of this choice was to make him feel more acutely, in sight of his own palace, the triumph of popular justice over royalty. A body of soldiers surrounded the scaffold, and kept off the crowd who thronged the narrow street. It was there, that in the front rank of the spectators, stood Bertram Stoop, only son of General Stoop, with his son William, a child of ten years old. Bertram, a loyal cavalier, and devoted servant of Charles, had desired to accompany his master to the last, and only to be separated from him by death: he also wished his son to behold an example of the barbarity of the times, and by the grandeur of this lamentable event, impress upon his youthful mind, the piety of the martyred prince, and detestation of his murderers. For this purpose he had ventured into London in disguise, at the imminent risk of his life. The father and son, one trembling and weeping, the other sad and indignant, kept their eyes intently fixed on the scaffold, and with the assembled thousands waited in dreadful expectation.

“Before proceeding farther, I ought to tell you that General Stoop, from the commencement of the war between Charles and the Parliament, had abandoned the royal cause, to which his son Bertram remained so devoted, without giving any reason to his family for such unexpected treason. The ancient loyalty of his race, seemed suddenly succeeded in his breast by a violent and personal hatred to the king—yet heaven in its mercy,

had never permitted the father and son to be opposed in the same field of battle, and a long period had elapsed since any communication had passed between them.

"At the moment when the martyr king raised his arm as a signal to his executioner, Bertram thought he recognized in a nervous movement of this masked personage, a familiar gesture of his father. A cold sweat bathed his brow; but stifling the cry of rage and grief which rose in his burning throat, Bertram closed his eyes, and on re-opening them, beheld the blood-stained hand of the executioner, waving on high, and holding out to view the bleeding head of Charles, which he shook by the long curled locks, while he cried out, *in his father's voice*, these historical words—' *This is the head of a traitor!* ' "

The old man repeated this too celebrated phrase of Charles' executioner with an expression of such excessive grief and horror, that he paused to give course to the sighs which oppressed his breast; and Mr. Haaslinger, agitated beyond control, walked the room with hasty steps, as if to escape any further confidence—but the physician continued in these terms:—

"The voice of the executioner resounded like thunder in the heart of Bertram Stoop; but his despair was mitigated by doubt—he attempted to climb the scaffold, to unmask the assassin in presence of his mutilated victim; but vain his temerity, useless his efforts! The soldiers repulsed the crowd, the body and the executioner disappeared—the bloody traces were removed, the scaffold taken down, and every witness of this tragedy gradually abandoned Whitehall. No one remained but Bertram and his son, who sadly lingered on the spot, seeking from the walls, the earth, or the winds, the least vestige; the slightest proof to establish the innocence of a father, and the honor of a family. But the silence of nature alone, replied to their frightful uncertainty.

"Bertram Stoop and his son quitted Whitehall and London, bearing this doubt like a barbed arrow in their hearts, and accompanied in their flight by the inextinguishable echo of the regicide's voice.

"Years flowed on—General Stoop was no longer heard of—his son and family buried in obscurity the unknown crime whose memory weighed on their conscience and their name. Cromwell, Charles II, James II, all the latter Stuarts, had reigned and passed away in their turns. The Hanoverian family had ascended the throne; nearly a century elapsed since the days of the commonwealth; only one descendant of General Stoop survived—his great-grand-son, Bertram Stoop, a distinguished officer in the army of George II, but of small fortune, because the titles of the major part of his hereditary estates had disappeared in the time of Cromwell, with his ancestor, and he was completely ignorant of the stain on his family honor, as his father, the child who witnessed the scene at Whitehall, had died without divulging it to him.

"Bertram stoop, a man of undoubted honor and loyalty, after enjoying a distinguished share of his sovereign's favor, at length experienced the usual reverse of those who trust in princes. He fell into unmerited disgrace, and withdrawing from court, resolved to retire to a small estate, which he possessed in Scotland. On the very day of his departure, however, during a farewell dinner which he gave his friends, he received a billet in an unknown hand, requiring an interview on that evening, in a

remote and obscure street of the city. Some late circumstances of his military life, made him more than usually desirous not to shrink from any peril; besides, the note had been read aloud to his young and ardent companions. It was impossible for him to hesitate an instant, and taking his sword, he expressly forbade any one to follow him, and repaired to the appointed rendezvous.

"In one of the most miserable abodes of vice and poverty, by the feeble light of a lamp, he at length discovered the author of the billet; an old man, extended on a couch, and so wasted and decrepit as scarcely to retain the form of humanity. His end was evidently fast approaching, though his expiring breath was drawn with such reluctance as if death feared to receive, or life to relinquish him.

"'I have waited to see you before I died,' said he in a hollow voice, 'and it was time for you to come, for I have been on earth a hundred and twenty-five years.'

"The officer looked at him in astonishment.

"'Sir,' added the dying wretch, raising his emaciated form in the bed, 'I am your great-grand-father, General Mortimer Stoop, and it was I who cut off the head of king Charles I.'

"This declaration, equally horrible and unexpected, struck the loyal feelings of Bertram with indignation.

"'And I, sir,' said he, 'know you not! whoever you may be; as the lamentable ruin of a period of disorder and anarchy, I respect you. I bow before the supernatural work of your preservation—but I know you not.'

"The Macrobite, without replying, turned his skeleton figure so as to discover a small iron box, which served as his pillow. Pointing to this with his bony finger, he said—

"'Are not the title deeds to your family estates missing? You, who doubt the last words of a dying man, may, perhaps, believe these parchments, which will triple your fortune. Take this key.'

"Mr. Stoop took it mechanically, opened the box, and to his astonishment discovered there, all the family records which had disappeared with his ancestor. *He* only had possessed them—he only was interested in restoring them—and since an acknowledgment of crime was joined with his restitution, the identity of the General seemed no longer doubtful. But this late confidence was inexplicable; he might have restored the titles indirectly, and died unknown. From what motive had he betrayed himself? You shall soon hear, sir:

"'Now,' said he to Bertram, 'listen to me. I acknowledge that my lengthened existence and wasted body merit no respect from men, for they are both, only just and terrible monuments of expiation. However, notwithstanding my crime, I am still the head of the family. The longevity which astonishes you, should also plead for me. I have restored to you the fortune of your ancestors, do you restore their lost honor. It is the cry of my conscience, it is the price of my gift, it is the duty of your life. Our whole race have left their tombs, and hover around my bed, conjuring you by my dying voice to grant this last atonement—oblivion!'

"'Oblivion? I do not comprehend you,' replied Bertram, violently agitated.

"'Re-establish the honor of my race, by extinguishing it! Blot out

the memory of my crime by cutting it off from tradition. Let the Stoops perish! or at least,' said the old man, with a withering look, '*let them never exist!* Do you understand me?'

" 'It is too late,' murmured Bertram, 'I am a husband and a father—the future passions of my son belong not to me.'

"On hearing this obstacle to his strange proposition, General Stoop groaned so despairingly that the spirit seemed leaving his exhausted body. Bertram, suspicious, and somewhat incredulous, could no longer resist the dread with which the scene inspired him. Losing sight of the casket, the parchments, the inheritance, and urged by the horror of that ignominy so unexpectedly revealed, he rushed precipitately from the apartment.

"An energetic summons from the Macrobite recalled him. The veil was now withdrawn.

" 'You have not got the deeds!' cried the old man, in a mocking tone; 'but you shall not lose the knowledge of a woman's dishonor!'

" 'Spectre or demon, what do you mean?'

"The Macrobite, exasperated at failing in the savage atonement over which he had so long brooded during his exile, now by an appeal to his feelings, hoped to gain the man whom wealth could not seduce.

" 'I mean,' continued he, tranquilly, 'that Sarah Stoop, my wife, in the sight of God and the world, your great-grand-mother, was the mistress of Charles Stuart, and that it was to avenge the tarnished honor of our house that I stained my own, by decapitating her royal lover. Now, Bertram Stoop, what think you?'

"Bertram, as more and more light was thrown on these disgraceful occurrences, strove violently against his own convictions; but this last confidence of the old man affected his pride even more than the former ones, and he now dwelt only on the means of once more drawing the curtain of oblivion over it. Instead of again quitting the room, he carefully closed the door, wrapped his cloak around him, drew his sword, placed his back to the wall, and casting a look of mingled anxiety and dread on the dying man, only replied by these significant words—'*I am waiting!*'

" 'You are waiting for my death!' exclaimed the Macrobite, 'but that shall not benefit you. The crime of your ancestress, I perceive, touches your conscience less than your pride, and if I can be silenced you will care little for it. But your precautions are useless—the titles you shall never possess! And as for the sacrifice which I demand, and you refuse, it is in my power to obtain it.'

"As he spoke, he raised himself in a sitting position, drew the papers from the casket, and with his right hand held them closely pressed to his breast, while with the left he seized the lamp whose livid flame enlightened the scene, and raising it so that its rays might reach under his couch, he said to Bertram,

" 'What do you perceive beneath me?'

" 'Nothing,' murmured Bertram, unable to suppress a vague feeling of terror, 'nothing, except a small barrel.'

" 'It is a cask of powder,' replied the old man, coolly.

"Bertram sprang towards the bed.

" 'Keep back!' cried the Macrobite, in a tone of terrible authority, 'or I will drop the lamp into it.—— Now choose,' added he, nearly ex-

hunted by the effort, 'will you perish here, at this instant, with your ancestor, and these parchments? or do you prefer to immolate our future race to the manes of Charles Stuart? Answer quickly, for death approaches—and if you delay till he reaches me, we shall take the leap together.'

"The lamp inclined towards the powder, and Bertram in consternation and terror threw down his sword, and hid his face in his hands. Mortimer triumphed.

"'Kneel!' cried he, in an imperious tone.

"Bertram obeyed."

"'Bertram Stoop,' continued the General, whose sunken eyes beamed an unnatural light, 'thou last descendant of the executioner of Charles I, desiring to atone for the outrage committed on his person by the head of thy family, regarding him, not as a libertine prince and infamous seducer, but as a legitimate sovereign and martyred king—by the memory of thy ancestors, and the ashes of thy mother—before God who hears thee, and over the dying body of Mortimer Stoop, the vile criminal, you solemnly swear, of your own free will, to raise your only child in the horror of society—dread of men, and avoidance of marriage. That when heaven shall recall his soul, he may leave on earth no human voice, no living shred, no echo, no vestige of my execrable crime, and my accursed race. Bertram Stoop, in my turn—I am waiting.'

"Bertram, with his brow pressed to the earth, remained as if crushed under the weight of this imprecation—though there was a grandeur in the sacrifice which captivated him.

"'I swear:' said he.

"At the same instant the lamp fell from the feeble hand of the Macrobtte, rolled on the floor, and was extinguished. A long drawn sigh, mingled with the air, and the exhausted soul of Mortimer, satisfied with the oath, broke from its mortal coil. He was dead.

"Mr. Stoop, seized with horror, yet acknowledging a religious regard for the terrible vow, uttered in the presence of death itself, arose stupefied—sought in the dark for the means of exit, and fled rapidly from the fatal house.

"It was not till he gained his own apartment that he recovered his usual presence of mind; yet such was the bewildering effect of the scene he had witnessed, or the communication he had received, that notwithstanding the most careful researches, he could never again discover the place where this dream or reality had occurred. The titles, the Macrobtte, and his secret, all vanished like a vision of the night.

"However it might be, Mr. Stoop lost no time in collecting the little fortune he possessed, and leaving England, as he hoped for ever, he sought refuge in the native country of his wife, Germany—and regarding his oath as a sacred contract, resolved to devote his life to its performance. Since Mortimer, his descendants had been alternately named Bertram and William, as if a secret instinct had warned them to circumscribe even their names in preparation for their future and mysterious disappearance. Mr. Stoop strictly observed this family rule of gradual extinction. He named his son, his only son, William—and that son, sir, is now before you."

At this moment the rising sun threw its rays into the room, and in the grave and compassionate countenance of his auditor, the physician beheld

the influence of his strange relation. The last avowal created no surprise. Mr. Hasslinger had been fully prepared for it, and in a dejected tone he continued—

“But nature triumphed over his calculations. When my destiny was revealed to me, it was too late to obey. I loved—passion overpowered my sense of duty, and my marriage killed my father!

“This event awoke my scruples—the oath had been broken—a reparation was due to the memory of Mortimer, and I became, with regard to my son what my father had been to me, the rigid trustee of our ancestor’s wishes. But I experienced no resistance from him. His submission to my will, till very lately, has been complete—and his education I have chiefly conducted myself. I will not weary you, sir, by describing our wanderings over Germany, seeking in monasteries and solitudes, social death and intellectual suicide. Before assuming a monastic life, on which we at last determined, my son wished to visit England, the birth-place of his family. While there, he even accepted a grade in the army, to conceal from our collateral relations his projected monastic retreat. On our return, we passed through Berlin, where he met your sister—and from that day his engagements were forgotten. Your well known principles prevented me from disclosing our peculiar situation to you. I feared you would think it ridiculous, that atonement for murdering a king, should be obligatory on the descendants of the murderer—but I addressed myself to the precocious reason and angelic resignation of Wilhelmina, and the admirable girl comprehended me. Finding that no engagement had been formed between them, I hoped easily to break that band which intimacy had not strengthened. But my poor son was in a state of wretched depression—his mind, always inclined to mysticism, wandered. The threatening shade of Mortimer was ever before him. It was then, and by my influence, that the physicians recommended a tour in Italy to your sister. But scarcely had she quitted Berlin, when Bertram pursued her, and reached Schleissheim several days before you, where Mr. Eberhard and myself have bestowed on him the tenderest care and the most excessive watchfulness. Your projected departure restored serenity to my soul.—But Bertram and Wilhelmina have deceived us. I foresee that nature will revenge itself, and the murderer of Charles Stuart remain still unpunished.”

The old man ceased speaking. The sun, now higher in the heavens, was pouring its rays on the dew-spangled lawn. Schleissheim awoke as usual, mournful and smiling—deserted and blooming—in beautiful youth—and a ruin. The artist’s soul expanded at the prospect.

“You have a noble heart,” said he to William Stoop, pressing his hand. “Your character like my own has the temper of steel—but if *you* loved royalty a little less, and if it were a little less odious to *me*, Wilhelmina and Bertram might enjoy what is more rare in this world than vengeance—happiness. Let us agree to unite them, and thus to save them, for their lives now resemble those ephemeral gems which are glittering on the grass—grief, like that burning sun, will soon exhaust them.

At this instant, a startling, though distant report resounded from the palace. The father and brother, struck with terror, stood silent and motionless, neither daring to interrogate each other, or to seek intelligence without. While they hesitated, the door of Wilhelmina’s chamber open-

ed hastily, and a white phantom passed them with the rapidity of an arrow, yet uttering in its flight a low moan of anguish which chilled their blood. It was indeed Wilhelmina, who, startled in her sleep by the same report that caused their alarm, had risen in a state of somnambulism, and with a fatal presentiment rushed to the spot from which it proceeded.

Restored to their presence of mind by this apparition, both hurried after her—but despair lent her speed, which neither of them could attain, and when they reached the apartment to which Bertram had been conveyed, this scene presented itself:—Stretched on the floor, as if struck by a thunderbolt, lay the breathless form of Wilhelmina. At her side knelt the trembling and terrified Tyrolese, and on a couch was extended the bleeding body of Bertram.

The unhappy young man, torn by conflicting passions, forced as he imagined to abandon either his honor or happiness, had, in a phrenzied moment, died by his own hand.

“My son! my son! our fated race ends with you!” exclaimed the wretched father.

“And my lovely sister has been your victim!” said Mr. Hasalinger, pressing her convulsively in his arms.

A NIGHT BY THE CASEMENT.

BY MISS C. LOUISE M. DRAWNER.

I KNELT beside the casement yesternight
 To breathe a prayer up to the throne of grace,
 To ask God's pardon for the errors past
 And strength to shun temptation's snares: the stars,
 The pure, bright stars, like angel's eyes beam'd out
 And the moonlight, tender and soft as love,
 Fell like a silv'ry mantle on all things,
 While the glad breeze like fairy harp-strings touch'd
 Pass'd by kissing the flow'rs and bearing on
 Their rich and fragrant breath: no shad'wy cloud
 With fun'ral robings marr'd the blue above;
 No harsh, discordant sound disturb'd the calm,
 The sweet serenity of nature's face;
 So, by a throng of tender feelings stirr'd,
 I knelt and pray'd as I would ever pray,
 Thinking alone of my Creator's love,
 His power, His guardianship by night and day,
 His truth and holiness.

Long I thus knelt
 Striving to make atonement for my sins,
 Striving to catch from other worlds a ray

Gentle and pure to light my path in this;
 And then, retaining still the attitude,
 The humble posture first assum'd, I slept.
 Oh! that delicious sleep, that bless'd repose,
 It haunts me still and long the memory
 Will waken pleasant thoughts: I slept and dreamed;
 Dream'd that a being glorious to behold,
 With long fair ringlets and large sapphire eyes
 Came from the spirit-land and in low tones,
 Resembling naught e'er listen'd to on earth,
 Bade me arise and quickly come away.
 Trembling all o'er with rapture, I obey'd,
 Clung to the angel's robes and floated up,
 Far up in ether till my limbs grew faint
 And every faculty impair'd, and then
 I sank unconscious in the shelt'ring arms
 Of God's divine ambassador.

A while,
 And each close prison'd sense was freed—I woke
 To rapture—ear and eye delighted drank
 Such things as only in celestial regions are.
 Trees, whose faintest rustle seem'd a song,
 And flowers and plants that shone like burnish'd gold
 Intmixed with jewels, greeted me, while birds
 Of rich and varied plumage soar'd around
 And in a thousand mellow notes discours'd
 Rare music—gay palaces glit'ring o'er
 With countless di'monds, rear'd their noble fronts
 By placid lake, and murmur'd streamlet's side,
 While in the gardens roam'd angelic groups.

"This is thy home," my fair conductor said,
 "Henceforth and through eternity, and here
 Thine earthly lov'd ones all shall come and dwell
 In bliss, nor e'er know grief again."

Large tears,
 Those grateful, sparkling dew-drops of the heart,
 Were telling fast my thanks, when sudden light
 Reveal'd a form of majesty and *glory*!
 A thousand silv'ry tongues proclaim'd "our Lord!"
 A strange wild thrill pervaded all my frame,
 The pulses of my heart beat loud and fast
 When thus I felt *His* presence, *His*, my God's—
 I dared not meet the soul-subduing glance
 I knew was *His*, but lonely bent my head
 And waited for the music of *His* voice
 To fall upon my ear.

"Spirit," it said,
 Addressing first the being by whose side
 I trembling stood, "thou gentle one and wise,
 Who watcheth o'er the young thy motive, sure,
 Was good, but not unto these realms may come

This child of earth until a future time.
 Nay, mortal, weep not, though thy race be frail
 Our love is freely shed; hasten to earth
 And patient stay till pure, redeem'd from sin,
 Perfect in faith and crown'd with gentle deeds,
 Thou'rt call'd to be an angel like thy guide,
 A white rob'd spirit in this blooming sphere
 Where life is endless; now, away, away,"
 And mingl'd voices echoed back the words
 "Mortal, away, away!"

O'ercome with grief,
 Weeping in disappointment at His feet
 I sank, and pray'd the sentence be revoked,
 But useless all my pleadings—wide the gate
 Of Paradise was thrown for my egress
 And with my hands yet clinging to the gems
 That cluster'd round its golden bars, I woke.
 The casement still furnish'd a couch of rest,
 The moonlight and the stars with gentle smile,
 And the pure breeze remain'd though bitter tears
 Were on my cheek and in my heart crush'd hopes.
 But these soon pass'd away, for though denied,
 Debar'd an Eden now, I know, I feel
 'Twill be my blissful and eternal home,
 When after many trials, many griefs,
 Disrob'd of rude mortality, I haste
 To meet the angel God himself will send
 To guide me *there*, and so my faded dream,
 My vision by the casement ne'er will be
 Recall'd without awaking pleasant thoughts
 And bright'ning by its promise all my life.

Baltimore, Md., July, 1844.

ADDRESS.

BY BRO. SAMUEL W. SPEER.*

BROTHERS AND FRIENDS—

Happy indeed is it for man to be able to bring to mind gone by days and dwell upon them with pleasure and delight, to recall the sunny hours of friendship's sweet converse,—a life of conscious rectitude and virtue;—although those sacred moments have hastened by, and are gone,

* Delivered before the various Lodges of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows of the city of Natchez, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, on the 26th April, 1844; with the prayer of P. G. M. Benjamin Walker, at the late Anniversary Celebration.

and their return is no more, yet their reminiscence is like the rich fragrance of Spring, and their fruit as enduring as eternity.

Seedtime and harvest have come and departed, again and again, since Odd-Fellowship was introduced into our happy country; again and again has the return of this day been greeted with joy and gladness. Let us, my Brethren, rejoice in the wide-spread interest of our Order, which is opening into meridian strength and brightness. Let its utility, honor and past success, inspirit every true-hearted Odd-Fellow with manly zeal for its perpetuity and prosperity; firmly relying upon a gracious Providence for future success.

The Order has been deemed of ancient origin; but in its present form it is of recent date. Some trace its probable existence through Greece and Rome, and Egypt up to remotest time. Be this as it may, the same cause was in being anciently, for the existence of the Order, as there is at the present time. Sin and death were introduced into the world by man's first disobedience, and since that fearful event, they, with all their attendant evils, have swayed the iron sceptre of despotism over mankind—laughing to scorn the infant's cry, the widow's grief; and trampling in the dust the beauty of youth, the strength of manhood, and feebleness of old age.

It is not at all improbable therefore, that some combination of a benevolent character, designed to administer relief to the afflicted and destitute, existed in the earliest ages of antiquity. A Savan of the Order remarks: "It is not necessary to go back and trace the progress of our Order, from its establishment down to the present period, or point out in minutiae, its deeds and history: suffice it to say, that thousands of years ago, the Egyptian astrologer found in our temple the secrets of astronomy; and the Chaldean Shepherd, at his watch at night, as he gazed upward to the starry heavens, drew from our oracles the sublime truth, that there were worlds unknown, incalculable and immense, and that over all presided an unknown and mysterious, yet Omnipotent Power. Since that time, during succeeding centuries, we behold the Eastern Magi—the devout Jew, the intellectual and versatile Greek, the proud and haughty Roman—bending at its shrine, and burning incense upon its altars. Emerging from the gloom of the MIDDLE ages, we see it the animating spirit in the revolution that succeeded, and rolling onwards with the tides of science and civilization—from nation to nation—from country to country—it crossed the Atlantic, and found on freedom's soil a fostering hand and a genial home. True it is, that storms have howled around; and at times we behold it glittering like the pale star of morn, "betwixt light and darkness, on the horizon's verge;" yet the storm has passed away, and again it has burst forth in renewed strength and beauty; protected by the shield of Omnipotence, it has set at defiance the power of despotism, the machinations of bigotry, and the wily intrigues of the fawning hypocrite."

Odd-Fellowship is not dependent upon its antiquity for its character. "It is known by its fruits." The benevolent and practical character of the Order commends it to the serious notice, and warm admiration of all.

It may be asked, is Odd-Fellowship Religion? We answer it is not. The very circumstances which called such an association into existence, is evidence that man in his present condition requires not only the kind and helping offices of charity, but a system of mediation also, by which

the moral exigencies of man may be remedied. If such a system of mediation exists, it is reasonable to suppose that religion cannot exist in the mind of man or be practised in his life, excepting through the appointed means. Holy Scripture assures us that the cross of Christ is the only point where God meets guilty man, and that it is the only power by which the offender can be moved, and softened and lead to salvation; that it is the only merit to which the troubled conscience and the bleeding heart of the distressed in sin can turn for peace and rest. Pure spirits who have never sinned, worship God according to the principles of natural religion, without any intervening helps to their devotions; hence it is said, "there is no temple in heaven."

It is true, Odd-Fellowship inculcates reverence to God, yet Religion implies more than reverence;—it consists in the habitual exercise of the devout affections towards God—it is that mysterious union which the soul enjoys with the Father of Spirits, through the Mediator, and which is altogether essential to the happiness and well-being of man.

It may be asked, what then are the principles of Odd-Fellowship? We answer that they are explicit and sublime. "In God we trust."—"Friendship, Love and Truth." Trust in God, is inscribed above every other principle. The Almighty Jehovah is recognised as the "Father of Lights, with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning; from whom cometh every good and perfect gift." We can conceive of no exercise of the moral feelings, more suitable and becoming in man, than trust in God, who sustains all things by the word of his power, and by whom all things consist. Such is the weakness and frailty of man, both intellectually and physically, and such his liability to circumstances which he cannot control, and to accidents which he cannot resist, that had he no assurance of being upheld and protected by a merciful and Almighty power, he would be a prey to the most distressing apprehensions, and the sport of the most fearful and saddening anticipations of the imagination, from which nothing but utter insensibility and thoughtlessness could relieve him. Trust in God sustains the care-worn mind amidst the anxieties and perplexities of life: no one ever yet trusted in him and was disappointed: "Our fathers trusted in thee and thou didst deliver them; they cried unto thee and were not confounded." This then, is the first great principle of Odd-Fellowship.

Friendship, Love and Truth, are written in golden characters upon its banners, and engraven on the pillars of its Temples.

In the confused masses of society, it is too often true that friendship is

"————— but a name;
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep."

Not so with Odd-Fellowship—its friendship is a reality; it is governed by the law of kindness. In health and prosperity, its kind offices are not so needful; but when adversity and sickness approach, when death comes, it is then its actions declare its character. Listen to its words of consolation; witness its kind attentions, and constant vigils, around the couch of languishing; its soothing hand is ready to wipe away the death-sweat

from the haggard face ; and anon it is ready to catch the falling tear of the grief-stricken widow, and throw the mantle of love and protection over the fatherless children. This is the spirit of Odd-Fellowship—this is brotherly kindness—this is friendship.

It listens to the lamentations of the helpless deserted,

“Is it Friendship which forsakes
When the skies are wrapped in gloom ?
When the heart with sorrow breaks,
And nought looks pleasant but the tomb ?
Is it Friendship, when the soul
Drifted on the swelling surge,
Hears each tossing billow toll
To the winds a funeral dirge ?”

“Will *true* friends, when tempest-tossed,
No relief nor aid impart ?
Not a look, when hope is lost,
To sustain the sinking heart ?
No ! such friendship’s but a name,
Hollow, heartless, cold and dead,
The flickering of a mimic flame,
When its meteor light has fled.”

“Break, my heart, for there are none,
Who my sorrows can assuage ;
Wealth, and friends, and loved ones gone !
Those of youth and riper age.
Fare thee well, unfeeling world,
On thy shores I roam no more ;
Fate, her deadliest shaft has hurled,
And I sink, to rise no more.”

Odd-Fellowship replies :

“Stay, thee, hapless fair one stay !
Well I know thou art alone ;
Husband, children, in a day
Laid beneath the altar-stone.
Friends have heard thy mournful tale,
And commissioned I have come,
Over mountain, hill and dale,
To conduct thee to a home.

Where are those, whose hearts *can* feel
Though the world be insincere ;
Let *these* words thy sorrows heal—
Trust me, such true friends are near—
Hearts of fellowship, combined
To scatter blessings o’er the earth ;
Tried, benevolent and kind,
Odd-Fellows ; they of sterling worth.

"Him thou loved, to them was known,
And 'tis their's in life's dark hour,
Where is heard the widow's moan,
There to exert a healing power.
Thou, a wanderer and alone,
O'er the earth no more shall rove ;
Haste thee to thy power, sweet one,
And Odd-Fellows' friendship prove."

If you desire to learn more than this of the spirit of Odd-Fellowship, enter its consecrated halls, and there you will see the beautiful sentiment of the Psalmist exemplified—"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity: it is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down on Aaron's beard; that went down to the skirts of his garments; as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion."

Love is intimately connected with friendship. This principle pervades the fellowship of our Order; it stimulates its zeal and lives in its operations, and blinds the rich and poor in one harmonious concord of affectionate brotherhood. Love prevents evil surmisings, wins the confidence of the suspicious, softens and melts the asperities and prejudices of the rugged and the obstinate, and gives consolation to the downcast. We have presented to us the true character of benevolence in the history of the good Samaritan; his "love was not in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth." Our Saviour tells us to go and do likewise.

Truth and Love are undying principles; they remain steadfast and eternal, when all the little interests and distinctions of earth have vanished away. They constitute the moral and spiritual atmosphere in which the mind of man must move and breathe to be happy.

Pilate asked the great teacher, "What is truth?" and waited not for an answer. The answer to the question is found, however, in another place: "**THY WORD IS TRUTH**," emphatically the truth—truth adapted to the present condition of mankind in every variety of circumstance, in all the vicissitudes of life.

When on the threshold of your initiation, before any of the mysteries of Odd-Fellowship were unfolded to your minds, what Book greeted your eyes, proffering to you its guidance and consolations, engaging to direct your feet into the paths of virtue, to encourage and strengthen you against the fierce assaults of temptation and vice, and to cheer you on in your pilgrimage? Was it not the Bible? the Book of sublime eternal truth!

Truth is an all-powerful principle; where it lives and acts, it breaks and destroys the fetters of vice, dispels the darkness of ignorance, gives freedom and energy to the mind, expands the intellect and elevates the soul to the regions of its own purity and light. It creates a disgust to vice and inspires a love for virtue.

Truth demands that man should be true to himself, in subduing his passions, controlling his feelings, cultivating his mind, and in pursuing his calling in life with diligence and industry.

It also demands that he should be true to his fellow-man, in relieving his wants, in assuaging his griefs, and in administering comfort to the injured and the afflicted. "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do

good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

It requires that man should be true to his God, by serving him in spirit and in truth.

Such then are the prominent principles of Odd-Fellowship.

The practical design of the Order is to extend assistance to those who may need it. Universal benevolence is inculcated, yet its first duty is to attend to the claims of destitute brothers; to visit the sick, bury the dead, and, as far as practicable, to supply the necessities of the bereaved families of deceased brothers and educate their orphans.

The following statistics from the annual report of the State G. Lodges to the Grand Lodge of the United States, for 1843, will exhibit the present condition of the Order in this country:

Number of initiations, 8395; number of contributing members, 29,644; revenue of the subordinate Lodges, \$172,703 96; number of brothers relieved, 4,462; number of widowed families relieved, 395; number of brothers buried, 184; amount paid for relief of brothers, \$48,351 47; amount paid for relief of widowed families, 5,045 50; amount paid for education of orphans, \$4,293 52; amount paid for burying the dead, \$7-646 32; total amount of relief, \$66,677 17.

The following extract from the annual report of the Trustees of the Orphan fund will, in some degree, exhibit the enterprising benevolence of the Lodges in Natchez:

"They have the pleasure to state, although this fund accumulates but slowly, yet, up to the present time, it has been found to be more than adequate to discharge the legitimate demands and purposes for which it was created. An increase of receipts in the same ratio above the expenditures, compared with the past year, will, in a few years to come, establish a fund quite respectable in amount and usefulness: a fund that will contribute much to ameliorate the condition of the destitute orphan, whose claims upon the benevolence of the Order in this city, under the present efficient arrangement, will be duly honored, and confer lasting benefits individually upon the recipients.

"As the Trustees understand it, it was not the design of the Lodges to lavish their means upon a few, by expending a large amount to give an ornamental or accomplished education to any one; but rather, that all should share alike the benefits, doing the greatest amount of good, by extending to a greater number an education, embracing orthography, reading, writing, and arithmetic. At the same time using care that the orphans be placed under the charge of moral instructors, whose examples would be copied by their pupils, and whose influence would admonish them to walk in the paths of rectitude and duty, and thereby accomplish all that would be necessary to make them respectable members of society and useful citizens.

"This accomplished, Odd-Fellows seek no richer reward. What can yield the philanthropist a greater amount of happiness, or thrill his bosom with more joy, than to know that he has in the least degree contributed to assuage the grief, to sooth the sorrows of a disconsolate widowed mother? Or that he has been the happy instrument, whereby the tearful countenance of the weeping orphan has been changed to one clothed in smiles,

indited by the joys bursting forth from the fullness of a heart in gratitude to a common benefactor? We claim no other reward."

Brethren, let us live up to the principles of our Order, and we shall prove benefactors to mankind. Let us imbibe the spirit shadowed forth in our forms and ceremonies; let us be well acquainted with our principles and adhere to them: let us go forth into the world with fraternal sympathy, practising at all times the golden rule, "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Since our last anniversary, two of our Order have departed this life: Brothers GEORGE PULLING and JOHN B. DIXON. Let this visitation of an inscrutable Providence admonish us that we are mortal, and teach us that we should perseveringly cherish the claims of Religion, that when called away from earth we may inherit its comforts and rewards—and be received to that "house not made with hands eternal in the heavens," where

"No slightest touch of pain,
Nor sorrow's least alloy,
Can violate our rest, or stain
Our purity of joy!"

PRAYER OF BROTHER B. WALKER.

ALMIGHTY God, our Heavenly Father! Through a well directed train of thy kind providence, we are again permitted to assemble ourselves together in this thy earthly temple, for the purpose of suitably offering up unto thee our devotions and grateful acknowledgments for that fostering care thou hast exercised over us since last we assembled to celebrate the anniversary of our beloved and heaven-favored institution. And that our assembling together at this time may not be in vain, we would humbly implore thee to aid us by the divine influence of thy Holy Spirit, that we may approach into thy presence with that becoming reverence and humility that should ever characterise those that profess to be governed by thy divine and holy precepts. And assist us now, we beseech thee, to gather in our wandering thoughts and cast far from us every thing that would have a tendency to withdraw our affections from thee who alone should be the object of our adoration, then shall we be enabled to lift up our hearts, with our voices towards thy holy temple, the place where thine honor dwelleth.

We frankly acknowledge, Almighty God, that we have been undeserving the many blessings with which we have been favored from the earliest period of our existence up to the present moment, and especially since we have been endeavoring in our weakness to ameliorate the suffering condition of our fellow-creatures as a band of brothers. For notwithstanding thy fatherly goodness has been over us, we must acknowledge that, like lost sheep, we have wandered far from thy fold and said, by our repeated acts of rebellion, that we would not have thee for our shepherd. But yet in the midst of our rebellion and deserved wrath thou hast remembered us in much mercy; and we have great reason to praise thee, Most Holy Father, that we are privileged again, under circumstances so favorable, to as-

assemble ourselves together for the purpose of celebrating another anniversary of our beloved Order. And we beseech thee, Most-Holy Father, now to lift upon us the light of thy countenance while we are in this thy earthly sanctuary for the purpose of offering some humble tribute of thanksgiving and of praise for the care that has been over us and the success that has attended our imperfect and feeble efforts to gladden the hearts, brighten the prospects and ameliorate the suffering condition of mankind. And we pray thee, Almighty God, to aid us by thy grace to go forward in this our labor and task of love—make it our chief delight at all times to endeavor to heal the afflicted and wounded spirit of the bereaved widow, to dry up the tears of the helpless and disconsolate orphan, and to administer the soothing balm to the sick and afflicted—continue to bless and smile upon us in all our laudable undertakings, direct us in all our councils and deliberations; for we are deeply conscious that without thy divine aid we are utterly incapable of discharging the high and responsible duties devolving upon us members of this our beloved and ancient Order. And in vain will be all our efforts to carry on the blessed work of renovating our poor, sinful and disordered world by the universal spread of true and genuine benevolence, and blessing the afflicted inhabitants with moral health and peace, unless thy Almighty arm shall be stretched out in our behalf. Guide us, O Lord, that we may know and serve thee aright, and direct our actions according to thy divine and holy word, ever keeping in mind that golden rule laid down to us in the unerring standard of divine truth, of doing unto others as we would they should do unto us. Give us grace, we pray thee, that we may go forth in thy strength to meet the various enemies that surround us, and may we at all times strive to live up to our laudable professions and our various obligations as Odd-Fellows and as Christians, that our light may shine forth and our good work become manifest to all around us. And we pray for the assistance of thy Holy Spirit to enable us to resist the dangerous temptations and bad examples of the world, the wrong impressions of our own hearts and temper, and the many snares of the adversary of our souls. And grant, Almighty God, that we may ever have a firm persuasion that all our peace of mind whilst we are travelling through this dark vale of tears, and our peace and permanent happiness in the world to come, must depend on our improvement in piety and all the duties of a christian life. And now, our Heavenly Father, we desire to raise unto thee a tribute of thanksgiving and of praise that ever our ears were saluted with the sweet and heart-cheering sound of Odd-Fellowship in this our free and heaven-favored land—we rejoice that in the order of thy kind providence the feet of a few strangers from a far-off shore were directed to this part of thy moral heritage, and whose lives thou hast kindly lengthened out and spared, to propagate the true and heaven-born principles of our ancient and honorable Order—and we bless thee, O Lord, that the seed which has thus been sown has taken deep root and produced, and that thousands are now reaping a rich and an abundant harvest. Let the choicest of thy blessings rest upon the Fathers of our Order in these United States that yet survive; may their lives be a living comment on those principles they have so zealously inculcated on the minds of their brethren—comfort them with the sweets of gospel peace as they gently slide down the steep of time, and as their hoary locks blossom for the silent tomb, may their

never-dying spirits become ripe for a glorious inheritance amongst thy saints in light.

We beseech thee, O Lord, to continue to bless and prosper our Order throughout the globe, and in a very especial manner remember in much mercy the several Lodges in this State—may each one be careful to adorn the profession that we have made, and endeavor to cultivate a spirit of harmony and christian forbearance—may we be rooted and grounded in love; keep far from our ranks every jarring passion, and may brotherly love prevail and every moral and social virtue bind and cement us together.

We now commit ourselves with the interests of our institution into thy special care and keeping, praying thee to keep and preserve us from all evil, and guide us by thy counsel through all the journey of life; and finally, when the bond of "Friendship, Love and Truth," which binds our hearts together here below, shall be broken by the hand of death, and this earthly house of our tabernacle shall be dissolved, grant, O Lord, that we may have prepared for us on high a house not made with hands, eternally heaven, and thine shall be the praise; world without end. Amen.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

How much of sacredness
Is woven with thy every rite and from
Thy path, life's choicest flowers are called. Then
Art a noble fabric based on Truth—
Thy pillars are all guarded by the
Hand of "Love" while "Friendship" gently
beckons to the oppressed and bids them
Seek relief beneath thy roof.

Antiquity can look
Through the long vista of departed years
And boast that she did lay thy corner
Stone, she glories too that thy foundation still
Is firm.

Great and tremendous have been
The shocks that oft have tried to bring thee
Down to nought, but thou hast met them
All undaunted and proved thou art invincible.

As well might
Ocean-wave expect to o'ercome the stubborn rock,
And sink it to oblivion, as persecution e'er to
Hope that she with all her malice could ever
Blot from earth thy cherished name.
Thy inmates all are one fond brother-band
Those souls luxuriate in doing good and
Seeking to alleviate distress. Their aims are pure,
Their cause is holy and their deeds are
Fraught with all that is ennobling.

There's beauty in such
Fellowship which rarely can be found beyond

Thy precincts. We speak with reverence,
Of thy virtues which rush in quick succession
On our mind whilst we attempt to pen
Thy praise.

Long would we dwell
Upon a theme so grand, but Time
Has been and is still trumpeting thy worth.

IDA.

AN ORATION.*

BY BRO. J. H. MEANS.

But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.—Burns.

Worthy and respected Brothers :

THE spectacle which we this day exhibit, is one entirely new to the community in which we live. Its objects are so far different from those which usually congregate the young, the wise, the beautiful of the land, that I fear any interest we may excite, will be owing entirely to its novelty. We have not assembled under the usual circumstances which here excite the enthusiasm of the young and ardent. No roaring cannon—no spirit-stirring drum, or brazen clarion, ushered in this the morn of our celebration; but the sun, as he rose from his oriental bed, ne'er shone upon a scene more calm or placid. No orator waits to descant upon the merits of those who, in by-gone days, have "conspired to prop the reeling glory of a State;" to depict scenes, in which

"Patriots fought or heroes bled,
In freedom's troubled morn;"

to amuse the antiquarian, by sadly lingering among the tombs of buried empires, minutely tracing out the causes of their decay: or, to excite to admiration or to tears, by telling the story of some disastrous adventure, where romantic youth had sacrificed itself upon the altars of love or ambition. These are scenes which delight the young, the ardent, the enthusiastic. The orator too, delights to pluck his flowers from gardens where "gorgeous palaces" rear their "cloud-capt towers," or from battle fields, where high-souled courage rears its crest above the storm, or where the notes of martial music are wildly sounding its anthems to victory, or chanting a mournful requiem to the dying hero.

These are themes that belong not to us. The pages of our history are brightened by the record of no chivalrous adventure. Our course is not

* On the influence of Odd-Fellowship upon society; delivered before De Kalb Lodge, No. 6, in the Presbyterian Church, Winnsboro', on the 6th of March, 1844, the first anniversary of the Lodge.

to be tracked amid the pageantry of ease, of luxury, or of wealth; but where sickness, sorrow and death are, there is our province, and there must we linger. But, although the occasion may seem dull and insipid to others, to us it is fraught with the deepest interest, for we have met to celebrate the day when, actuated by "Faith, Hope and Charity," we linked our hearts together in the sacred bonds of "Friendship, Love and Truth."

What "temple" was ever built upon more enduring principles? From what altars have ever burned more sacred fires? Faith, "the evidences of things unseen, the substance of things hoped for,"—"Faith," the very base upon which the noble superstructure of the Christian religion is built; a temple which shall stand and continue to increase age after age, until its foundations shall rest upon the remotest corners of the earth, and its summit be lost amid the heavens.—"Hope," that bright morning star, given to man to lure him onward through life's dark and weary pilgrimage, which, when he is tossed to and fro by the angry waves of adversity, shines ever beautifully upon the storm-lashed ocean, although perhaps it cannot still its waves:

"It lures our dim thoughts to heavenly scenes sublime,
Beyond the realms of nature and of time,
Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie.
But that which warmed it once can never die,
These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er and worlds have pass'd away."

—"Charity," which feeds the hungry and clothes the naked; which, in our intercourse with our fellow-men, is the magic glass through which their faults are seen and diminished, and teaches us to act upon that golden rule, "to do unto others as we would they should do unto us."—"Friendship," the soft cement, which unites soul to soul—the fountain from which all the joys of social life are drawn.—"Love," not only that gentle flame which was first fanned into existence amid Eden's lovely bowers,—which was breathed in soft and melodious strains from the harps of Sappho and Anacreon, whose dying notes were caught up and prolonged in later days by Erin's and Scotia's loveliest bards,—but that more broad and enduring love, which extends itself to all mankind,—which displayed itself in awful grandeur amid the earthquake and the storm, on Calvary's bloody mount, where our Saviour, in agonizing pangs, groaned out the sufferings which were to ransom a lost and ruined world.—"Truth," the solid adamant upon which society is built—the noblest attribute given by God to man—

"Truth, ever lovely since the world began,
The foe of tyrants—but the friend of man."

Yes, "Faith, Hope, Charity"—this is the eternal base upon which we stand—"Friendship, Love and Truth," the banner which floats above us.

It will no doubt appear strange to many, that an association should be formed for the promotion of mere abstract principles, upon which all good men at any rate profess to act, when perhaps they see no practical good which can result from it. This will bring us to the consideration of the subjects, appropriate to an occasion like the present—

1st. The necessity of such an association; 2dly. the practical good which is to result from it; and lastly, to examine some of the objections which have been alledged against it.

And here, suffer me to premise that *all* objects of general good are better promoted by *societies* than by *individuals*, in their separate capacities. To prove this, I need but point to the very familiar example of the great Temperance reform, now progressing so rapidly. All men will agree that intemperance is a great evil, and destructive both to the health and happiness of man; yet, how long has this "monster" marched with unfettered steps through our land, fattening upon the ruin of his victims, bringing them either to untimely graves, or rendering them objects of sorrow, derision and contempt? Was it that no effort was made to stem the torrent of destruction which was devastating our land? Have not the voices of the "holy heralds" of God been heard ascending from a thousand temples, pleading with man to flee from its ruins, and warning him of the shoals and quicksands upon which his hopes and fortunes would surely be wrecked? Has not the strong arm of the law been thrust forward, and quietly withdrawn, on account of the tremendous political convulsions its interference was about to create? And what has arrested the progress of the growing evil? What has caused the hearts of so many wretched wives to leap with joy? What has sowed the seeds of happiness and plenty where nought but misery and starvation reigned? What has caused the standard of peace, harmony and good order, to wave o'er the very scenes where but a few months since were heard the lewd sounds of "Bacchanalian orgies," celebrated in midnight revelries? Not the *separate*, but *united* exertions of the good and wise, by forming associations to influence public opinion. This striking reform, while it covers with glory its noble promoters, exhibits the powerful influence which can be effected by *associated exertions*.

Now, although Odd-Fellowship has for its object the promotion of all the ennobling principles I have enumerated, yet its leading object is Charity. This great principle, which might be extended so as to cover all the rest, requires not only the *heart* to dictate, but the *means* to bestow the charity; and who can doubt but that a greater amount of good can be done by associated wealth, than by individual contributions? First, from the fact that our laws require that we should look to the condition of our brothers, and real objects of charity would thus be found out, and when discovered, the *aggregate means*, made up of the small contributions of individuals, would be adequate to the relief of any distress which might occur. Again, there is nothing more galling to our pride, than to accept alms from an individual. The obligation under which it places us, is too great for a proud heart to brook. Yet, when we accept them from the Order to which we belong, there is not the slightest feeling of humiliation; for our funds are made up of initiation fees, and small weekly taxes, (so small that even the poorest cannot feel them,) to which all equally contribute; in which all have an equal interest; to which all have an equal right. Without pretending to desecrate the sacred feeling which first prompted this means of alleviation of human wants, by comparing it to a mere business transaction; yet, when we receive its benefits, the humiliation of doing so is entirely relieved by viewing it *as such*. It is, so to speak, a sort of mutual insurance company, against misfortune and want.

In other words, each member *purchases* and *pays* for a right to the charity of the Order, which is as much his property as any thing else he possesses.

In some countries, there is an actual necessity for our Order, to relieve the real *physical* wants of the community. It is heart-rending to the philanthropist, even to read the accounts of squalid misery of the poorer classes in the populous cities of the old world. How much more so to be an eye-witness to the sufferings of aged men, turned out into the streets, with no friendly roof to protect them from the peltings of the pitiless storm: with scarcely rags to defend them from the chilling blasts of northern winters,—to hear, from the deep abyss of wretchedness and despair into which they are plunged, the low and melancholy moanings of women, reduced to the very brink of the grave by poverty and disease, mingled with the cries of starving children, raising their bony hands in humble supplication for only bread enough to sustain their miserable existence. Who among us, with heart so cold as not to be touched by the deepest emotions of pity, by scenes like these? Who would not extend his arm to rescue a fellow-being from starvation? Yet, in the cities where they do occur, so familiarized are men to them, that the wealthy and powerful roll on in luxury and ease, either unconscious of the misery around them, or unheeding the piteous cries wrung from suffering humanity.

It is not alone the vicious, the idle, the profligate, that are subject to the ills of extreme poverty—(if it were so, it would be but a just punishment for their crimes)—but frequently, the industrious laborer, worn out in the employment of his lordly master; or e'en the poor soldier, wounded in the defence of an ungrateful country, are its undeserved victims. It was to guard against the miseries of extreme poverty, to which the laboring classes were subjected, by being thrown out of employment, or by sickness, that the Order of Odd-Fellows was renewed in modern times.* To this class it was chiefly confined in the old world. Lately it has travelled across the ocean, and found in our own country a genial soil, in which it can grow and flourish; embracing all classes, conditions and sects of men, who come forward to make their common offerings upon the altars of Benevolence. Here,† thanks to the glorious laws under which we live, but

* I have design-dly avoided touching upon the history of Odd Fellowship. Some of our brothers have traced its origin to a great antiquity. I am in possession of no authentic historical facts to justify such a conclusion. In fact, it is a matter of little moment when or where it originated. We find it amongst us, and the great matter is, to examine its principles, and not its history.

† There can be no doubt but that for the benevolent purposes of alleviating human misery in every form it may occur, and more especially when it comes in the form of poverty and want, our Order is most admirably adapted. Yet, I think that those who have defended it entirely upon this ground in the *Southern country*, have not presented it in its most favorable aspect. There is no doubt of its *actual* necessity, to put even bread in the mouths of thousands in the larger cities of the old world and our Northern States. We have no such necessity. The few isolated instances of beggars amongst us can be promptly relieved by individual charity. We, who are so highly favored, can appropriate it to higher purposes—to the exercise and cultivation of charity and benevolence of *thought and feeling*. Our fund can be appropriated to the education of the orphans of our deceased brothers, or to the relief of our fellow-men in other climes. Nor do I think that I am wrong in attributing the vast superiority of our condition exclusively to the institution of slavery. It is in the eternal nature of things, that there must be a laboring class in every country, and that the majority of that class must be a pauper one; and is it not much better that this class should be distinguished by the broad line of color, and be exclusively and entirely under the control of masters, whose intelligence can so associate their labor as to give them always the comforts of life—provide for

more especially to our most abused, but most cherished institution, we can never witness these appalling scenes of misery and degradation.

Our only paupers are our slaves. Not only interest and humanity, but the very laws which secure them to us as property, compel us to care and provide for them in sickness and old age. The same *physical* necessity therefore, does not exist for our Order here, as in countries less favored than our's. But we can devote it to higher and nobler purposes—to the improvement of the *moral condition* of our race. Let us enquire if there is not a necessity for this, and if its tendencies are not to its promotion.

He has been but an inattentive observer of human nature, who has not discovered, that of all the motives which impel to action, by far the most powerful is a love of popular applause. All men, however great may be their fancied independence, or pretended contempt for the opinion of their fellow-men, are far more influenced by it than any thing else. Even the philosopher, while delving into the rich and varied mines of knowledge, though his feeble frame is fast sinking beneath the intensity of his mental labors; though his vital energy is faintly flickering in its socket, like the midnight taper o'er which he leans, is urged on in his laborious pursuit, not only by his love of the rich gems for which he is seeking, but far more by the inspiring thought, that long after he has "shuffled off this mortal coil," his name will be registered in the temple of fame. The poet, while revelling in the wild luxuriance and gorgeous imagery of his own creation, anticipates with delight the plaudits which will be sung to his name—the homage paid to his genius. The statesman, too, is far more influenced in his conduct by the probable effects his actions will produce upon the minds of his countrymen, than by that stern integrity, that "*amor patriæ*" which should be his most prominent characteristic. I am very far from saying that this influence *ought* to exist: I only assert that it *does* exist. Men should love virtue for its own sake; but where this is weighed in the scales with a love of popular applause, few have moral strength enough to preserve the proper balance.

Since, then, we see that all our public actions are referable to this standard, does it not follow, that virtue or vice will exist precisely in proportion to the reward offered for each? If virtue always met with its just reward, and vice its condign punishment from *public opinion*, it would produce a far more beneficial effect upon society, than all the laws which the wisdom of legislators could suggest. Yet, so far from this being the case, from some strange perversity of our nature, men are frequently found to applaud those who have rendered themselves the greatest scourges to our race, and pass unnoticed those who have proved themselves its real benefactors. The laurels of the military chieftain,

"Blood-nursed, and watered by a widow's tears,"

them in old age, and take care of their children. Notwithstanding the mawkish sentimentalities of the Abolitionist at the miserable condition of our slaves, there is no doubt but that many of their own neighbors would gladly change conditions with them, or would beg to be fed out of the abundance of the comforts with which they are supplied by humane and feeling masters. For a triumphant vindication of our moral right to this institution, I refer the reader to a treatise written by Dr. CARSWRIGHT, of Mississippi. I also refer the reader to a Memoir on Slavery, from the able pen of Chancellor HARPER. No unprejudiced person can peruse this unanswerable argument, without being thoroughly convinced of the admirable adaptation of this institution to the state of man, and the rich blessings it confers upon society, in which the slave himself is perhaps the greatest partaker.

receive their brilliance in the eyes of the world, more from the magnitude of the sacrifice of human life, than from the justness of the cause in which they were gained. Mark you the gorgeous pageantry of his triumphal procession, the "lanes of bowing parasites" through which he moves.—Almost apotheosized while living, marble columns rise to his memory when dead—"peans loud as from numbers without number," are hymned to his praises, and even festal days appointed to celebrate the anniversary of his butcheries. Whilst the teacher, the philosopher, the holy minister of God himself, who have devoted their lives to civilizing, humanizing, blessing mankind, are suffered to drag along unnoticed and unhonored; and when wearied by life's toils and struggles, they sink to rest; the only requiem sung o'er their graves, is by the melancholy murmurings of the midnight blast. Melancholy indeed would be our condition, if the master-spirits who guide and direct, had no other reward to look for, beyond the excited plaudits of a giddy mob. Happy is it for man, that the religion which was taught by the meek and lowly "Nazarene," points us to scenes beyond this life, where virtue is rewarded by never-ending bliss, and where vice is punished with never-ending torture. The loud hosannas sung to the praises of the bloody conqueror, as they rise from the earth, become fainter, fainter, fainter, until they are lost amid the wild cry of the widow and orphan, who, to gratify his mad ambition, have been rendered husbandless, fatherless, helpless, friendless, breadless. These become louder, louder, and louder, as they ascend, until they fall in terror on his ears, while standing in presence of Heaven's dread chancery.

It is not alone that men are dazzled by the blaze of military glory, (which, when gained in a good cause, is worthy of our highest aspirations,) that they are guilty of the strange inconsistency of applauding the very hands which work out their ruin,—but there are other vices and practices, (one of which I shall notice,) exceedingly detrimental to society, which are not only winked at, but actually encouraged by it.

Almost all men, for instance, unite in condemning as an evil, the practice of duelling. Yet it is a *necessary* evil. Why? Not so much because, as it is alleged by some, it protects the weak against the strong, or that it restrains the insolence and slanders of those, whose gentility and sense of propriety are not sufficient to restrain them, but because *society demands it*; and so stern is it in these demands, that he who respects that law of God which was delivered in mountain thunder from Sinai, "Thou shalt not kill," is stigmatized with the galling epithet of coward, and loses all his influence; while he who has the brand of Cain upon his brow, raises his gory hands, reeking with the blood of his fellow-man, as a passport through society, and as an evidence of his right to an unbounded influence. He who refuses to fight loses his influence, and this, in turn, deprives him of the power of doing good. A knowledge of this fact, drove the lamented Hamilton from that disastrous field, where the brightest luminary the country could boast, was forever quenched by a traitor's hand. While society continues to demand it, many a good man will follow his example, and probably share his fate. It is not our intention, however, to preach a homily against duelling, but I cannot refrain from remarking, while on this subject, that probably one of the worst effects produced by this practice, is a political one. It assigns to men *false positions*, and gives them *undue influence*. It frequently happens, that a man

who has neither intellect or worth to recommend him, but who can alone boast of that insensibility to danger in which a brute is far his superior, keeps in awe and controls another, whose rich endowments might prove a blessing to the country. If time would permit, I think I could bring examples to show, that the prevalence of vice is not so much owing to any ungovernable proclivity in our nature to do evil, as to the fact, that it is either encouraged by society, or at all events not frowned down with that degree of indignation, which would prevent its repetition; but I think that a sufficient number have been cited to establish the general proposition, that men are more influenced in their actions by public opinion than any thing else; and that public opinion, frequently, is at variance with our dearest interests, and offers high rewards for certain practices, which are exceedingly detrimental to society. Does it not follow, as a corollary from this, that if public opinion would bow in homage alone to the higher and more noble attributes of our nature, mankind would be more virtuous and consequently more happy? And should not any institution, which has a tendency to produce this desirable end, meet with the cordial approbation and support of all good men? I claim for Odd-Fellowship this desirable tendency; and if I fail to prove it, it will be from a want of capacity on my part, not from a want of merit in that noble Order of which I am proud to be a member.

I have already enumerated the principles of our Order, and I presume that none will deny, that if men were to act in accordance with that feeling of universal love and benevolence which they inculcate, the world would present a far different scene. Envy, base and loathsome as it is, would cease its eternal efforts to drag down honest merit to its own degraded level—slander, to hurl its envenomed and malignant shaft—avarice, to wrong the unwary, and grind the poor,—and even hatred and revenge, to nerve the murderer's arm. Peace, harmony and concord, would assert its empire, and the thorny path of life be converted into flowering fields of happiness and ease.

Now, is it not just to suppose, that a society formed for the express purpose of promoting certain principles, would produce the effects intended? The history of all associations, testifies to the truth of this. So well are men aware of this fact, that whenever any great political end is to be effected, or even the interest of an individual to be promoted, societies are invariably resorted to for the purpose. So powerful are their influences upon the minds of men, that even bad principles can be, and have been disseminated, and bad ends effected by them. How much *more* powerful then, must be their influence, when used for the promotion of principles and feelings, which are in accordance with the noblest attributes of our race, affecting in so high a degree, not only our own, and the interests of society here, but our eternal weal or woe hereafter; and more especially when they are taught and insisted upon with all the earnestness of truth, and enforced with the sublimest ceremonies that were ever invented, to excite the imagination or warm the heart? Few men act otherwise than from instinct. Even our best actions are mostly dictated by the impulses of a naturally good heart, and of course subjected to its never-ending caprices. Faith, Hope and Charity; Friendship, Love and Truth, are generally looked upon as mere abstractions, upon which the learned may philosophise, or with which the poet may regale his fancy while

dreaming of the ideal perfect. The Order of Odd-Fellows teaches us to look upon these as *principles*, and we are only worthy members of the same, when we look upon them *as such*, to control our actions. The very act of entering such an association, half way prepares the mind for the reception of its truths; and when, time after time, their beauties are depicted in the glowing language of inspiration itself, their utility and necessity insisted upon, with all the cogency of reason and of truth, how can it fail, to produce the deepest impression upon the mind and heart,

"And fix our firm resolve,
Wisdom to wed, and pay his long arrears."

If, however, the sublimity of our ceremonies, and the excellence of our lectures, fail to remove the scales from our eyes, that we may see the beauties of our principles, and love and admire them for their own sakes, yet we are induced to act upon them from other motives, which the nature of the Order creates, and which I shall presently show. Although we are taught to believe that man by nature is evil, yet the unsullied delight which is always afforded us from that "*mens concia sibi recti*," when we have performed a good action, is so great, that we would generally act from good feelings, if counterbalancing influences were not held out by society. Now, so great is the love with which every Odd-Fellow is inspired for the Order to which he belongs, either from the sublimity of its principles, or from other influences, which are brought to bear upon him, that he values the good opinion, and desires the approbation of his brothers, far more than any thing else. This approbation or disapprobation is awarded to him, precisely in proportion to his accordance with, or dereliction from, the duties its principles inculcate; so that, if the *love of virtue* does not prompt him to benevolent actions, the *fear* of the disapprobation of his fellow-members will at least restrain him from doing evil. Thus, the performance of a good action, resulting in the first instance from a weakness, or even from a bad motive, if you please, by repetition becomes a habit, and in the end tends to the formation of a good man, and consequently a good citizen. It matters not, so far as the interests of society are concerned, from what *motives* men act, society is alone affected by our *actions*, and to society we are responsible for them; our motives affect ourselves alone, and for these, as for our religion, we are responsible to none but our God. I am very far from asserting that every Odd-Fellow is a good fellow; but this I say, that if he is not, he does not act in accordance with its principles; and, even if amongst our ranks the vilest of the vile may be found, it is no argument against the excellence of the institution, but only proves that the individual member is incorrigible. I presume that none would have the hardihood to assert, that every member of a Christian church is true to his faith, or but that amongst them you cannot find the worst of men; yet, who, on this flimsy ground, would dare to attack that holy religion, which, considered alone in its bearing upon civil society, has done more good for mankind than any thing else which the combined wisdom of the philosophers in every age could suggest. Nor do I assert that it influences its members to act *entirely* from principle, but that it has a *tendency* to do so, and certainly every *approximation* to this, must be for the good, not only of its members, but for society at large. But, even if Odd-Fellowship did not inculcate principles of such vast im-

portance, it would strongly recommend itself to our approbation and support, from the social feelings it is calculated to engender. Man by nature is essentially social; all his pleasures and enjoyments are derived from this source; and whatever tends to the cultivation of this feeling, adds just so much to the sum of human happiness. It is surely a source of the purest gratification, for us to have, amid the cares, the deceits, the troubles of this life, one bright spot to look upon. When wranglings and disputes are marring our very existence; when the "tempests and whirlwinds" of our passion, are aroused by those tremendous political excitements which sometimes bury in oblivion even the sacred ties of kindred and of blood, with what rapturous delight do we hail the time when we are to meet our brothers, in the spirit of Friendship and Truth, within those "sacred walls," where hatred and revenge must ever bow in homage to Charity and Love! Or, amid those wild irregularities which are incident to our government, when our fortunes and hopes are wrecked, and those butterflies of fashion, which flit around the ephemeral blaze of wealth and popularity, are dispersed by fortune's frowns, with what eagerness do we rush to friends, who are waiting with open arms to receive us, and "grapple them to our hearts with hooks of steel!" Amid all the ills and misfortunes to which "flesh is heir," the smiles of our brothers are ever beaming on us. When prostrated by disease, the friendly hand is ever ready to be laid in tenderness upon the aching brow, to close the dying eye, or to carry us to that last home, which is ever moistened by the tear of friendship and of love. As pleasurable as are the sensations inspired by thoughts like these, yet far more so is the assurance, that the same kind feeling and protection will be extended to our children. He who has gazed with eagerness upon the first cherub smile, given in answer to a father's fondness, knows the burning intensity of parental love. He who has been called upon to consign his offspring to the cold and silent tomb, knows the agonizing pangs it causes. It is the voice of nature that bids the tear roll down his manly cheek! But, far more intense is the sorrow he experiences, when death's stern mandate has been issued, for him to leave that tender child to the charities of a cold and unfeeling world. In that dread hour, the chimey silence of the tomb, the dark terrors of that future upon whose brink he stands, are all immersed in the burning anxiety he feels for his orphan's weal. But ah! amid those dark forebodings of some terrible fate, which his child is to encounter, which lacerate his heart, how sweetly sounds that friendly voice which whispers peace to his troubled soul, and assures him—that

"O'er friendless misery compassion shall awake,
And smile on innocence for mercy's sake."

No human institution has ever yet been formed, to which objections has not been made. Against the Order of Odd-Fellows, many have been urged; some, however, have no other existence, except in the brains of their originators, and therefore need no notice. Others, however, are of a graver nature, and require to be answered.

1st. It is objected to on account of its secrecy. This, at first sight, possesses a certain degree of plausibility; but, when we consider the nature of the institution, we will find that in this consists its very life and soul. Although its object is to inspire a kind and benevolent feeling towards all

mankind, yet its own members are the objects of its peculiar care. An Odd-Fellow is not alone entitled to the privileges and immunities of the particular Lodge to which he belongs, but to those of the entire Order, in whatever quarter of the globe it may be found; and how, let me ask, are we to know each other, or to guard against impositions, without secret signs, and cabalistic symbols? And besides, not half the interest would be taken in the Order, if it were not for the mystery in which it is shrouded. Whatever is known to all, is a matter of but little interest; but man, from his very nature, seeks for with most avidity, and prizes most highly, whatever is most mysterious and difficult to attain. Still, this objection might be good, if any possible danger could accrue to the country from this circumstance. But, how can this possibly be, when it is composed of members taken from every rank of society, possessing every variety of opinion; and if we are not given credit when we assert, that political discussions are religiously eschewed, and the strictest obedience to the government enjoined by our laws, the circumstance of its members belonging to the different political parties of the country, would be sufficient security against any cabal which might plot against the government. Many have objected to joining our Lodge, because they do not know the nature of the promise they are to make. To such I would simply say, that during the ceremony of initiation, the nature of this promise is explained to the candidate, and if he sees the slightest objection to it, he is at perfect liberty to withdraw. Our principles and objects, which the country have a right to know, we proudly proclaim to the world; our ceremonies, and the secret signs by which we know each other, we have a right to keep to ourselves.

2dly. It is said that Odd-Fellowship is nothing but a "low order of Masonry," and all the prejudices which ignorance, malice, and slander, have hurled against that time-honored institution, are brought to bear upon us. Whether this is the case or not, I am not prepared to say, for I am not a Mason. But, if by calling it a low order of Masonry, it is meant that Masonry inculcates more noble principles, or is calculated to do more good to society, as a philanthropist, I bid it God speed in its noble undertaking. Another objection, (and the last I shall notice,) is its tendency to break down the barriers of society, and mix up too much its different classes. So far from this being a real objection, it is one of the most beautiful features of the Order. We do not deny, however, that distinctions will and ought to exist; but they should be based upon different foundations from those which are generally acknowledged. What are the circumstances which give men position in society? Although these are many, yet *birth* and *wealth* are the most prominent. It is but just, that the former of these should be acknowledged to a certain extent; for, perhaps there is no stronger incentive to virtuous actions, than that resulting from a desire to leave a proud and unsullied name to our children. It is the noblest legacy we can leave, and should certainly be guarded and respected as much as the property we bequeath, which is of far less importance. Yet it should be lost by shame and dishonor, just as wealth can be squandered by idleness and debauchery. In fact, he who proves himself an unworthy scion of a noble sire, deserves to be doubly dishonored, for he has not the excuse of a bad example to plead. A want of *this* however, should not prevent the meritorious from rising. In fact, he who takes position

from his own intrinsic excellence, deserves to be honored as the architect of his own fortunes. And even as to the latter, he who by a long life of industry and economy amasses wealth, certainly deserves to be honored, not for his *wealth*, but for the *means* he has used in acquiring it. But to say that wealth in itself, should confer distinction, would be to create the most worthless and heartless of all aristocracies. Now, nine-tenths of those wranglings and disputes, which occasion so much distress in society, result from the perpetual warfare which is ever waging among its classes. And why is this? Because the distinctions do not rest upon proper foundations; because they do not rest upon merit alone. It is nothing wonderful that a proud spirit cannot brook the thought of having one, every way inferior to him in the genuine qualities of the heart, elevated above him; nor is it any thing wonderful, that a man who occupies a position which he knows he does not deserve, should endeavor to keep down those more worthy than himself. Thus, a warfare is ever kept up. But, if real merit were made the only ground of distinction, disconnected with other adventitious circumstances, society would present a far different aspect. The eternal principles of justice, would force even envy to acknowledge the elevation of merit above it. He, who by the real good qualities of the heart, has attained to a proud and deserving position among men, is never known to crush the young aspirant, rising toward him, but extends his generous hand to raise him to his side; and even if genius should plume the young eagle's wing for an "empyrean flight," he is the first to cheer him onward in his glorious course. But he who occupies a doubtful position, is ever jealous of the success of another. Within the sacred walls of an Odd-Fellow's Lodge, the professional man, the planter, the merchant, the mechanic, unite in bestowing its honors upon the most meritorious, without regard to trade, calling, or profession. The kindly feeling which is generated by this noble example, must necessarily extend itself throughout society, and deprive it of one of its most prolific sources of strife and annoyance.

Although I have already trespassed too long upon the kind patience of my audience, yet still I am sure, that a generous and gallant people will at least indulge me long enough to tender the unfeigned thanks of the "Order" to the maids and matrons who have honored us on this occasion. May we indulge the flattering hope, that your presence is an earnest of your approbation of our institution? Its tendency is to smooth down the rugged nature of man; to assimilate it to the soft gentleness of your own, and to render him more worthy of you. Whatever promotes civilization and refinement, elevates your position in society. The sun of civilization, when first dawning upon the world, beheld you the slave of man; but as it rose to the glories of meridian splendor, saw you his honored friend, his beloved companion. You do not need the softening influence of our institution. The tender sympathies of your natures are ever alive to the cries of misery. You are ever prompt to relieve distress, whether to smooth the bed of sickness and of death, or to pour the balm of consolation into the wounded heart. The influence which you exert is great,—not sweeping and desolating in its course like the tornado,—but softly lulling like the gentle breeze. Any contact with the rugged strifes of public or political life, is calculated to dim the brilliancy of those virtues, which so beautifully characterize you, and which bow our sex in adora-

tion to you. Your influence is gently shed abroad from the thrones which you most adorn; yes, from your homes,

"Where man Creation's tyrant casts aside,
His sword, his sceptre, pageantry and pride,
And in his softened looks benignly blend,
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
There woman reigns, the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow paths of life,
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel guard of loves and graces lies;
Around her knees, domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet."

For the institution whose character I have endeavored to portray to-day, so civilizing, so refining, we ask your approbation, upon it we invoke your smiles.

And now, my brothers, having imperfectly finished the task your kindness has assigned me, suffer me in conclusion, in the spirit of Friendship, Love and Truth, to address you in the language of serious admonition.—The tree is to be judged of by its fruits; the excellence and utility of our Order, by the practical demonstration you give of its effects. You have now another incentive to virtue and benevolence,—the sacred vow you took when the brotherhood were around you, and the all-seeing eye of God was upon you. You are now less isolated than ever, your conduct for good or for evil, affects no longer yourselves alone. If you disregard those sacred principles and feelings you have publicly professed, you not only procure misery for yourselves, but bring into disrepute the Order to which you are pledged, and thus deprive society of its best promoter of peace and harmony,—religion of its most efficient hand-maids. It is so arranged in the beautiful economy of our nature, that whilst we promote the happiness of others, we contribute to our own. The self-sacrificing spirit of benevolence and kindness, may not be rewarded by gratitude or applause; but oh, with what rapture do we gaze upon the germination and growth of those seeds of happiness which we ourselves have planted! Basking amid their blooms, a smiling landscape is spread around,—the retrospect calm and placid, the prospect bright and glorious. The shafts of malice, hatred and revenge, either fall harmlessly at the feet of those against whom they were hurled, or recoil with fury against ourselves.—*These* are the winds which rouse those stormy passions, that tear and lacerate the bosom. It is Charity and Love, which pour their oil upon the troubled billows.

It is my ardent prayer that the smiles of fortune may ever beam upon you; that you may ever enjoy that happiness and peace, which are the concomitants of a well-spent life; and when your earthly pilgrimage is o'er, that the sun of your existence may set in peace and calmness upon this world, only to rise in glory in another and a better. And oh! when we all shall be called upon to leave this our "earthly Lodge," to which we are bound by so many tender ties and endearing associations, may we all possess that password, which will gain us admittance into that "Lodge" above, where we shall see those principles, for whose promotion we have laboured upon earth, corruscating amid the glories of Heaven itself.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

In our last we briefly referred to the subject of a general and uniform system of education as auxiliary and collateral to the great purpose of Odd-Fellowship, we have now a word or two to add to the suggestions then made. In the moral work of elevating human character for which the present age is eminently distinguished, we believe no agent has been more potential than that of education; indeed the truth has been clearly made to appear, that to imbue men with proper self respect, to give them appropriate conceptions of their own inherent capabilities for usefulness, character and honor, to enable them freely to appreciate their exalted destiny, their adaptation for reciprocal good in all the relations of life, and their general fitness in whatever position they may be thrown as citizens, you must first enlighten them by a proper culture of the mind; and the converse of this postulate is equally manifest in the character and career of the ignorant and illiterate wherever they may be found.

Odd-Fellowship as a system of philanthropy, should be as capacious and comprehensive in the means employed to promote the happiness and usefulness of mankind, as it is extensive and universal in its aim for individual benefaction. To confine its labor to the mere harvest which it is, and has been gathering most abundantly in the succour and relief afforded to personal suffering, is to take from it, its highest capacity for good—to limit its functions to mere bodily ministrings, to the provision against want or poverty only, is to do the grossest injustice, as well to the subjects of its beneficence as to its own peculiar and inherent fitness, for far higher and more ennobling influences upon the character of its votaries, and the age in which we live.

To discuss the question of public education, its value to the country, the citizen, to society at large even regarded as a moral agent, to say nothing of the incalculable individual wealth which it affords to its subject, is at this time of day perfectly idle; the only matter to be considered in view of engrafting it as an adjunct upon that prolific trunk, Odd-Fellowship, is how may it be done upon a general and uniform system. In many of the States this beautiful handmaid of the Order has been already for years past tenderly and assiduously cherished, until our schools have become the admiration of the community in the midst of which they are located, and a source of just pride to their founders. We may instance Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina as among perhaps the most successful G. Lodg-

es in the confederacy under whose jurisdiction the education of the *orphans and children* of Odd-Fellows has been eminently prosperous. We italicise the words *orphans and children*, because it is by that association we believe the cardinal feature of our Order, its "equality," is best carried out and practically illustrated, while at the same time, abundant means may be realized from the contributions of the living parent, to defray the charge of educating the orphan—both alike being the subjects of the favor of the Order at large.

We have thought much upon this subject, and have no difficulty in expressing the opinion, that a general and uniform system of education is not only feasible in the Order, to be originated by the Grand Lodge of the United States, leaving to the charge and direction of State Grand Lodges the elementary or primary branches of education, but also that a seminary or college might be instituted at some central point of the jurisdiction, into which qualified pupils should be admitted under such regulations as the Grand Lodge of the United States should in its wisdom provide. We know, as experience upon other subjects connected with the Order has already taught us, that many very well meaning brethren will at once cry out against our views, as the mere dreamings of a diseased brain, as wild and visionary, as utterly impracticable of execution; as far beyond the ability of the Order to accomplish—well, as we shall expect this kind of argument, if unaccompanied with other and more convincing logic, we shall, as we have heretofore done complacently hear it, and give it just so much weight as it may merit, meanwhile in our own way, shall address our earnest invocations to the Representatives to consider fully and duly our suggestions. It is entirely beyond the limits reserved for our editorial in this number to give the details which have been floating in our minds on this subject, and perhaps the more proper time and place to present the question in a tangible form is at the approaching session of the Grand Lodge of the United States—yet upon the greatest point of difficulty, which has been raised by those brethren with whom we have had the pain to differ upon so interesting a topic, to wit: the ways and means, we may observe, that if the Grand Lodge of the United States can command any thing like unanimity in the opinion and judgment of its Representatives, and the business be entered upon in that dauntless spirit which we have seen carry that body more than once triumphantly through peril and through toil for the sake of our pure, exalted and ever beloved Order, that we have no fear as to lack of ways and means.

For the achievement of so commendable an object as the thorough education of the orphans of our deceased brethren, we believe that the children of thousands of the living brethren of the Order in every section of the jurisdiction would be promptly, cheerfully, aye with alacrity sent to Odd-Fellows' schools—provided, which can scarcely be doubted, equal advantages can be afforded in such academies as are to be found elsewhere. It may be said that ample provision is already made for public education in the different States by legislative or municipal endowment, and that the avenue to enlightenment and intellectual culture is open alike at the public charge to all however humble their place in life—this may be true to some extent in some parts of the country, but we venture the opinion that the advantages held out by such institutions are frequently of doubtful utility, to say nothing of the humiliating position in which they place the children of the poor.

Again, the masses which are usually assembled in the common schools of the cities, of all classes and morals, renders it exceedingly doubtful whether the inmates of such institutions are by such association not the rather reared to indolence and its train of evils, than to virtue and mental culture. There are we know exceptions, just exceptions, to these general observations, especially in the discipline and system of public education in the Eastern States, but from the experience which we have had in relation to public education in our own vicinity, we confess we have ever been of opinion that the founding of a school in Maryland under the direction of the Grand Lodge of the State, for the education of the orphans and children of brethren would give to those interesting subjects of the care of the Order in Maryland better opportunities of improvement, reflect more directly the honor due to Odd-Fellowship in their behalf, and in all human probability, if a generous co-operation on the part of individual brethren could be enlisted in patronizing such an institution, would very much augment the means of usefulness in the hands of the Committee on Education. We may be wrong in these views, wholly wrong, yet they are sincerely entertained, and are thrown out to our brethren for what they are worth.

SECRECY.

Much is said against our institution, because it is presumed there are some secrets which the brotherhood will never reveal, save to those who are accounted to become members. We are free to admit that secrecy is enjoined in our Lodges, and we believe that secrecy necessary, and no sin. If we consider secrecy as an abstract principle, we can adduce a mass of evidence to prove it among the praise-worthy virtues which men are bound to estimate and practice in their intercourse with society, to enable them to perform the duties of their several stations with credit to themselves, and advantage to humanity. It is a duty incumbent on all, of whatever class or station. The apprentice should keep his master's secrets,—the agent, the secrets of his principal—the husband and wife, the secrets of the family:—the juror, the secret deliberations of the twelve,—the statesman, the secrets of his cabinet,—and the sentinel, the secret password by which his post is guarded.

Much as secrecy is spoken against, and much as our Order is reviled for maintaining it, certain it is, secrecy is not a novel doctrine, nor can the assertion that its practice is not necessary be successfully maintained. If custom sanctions any thing, or furnishes evidence of the utility of any practice, then is the practice of secrecy fully sanctioned, and its utility made plain; for it has been peculiar to every nation and people. The Egyptians veiled their religion and politics under its impenetrable mask; and their goddess Isis had this inscription on her altars—"I am all that is, has been, or shall be, and no mortal can remove the veil that covers me."

Lycurgus among his constitutional laws, required that every one keep secret whatever was done or said. For this reason the Spartans were wont when they met at any feast, that the most ancient among them

should show every brother the door whereat they entered, saying—"take heed that not so much as one word pass out from thence, of whatsoever shall here be acted or spoken."

Quintus Curtius says—that the Persians held it as an inviolable law to punish most grievously, him that discovered any secret. The wise king Solomon forbade drunkenness in a king, because it is an enemy to secrecy—and says—"he who discovers secrets is a traitor, and he that conceals them is a faithful brother."

The benefits of our institution are in a great measure preserved and transmitted by the secrecy we observe. Deprive it of this great lever, and it would not long live to moralize and bless. How important then that we heed the admonition—"be secret." It has been wisely said that "secrecy is the key of prudence, and the sanctuary of wisdom"—let it be observed, and Odd-Fellowship will not lose its interest nor its beneficial power.

A wise man says—"whosoever discovereth secrets, loseth his credit." And who among the "faithful" will repose confidence in the man, (be he professedly saint or sinner,) who betrays the secrets of the Order he is so firmly bound to cherish. On the other hand, who will refuse to confide in him who, having promised, is faithful to his pledge, and makes his promise good.

Pliny, in his seventh book and twenty-third chapter, informs us that the faithful Anaxarchus was taken in order that his secrets might be forced from him, but rather than divulge them, he bit his tongue in the midst, between his teeth, and threw it in the tyrant's face. We may not be forced to such a biting extremity, yet we should remember that many will seek to possess themselves of our secrets unlawfully, and therefore we must guard well the different avenues thereto, that their attempts may prove abortive. Our duty to the Order—to ourselves, and to humanity, requires that in some particulars, we should "be secret," and we are in honor bound so to be.

If we neglect the practice of this virtue, the noble designs of our institution, like the mine having vent, will be frustrated, and of none effect; but by the faithful practice thereof according to the requirements of the Lodge, the best designs will be successful, and humanity will ere long approve and bless the institution of Odd-Fellowship.—"*Be secret then.*"

☞ We flatter ourselves that our readers enjoyed a rich treat in the perusal of the June number, by Miss E. W. M.—Eliza M. Walley—and the "Poet's Pledge"—a beautiful poem by "Leonora"—we are so well pleased with it, that we are almost tempted to lift the veil—and say that it was written by Miss Leonora—Wilson, daughter of ex-Gov. Wilson of South Carolina. We shall present our readers with other jewels from the pens of both these writers.

We renew our request to G. Secretaries and G. Scribes to inform us of the names of Representatives elect from Grand Lodges and Encampments at their earliest convenience.

Representatives elect to September Session 1844, so far as heard from.

G. M.	GEN. ALEXANDER M'RAE,	<i>North Carolina.</i>
P. G.	WALTER FRENCH,	<i>New Hampshire.</i>
P. G.	JOHN A. THOMPSON,	} <i>Maryland.</i>
P. G.	ENOCH P. HOLDEN,	
P. G. P.	ROBERT NEILSON,	
P. G. M.	W. W. MOORE,	<i>District of Columbia.</i>
P. G. M.	HORN R. KNEASS,	} <i>Pennsylvania.</i>
P. G. M.	JOSEPH BROWNE,	
P. C. P.	PAUL MOODY,	
P. G.	JACOB HULL,	} <i>Virginia.</i>
P. G.	JOHN D. M'CABE,	

CORRECT THOUGHTS.

IN order that we may guard our lips from profanity, and never mention the name of Deity but with that reverential awe which is due from the creature to his Creator, we must think of God as we ought. Then we shall not be ashamed when we reflect that God knows our thoughts—or that man hears our words. It was one of *Pythagoras'* symbols—*De Deo loqui sine humine nefas esto*—Of God a thoughtless speech denotes a guilty wretch. Let us cultivate the habit of thought,—and let our thoughts of God be correct, that we may not be adjudged guilty, on account of a thoughtless speech.

ANTIQUITY OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

Was Aristotle an Odd-Fellow? The reader will doubtless say, the question propounded is rather singular, and "I will leave it with him who put it forth to answer it." Well, we will give all the testimony we have on the subject, but know not that the question will then be answered to his satisfaction. That evidence is as follows—Aristotle was once asked what thing appeared most difficult to him; and he answered "to be *secret* and *silent*." Whether or not *secrecy* and *silence* were enjoined upon him in Lodge we are not certified, but these virtues are enjoined by more than words, on those who gain admission now. This circumstance alone may not be sufficient to justify us in pronouncing Aristotle an Odd-Fellow, but it is all the evidence we have. If it prove him one, then, certainly, Odd-Fellowship is an ancient institution;—and if he constantly practiced these difficult virtues, he assuredly was an Odd-Fellow. Reader, are you answered?

JOURNAL OF GRAND LODGE U. S.

WE acknowledge the receipt of a copy of this work, through the politeness of the publishers. We have given it an examination and found it full

of interesting matter, and in as far as we are capable of judging, it is remarkably correct. The information it contains is invaluable to every faithful Odd-Fellow, and in putting it forth in the neat manner they have, the publishers have done the Order a very acceptable service. To our brethren generally, and to those of South Carolina and Georgia in particular, we commend the work as worthy to have a place in the library of every one; as it contains a concise account of the Order from 1821 to 1843 inclusive.

The portraits of the Past Grand Sires, so far as we are acquainted with the persons, are remarkably correct; and that of the Corresponding Grand Secretary, we imagine we can almost hear speaking of the progress of the Order, and the want of paying subscribers to the Magazine, as we look upon it. His autograph is very familiar. The work consists of 601 pages, neatly bound in muslin. Price \$2 a copy. McGowan & Treadwell, 68 Barclay street, New York, are the publishers and proprietors, to whom orders may be addressed—also to Babcock & Co. at the sign of Franklin Head, Charleston, S. C., and Dr. Elisha Parsons, Savannah, Ga. The subscriber will procure the work for any brother desiring it in this section.

ALBERT CASE.

Hartford, Ct., June, 1844.

The Golden Rule.—Through the politeness of the proprietors (we presume) we received the first number of this paper, published in the city of New York. In the confusion consequent on moving, we lost or mislaid the copy, and are not able to give the names of the publishers, or state the price of subscription. It is neatly printed—is decidedly an Odd Fellow's paper, and full of interesting and instructive matter. Brother Ridgely in speaking of it says—"We venture the opinion that if it continues as it has begun, to be filled with good matter, that it will live, and that is saying a good deal for a periodical devoted to our Order." We are much surprised at the meagre support our periodicals receive from an Order numbering so many thousands. We know not how brethren who love the institution, can sit content without having a paper devoted to its interests, that would give them information of its progress, and inculcate its principles. And finally, we know not how any Odd-Fellow can receive the Covenant, and neglect or refuse to pay for it. We wish every reader of this would prevail on another brother to subscribe and pay for some paper devoted to Odd-Fellowship.

We commend the following excellent remarks upon a very important subject from the "*Ark*" to our Brethren at large—*Editor*.

"Investigating Committee—More depends on a faithful discharge of the duties of this committee than perhaps on any other part of our work, as to their watchfulness, in a great measure, is entrusted the purity, stability and usefulness of our Order. Charity to its members demands the strictest scrutiny in the admission of those on whom must devolve the responsibility of keeping bright and unspotted its untarnished honor..

How important, then, that reports from these committees should be maturely considered before being presented to the Lodge, so that Brothers unacquainted with the applicant may rely with undoubting confidence on their recommendation.

We should ever remember that all societies which have flourished and fell can trace their decay to the misconduct of their own members, and that our standing will be more injured by one unworthy Brother than by all the shafts of malice and envy united. Then let us resolve to guard with sleepless vigilance the portals of our beloved Order; to be watchful of our own deportment, and unceasing in the practice of those cardinal virtues which have made Odd-Fellowship the delight of the philanthropist of every land."

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

Missouri—Extract of a letter from brother W. W. Gaunt, dated Lexington, May 6th, 1844.

It is with much pleasure that I inform you, that a Lodge of our beloved Order has, after much labor and many disappointments been planted in this place. Many attempts have heretofore been made, (the first I believe in 1841,) to accomplish that object, but none succeeded until the 4th of December last, when in answer to a call for a meeting five qualified brothers responded. We drew up a petition for a charter, and as soon as possible sent it on to St. Louis, for the action of the R. W. G. Lodge of this State, who granted us a charter for *Harrison Lodge, No. 9*, with the following members, viz:—

W. W. GAUNT,	of Friendship	Lodge, Lexington, Ky. N. G.
JOS. H. OLIVER,	" Chosen Friends'	" Louisville, " V. G.
M. W. WITHERS,	" Mississippi	" Natchez, Miss. Sec'y.
JAS. CLOWDESLEY,	" Franklin	" Baltimore, Md. Treas..
M. L. BEAL,	" Far West	" Boonville, Mo. Guard.
P. G. N. A. SPEAR,	" Lafayette	" Georgetown, Ky.
HENRY COURSEY,	" Kindred	" Greensborough, Md.

The first five were the petitioners. The warrant was delivered and the officers installed, with all due form and ceremony, by D. D. G. Sire Wm. S. Stewart, of St. Louis, on the 18th ult. His ability and zeal for the cause needs no comment, as it is already well known to the Order. We still labor under great disadvantages, one of our number having to ride 16 miles to attend our meetings and another 12, and a third lives nearly 30 miles distant. Notwithstanding this we meet regularly every week, and having a bright field of labor before us, and being confident of success, we are determined to overcome all difficulties, and if our utmost energies can accomplish it, our Lodge shall be the "Urim and Thummim" of Odd-Fellowship. Petitions from good and worthy citizens are coming in rapidly.

Michigan—Extract of a letter from D. D. G. Sire Samuel Yorke AtLee, dated Detroit, July 2, 1844.

Herewith you receive a draft for \$62 17, being the 10 per cent. due the R. W. G. Lodge of the United States on the gross receipts of Michi-

gan Lodge, No. 1, I. O. O. F. of Detroit, during the term ending the last month. Last night was the first of the new quarter and I installed the following officers elect, viz: Benj. F. Hall, N. G.—Asher S. Kellogg, V. G.—John Chester, Sec'y—George Doty, Treas. You will observe that by the annual report herewith transmitted, since the establishment of Michigan Lodge No. 1, viz: Dec. 5, 1843, there have become members 103 persons—initiated 92, by card 11. During the interval eight have drawn their cards and one has been expelled, leaving at the close of last term the number of 94 regular contributing members. All this has been done in a little less than seven months; besides organizing another Lodge and an Encampment. Respecting Wayne Lodge No. 2, and the Encampment here, I cannot be so definite, as their officers have not yet transmitted their reports. I was assisted in the installation by Past Grand A. R. Terry of Wayne Lodge No. 2.

From the same, dated July 12, 1844.

A few days ago I sent you the annual and quarterly report of Wayne Lodge No. 2, and to-day I transmit a similar report from Michigan Encampment No. 1. By reference to them you will mark the flourishing condition of Odd-Fellowship in this State. Wayne Lodge was instituted last April and already numbers — members and a Past Grand. I installed on the 1st inst. the officers of the current term, viz:—John Robinson, Jr., N. G.; Charles S. Adams, V. G.; Henry M. Roby, Secretary, and Henry L. Whipple, Treasurer. The ceremonies were well conducted by the aid of P. G. Terry, and the Hall was crowded despite the oppressive heat of the weather.

Michigan Encampment was instituted on the 3d of April last, but the installation did not take place until the 10th of that month. Of course then you must agree that we are industrious workmen when you observe that our Scribe reports 36 R. P. D. Patriarchs at the close of last quarter. The officers elect for the current term are Asher S. Kellogg, C. P.; John Chester, H. P.; Charles S. Adams, S. W.; Henry M. Roby, Scribe; Geo. Doty, Treasurer; James H. Mullett, J. W.; Albert Marsh, Sentinel.—These officers have not yet been installed. The delay of that ceremony is owing to the desire of the Encampment to allow the officers of the past term such additional regular nights of service as will enable them to receive the benefit of the Resolution adopted by the Grand Lodge of the U. States at its last regular communication in regard to cases where less than seven weeks of a quarter shall have expired. The installation will however take place on Thursday the 25th inst., by which time the requisitions of the R. W. Grand Lodge will be complied with.

I regret that the Reports of Wayne Lodge No. 2, and Michigan Encampment No. 1, were not presented to me with the promptitude of Michigan Lodge No. 1.

The neglect of duty was altogether unintentional and must be attributed to causes which fully palliate any apparent disrespect to the rules of the Grand Lodge of the United States. I can assure you that in neither of the three bodies here has there ever been manifested the slightest tendency to insubordination, but they vie with one another in adhering to the usages and land-marks of the Order.

I. O. O. F.

THE COVENANT

AND OFFICIAL MAGAZINE

OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

VOL. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1844.

No. 9.

REMARKS ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

BY BRO. SAMUEL YORKE ATLEE.

THE penalty of death has, for ages, been one of the most prominent features of the code of all Christendom. The free spirit of inquiry has at last attacked it, and philanthropy is denouncing, in unequivocal language, the barbarity of the custom.

The law, in our opinion, sprang from the passion of revenge, and is based on the sentiment of terror. The source of it is, therefore, incompatible with the Christian religion; and the feelings which a public execution is intended to alarm are congenial only to the slaves of despotism.—“Virtue” says Montesquieu, “is the principle of a Republic, honor, of a monarchy, and terror, of a despotism.”

As an American citizen then, and as a man, I most ardently desire the abolition of this horrid penalty. Whether this desire is prompted by the mere disposition to innovate on established usages, or the suggestion of a sickly fastidiousness, my readers can judge without the loss of much time, for I will proceed to respectfully set forth, without further preliminary remarks, some of the reasons which have influenced my mind. I view the punishment of death as, in the first place, wrong in itself; for it at once deprives the State of a citizen while it, by no means, recompenses community for the perpetration of a crime.

In political economy, the surest wealth of a country is held to consist in the number of its inhabitants. No Government is able, by mere enactment of a law, to supply itself with citizens, nor ought it, by arbitrary legislation, to bereave itself of them.

If, indeed, a member of the commonwealth, manifest so violent a spirit

as to disturb the public tranquillity, and transgresses the rules established by his own consent, it is then proper that the conservative power of society should be exerted to restrain his insubordination, and prevent the ills which must inevitably result from impurity.

By his own act, the offender has demonstrated his incapacity to enjoy the rights and privileges of association with his fellows, and, like a child or a lunatic, he must be placed under a guardianship that will correct and control him.

Imprisonment is just, because it certainly prevents a repetition of the offence and affords, at the same time, an opportunity of reformation to the criminal. The State, moreover, is not bereaved of a citizen, and can yet derive advantage from his industry: whereas, to punish an offender with death, destroys at once, both his life and his usefulness.

Besides, the infliction of the penalty of death is an usurped power of Government. "The law of England," from which we derive our maxims of jurisprudence, "wisely and religiously considers," says Blackstone, (book 4, p. 139) "that no man hath a power to destroy life but by commission from God, the author of it."

How the learned commentator, from such a postulate, can draw inferences in vindication of the bloody code of England, we cannot now stop to consider. We merely quote his authority as uncontroverted, and are willing to abide by the legitimate conclusion from such premises.

Society is composed of individuals in collective form, and every man surrenders a portion of his personal rights the better to secure the enjoyment of the rest. All government, then, is constituted of derived power, and the extent of the rights surrendered must always define and limit its authority. "The suicide," continues Blackstone, "is guilty of a double offence; one spiritual, in evading the prerogative of the Almighty and rushing into his immediate presence uncalled for; the other temporal, against the king, who hath an interest in the *preservation of all his subjects*. The law has, therefore, ranked this amongst the highest crimes!"

Hence, it appears, that the law recognizes no right of taking away his own life as belonging to any man, and therefore no power to inflict death could be possibly surrendered by any man nor delegated to any government.

The distinction drawn by our writer between the spiritual and temporal nature of the offence, by no means weakens our position, but strengthens it. We, in this country, recognize no spiritual jurisdiction in our courts, but we fully concur that every temporal motive prompts to the "preservation" of life, and history must enforce on every liberal mind the conviction, that to the iniquitous connection of church and State, and the consequent assumption of spiritual powers by the secular Executive must be mainly if not exclusively attributed the sanguinary character of the code of Christendom.

It is observable that the Greeks and Romans were lenient in their criminal jurisprudence: banishment being deemed the severest penalty.

Death was sometimes decreed, but the instances are separated by centuries, and form but exceptions to the general rule. Livy says of the Romans, that "no people were ever more fond of moderation in punishments," and Cicero in one of his orations cries out—"far, far from us be the punishment of death; its ministers, its instruments! Remove them

not only from their actual operation on our bodies, but banish them from our eyes, our ears, our thoughts, for not their infliction, but the apprehension, the existence of these things is disgraceful to a freeman and a Roman citizen."

The people of Greece sometimes condemned a citizen to death, but dreading to execute their own decree bade the culprit administer to himself the fatal hemlock in the solitude of his cell.

As civilization has advanced the sense of community has become shocked at judicial torture, and the barbarous penalties of that code which terrified the people of the middle ages into submission; and every century has been marked by the progressive and mild spirit of the Christian dispensation. Even under our own eyes and within our remembrance, the pillory and the whipping-post have been held disgraceful aids in the administration of justice, and the frequent discussion of the very question under consideration is a most signal evidence of a new and better spirit shed abroad in men's hearts.

Public opinion is against the infliction of the penalty of death. This is manifest in every trial for a capital offence. The sympathies of community are almost invariably concentrated in behalf of the prisoner, and every legal subtlety is applauded or connived at, which can, in any manner, exculpate the criminal. No one can deny that a much longer time is spent on these occasions, in endeavors to empanel a jury than is required to adjudicate the case: and every man at all conversant with public prosecutions must acknowledge that the tribunal solemnly sworn to try the issue, seems to avail itself of not only "probable" but possible "doubts" of the guilt of the culprit, rather than exercise the awful responsibility of taking away the life of a fellow-creature.

In this era of benevolence, it is somewhat remarkable that the advocates of capital punishment should be found, almost exclusively, amongst the avowed professors and official ministers of that religion, the advent of which was hailed by celestial choirs, as the beginning of peace on earth and good will to man. Unmindful of the precepts and examples of the blessed Saviour of mankind who came "not to destroy men's lives but to save them," heedless of the "spirit" and clinging rather to the "letter" of the law which "killeth," they go about breathing death without remedy to the transgressor. "Who-so sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed," is insisted on as the only sound maxim of criminal jurisprudence: as if a code, designed for an ignorant and degraded people three thousand years ago, were appropriate to this age of intelligence and Christianity!

The abolition of capital punishment is not however, properly to be treated as a theological question. There is no necessity for making it a matter of scripture controversy, and our readers will accord a moment's indulgence while a single observation is thrown out to show how very inappositely the sacred records have been recommended as a legislative guide.

The first case of murder occurring under the jurisdiction of Jehovah, as immediate Judge of mankind, was that of Abel.

It is to be supposed that a precedent would then have been established for the adjudication of all future offences of that grade.

Did then Jehovah put Cain, the murderer, to death? Far from it.—The sentence was banishment, and when the exile cried out that his pun-

ishment was greater than he could bear, and "feared lest every man who met him might slay him," Jehovah denounced "seven-fold vengeance" on his slayer and "set a mark upon Cain lest any finding him should slay him."

Here was as deliberate, wilful and malicious a murder as the annals of turpitude exhibit, and if the matter is to be theologically considered, the example of Jehovah himself is, surely, the safest precedent.

Precepts are liable to divers constructions, but example cannot be misunderstood, especially when the motives of action are avowed.

In this case, the punishment of death was not only expressly forbidden, but actually provided against. If we present some apparent inconsistency between the example set by Jehovah and his precept in the Mosaic code; we have no irreverent intention. We merely wish to show the impropriety of mixing things sacred with profane. The kingdom of Heaven is not of this world, and the Puritans of New England have afforded a striking illustration of the absurdity as well as impossibility of re-enacting the Mosaic laws.

On the disgusting horrors of a public execution we have no disposition to expatiate, and merely allude to it here as exhibiting the change taking place in public opinion; for such spectacles are daily becoming more repugnant to the public taste. In several States, executions are consummated privately, and thus, one of the strongest arguments in their favor, viz: the warning to spectators, has been yielded up.

This is encouraging to philanthropy and to decency, and is a concession involving the absolute surrender, before a very distant day, of this vindictive prerogative.

The fallibility of human testimony is another reason which has influenced our opinion. A volume might be collected of instances, where, on incorrect evidence, innocent men have been convicted, sentenced and executed. Crimes are not committed, as a general rule, except in secrecy. Testimony of a direct, unequivocal character, is so hard to be obtained, that courts have found themselves compelled to admit circumstantial or presumptive evidence.

All men are, certainly, more or less influenced by their feelings, and their testimony must, more or less, be affected by prepossession or prejudice. If, indeed, there could be found a witness of entirely indifferent mind, it cannot be supposed that his memory can, always, be at his command.

Some minute incident involving, perhaps, a critical point in the investigation, may escape his recollection, and a life be forfeited by the oversight. If the punishment of death be inflicted, how irreparable is the fatal mistake! There is no repentance when the victim is in the grave.

A family may be, nay has been, left without a husband and a father; and, after years of destitution and grief, some accidental circumstance or death-bed confession establishes the fact that perjury or ignorance wrought his condemnation and execution.

What help is there, then, for the disgraced widow and orphans? Of what avail to them is the repentant pity of the world? Shunned by friends and estranged for years from their kindred, can the wounded spirit and the broken heart be healed by the posthumous redress of "amending the records" of the court, and reversing the irretrievable sentence? The State

has lost a citizen; and the "inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" have been sacrificed to a slavish veneration of despotic and atrocious usages.

Had imprisonment been substituted for death, justice might have awarded some recompense to the innocent convict.

We have thus, as briefly as practicable, disposed of the question which it was proposed to treat. We have not said all that might be said, or all that we wish to say on the subject. We have endeavored to restrict ourselves, as closely as we could, to the single inquiry "whether capital punishment ought to be abolished?" and have carefully avoided the discussion of the many topics incidental and correlative to it.

Whatever arguments have been advanced are based on facts, but it was deemed unnecessary to occupy the pages of your valuable periodical by enumerating instances and copying statistics. In conclusion, however, let me exhort every one who loves justice *and* mercy to bear in remembrance that crime is frequently provoked by ignorance, poverty or passion; that neither imprisonment nor exile preclude industry, instruction and reformation; and that it is certainly more humane to enlighten the ignorant than suddenly to cut him off with all his imperfections on his head.

Detroit, Michigan, July 27, 1844.

NO IDOLS!

BY MISS C. LOUISE M. DRAWNER.

"I HAVE no idols—no not one;
I worship nought beneath the sun,"
Spake one whose life-sands sped away,
Whose limbs wax'd fainter day by day,
Whose falt'ring tones and wasting breath
Whisper'd *thy* coming, silent Death!
"I have no idols—no, not one;
I worship nought beneath the sun."

The miser dwelt all lonely where
No sound disturb'd the quiet air
Save clinking gold, vile, worthless gold,
For which e'en hopes of Heav'n were sold!

"I have no idols"—soft the words
Floated around like music-chords
Kiss'd by the breeze—a maiden spoke
Across whose cheek a faint blush broke,
As smiling lips pour'd forth a lay
Of love which ne'er should know decay—

"I have no idols—no, not one;
I cherish all things, worship none."

The lover found a stranger's grave
Far o'er the deep Atlantic's wave,
And earth *her* shatter'd form receiv'd
Who for an *idol* madly griev'd!

"I have no idols—true, my heart
Is link'd to thine; we must not part,
But God who bless'd me ne'er shall be
Forgotten, or less lov'd than thee—
I could not smile content wert thou
Heedless of Him to whom I bow,"
Murmur'd a fond and gentle wife
To one who shar'd her all in life.

False doctrines met the husband's ear,
He plung'd in mad'ning guilt's career,
While *she*, that being meek and fair,
Forsook her *God*, *his* lot to share!

"I have no idols—round my hearth
Is heard the tones of childish mirth,
And one fair blossom to my side
Is clinging now, my joy and pride;
Ah! sweet his lisps are to me,
Though nought like vain idolatry,"
A mother said, "dwells in the breast
To which my noble child is press'd."

Death's shadow darken'd o'er a face,
Beaming as with angelic grace,
And maniac tones rang on the air,
Oh! God relent—my treasure spare!

Baltimore, Md., 25th July, 1844.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS IN RUSSIA.

BY A PROFESSOR OF ARMS.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY MISS E. M. WALLEY, OF MACON, GA.

THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE.

"VERY well," said Count Alexis Wanikoff, "your reputation is now established, and you only require an imperial commission to consolidate it. Hold, here is a letter to the Aid-de-camp of the grand duke Constantine, who must already have heard of you. Introduce yourself to him

boldly, with your petition for his brother, the Emperor, and ask him to recommend you."

"But, Count," said I, hesitatingly, "do you suppose he will receive me well?"

"That depends on what you consider a good reception."

"I mean, will he be likely to receive me civilly, graciously?"

"Ah! my dear sir," said Count Alexis, laughing, "you do us too much honor. You would treat us as civilized people, when, in truth, we are still half barbarians. There is the letter. I have opened the door for you, but I can promise you nothing—all depends on the good or bad humor of the czarowich, and you must take your chance. You have a battle to fight, and a victory to gain. Adieu, may good fortune attend you."

I had need of this encouragement, at least, for I knew the reputation of the man with whom I had to do, and I must acknowledge, that to attack an Ukraine bear in his den, would have seemed a less formidable undertaking, than to ask a favor of the czarowich, that strange compound of good qualities and uncontrolled passions.

The grand duke Constantine, who was younger than the Emperor Alexander, and older than the grand duke Nicholas, possessed neither the winning elegance of the first, nor the calm, cold dignity of the latter. He seemed to inherit his disposition entirely from his father, so completely were the peculiar eccentricities of Paul re-produced in him; while the two others resembled Catharine, one in the heart, the other in the head; both possessing that imperial grandeur of character, for which their ancestry was so strikingly distinguished.

Indeed, from the very birth of her two oldest grand-sons, Catharine seems to have resolved that they should divide the world between them; the very names she bestowed, calling one Alexander, and the other Constantine, confirms the idea, and the whole course of their education, which she herself directed, was only in furtherance of this gigantic project.—Thus Constantine, whom she destined for the Eastern Empire, had only Greek nurses and Greek attendants, while Alexander, who was to rule the West, was surrounded by the English. The tutor, common to both brothers, was a Swiss, named Laharpe, cousin to that brave General Laharpe, who served in Italy, under Bonaparte. But the lessons of this excellent instructor, were not received with equal readiness by his two pupils, and the seed, although the same, produced very different fruits; for on one side it fell upon a prepared and generous soil, and on the other, upon one which was by nature wild and sterile.

While Alexander at twelve years of age, replied to Graft, his professor of experimental philosophy, who told him that light was a continual emanation of particles from the sun, "That cannot be, for in that case the sun would be constantly growing smaller," Constantine answered Saken, his private tutor who urged him to learn to read, "I will not learn, for I see that you are always reading, and yet you are a fool."

Something of the characters of the two children may be inferred from these answers.

Constantine's dislike for scientific pursuits was however equalled by his taste for military exercises. The use of arms, the management of horses, the manœuvring of armies, was in his opinion much more useful knowledge for a prince than any of the arts in which his brother delighted.—

After the rupture between Russia and France, he was sent to Italy under the order of field-marshal Suwarrow, who had the charge of completing his military education. A master of this description, quite as much celebrated for his eccentricities as his courage, was ill chosen to reform the natural singularities of Constantine, which consequently instead of disappearing, were increased to such a degree that the question was frequently asked if the resemblance of the young grand duke to his father did not extend even to his aberrations of intellect.

After the treaty of Vienna Constantine was nominated viceroy of Poland. Placed at the head of a warlike people, his military tastes now redoubled their energy, and for want of those real combats in which he had lately been engaged, parades and reviews, those phantoms of war, were his only amusements. Summer or winter, wherever he might be at three o'clock in the morning, he was up and arrayed in his uniform of a general, and no valet was ever required to assist at his toilet. Then, seated at a table covered with military orders, in a room, on each pannel of which was painted the costume of some regiment, he examined the reports delivered the evening before by Col. Axamilowski, or the prefect of police Lubowidzki, approving or disapproving them, but adding to all some remark.

This labor continued till nine o'clock in the morning, when after hastily taking a soldier's breakfast he usually reviewed two regiments of infantry, and a squadron of cavalry. The platoons filed off at equal distances and with mathematical precision before the czarowich, who examined them standing, dressed in the green uniform of a chasseur, and wearing a hat loaded with cock's feathers, which he contrived to place on his head in such a manner that while one corner touched his left epaulette the other pointed to the sky. His brow was narrow, and plowed with deep furrows, indicating continual and anxious thought, while a pair of bushy eyebrows lowering with a constant frown, almost entirely concealed his small blue eyes. This, with his little flat nose and long upper lip, gave a strangely savage expression to his head, which, placed on a neck extremely short and naturally bending forward, seemed sunk between his shoulders.

But when he saw those men whom he had trained, heard their measured steps, and listened to the military music, a species of fever seized him, and his face flushed crimson. His stiffened arms clung convulsively to his body, and the motionless fingers were nervously expanded, while his feet, in continual agitation, beat the time, and his deep guttural voice from time to time uttered hoarse jerking sounds unlike any thing human, which expressed either satisfaction if all went on right, or rage if any thing happened contrary to his discipline. In this last case his punishments were almost always terrible, for the slightest fault procured to the soldier a prison, and to the officer loss of rank. This severity was not indeed confined to men, it extended even to animals. He once caused a monkey, who made too much noise, to be hung in his cage; a horse who stumbled with him received a thousand lashes; and a favorite dog who waked him in the night by howling, was shot by his orders.

As for his good humor, it was not less savage than his anger. He expressed it by shouts of laughter, joyously rubbing his hands, and beating the earth with his feet. In this mood, he would catch up the first child

he met, turn it over and over in every way, kiss it, pinch its nose and cheeks, and end by sending it away with a piece of gold in its hand.—There were however other periods marked neither by joy or anger—hours of complete prostration and profound melancholy—when, weak as a child, he sighed, and laid trembling on the divan or floor. No one then dared to approach him, but on such occasions they opened the doors and windows of his apartment, and a fair, pale lady, tall and slender, usually drest in a white robe with a blue girdle, passed in like an apparition. Her presence seemed to exercise a magic influence on the czarowich. At sight of her, his nervous sensibility revived, his sighs changed to sobs, and tears flowed abundantly. The crisis was then passed, the lady seated herself by him, he laid his head in her lap, fell asleep, and awoke cured. This lady was Jeannette Grudzenska, the guardian angel of Poland.

When a child, as she was once praying in the metropolitan church before a picture of the virgin, a crown of flowers which ornamented it fell upon her head, and an old cossack of the Ukraine who passed for a prophet, being consulted by her father upon this event, declared that the sacred crown which had fallen on her from above, was a presage of one that was destined for her on earth. The father and daughter however had forgotten this prediction, or rather they only thought of it as a dream, when apparent chance brought Jeannette and Constantine together.

Then this half savage man, of ardent and absolute passions became timid as a child: he, whom hitherto nothing had resisted, who with a word had been accustomed to dispose of life or fortune, became an humble petitioner to an obscure old man for the hand of his daughter, supplicating him not to refuse a gift, without which there would be no happiness for him on earth. The old Muscovite then remembered the Cossack's prediction, and saw in Constantine's demand an accomplishment of the decrees of Providence. The grand duke therefore received his consent, and also his daughter's; nothing remained but to gain that of the emperor, which he at length purchased by renouncing his claim to the throne.

Yes, this strange, this inexplicable man, who like the Olympian Jove had made a nation tremble at his frown, gave up, for the heart of a young girl, his double crown of the east and west—that is to say, a kingdom which covers a seventh part of the world, with its fifty-three millions of inhabitants, and the six seas which bathe its shores.

In exchange, Jeannette Grudzenska received from the Emperor Alexander, the title of Princess of Lovicz.

Such was the man to whom I was now to introduce myself. He had just arrived in St. Petersburg, as report said, to confer with the Emperor on an important conspiracy of which he had gained some intelligence at Warsaw, though the clue to farther discoveries was now lost through the obstinate silence of two conspirators whom he had arrested. This circumstance, as may be supposed, was rather unfavorable for one who had so frivolous a request as mine to make. Yet I resolved to run the risk of a reception which could not, under any circumstances, fail of being singular.

The next morning, therefore, I entered a droschki, and departed for Strelna, armed with the Count's letter to General Rodny, Aid-de-camp of the czarowich, and my petition to the Emperor Alexander.

After a two hours ride over a magnificent road, bordered on the left by a succession of country houses, and on the right by fields of unequalled

verdure which extended to the gulf of Finland, we reached the convent of St. Serge, the saint most venerated in Russia after St. Alexander Nieu-ski, and ten minutes afterwards found ourselves in the village. After proceeding about half way down the principal street, we turned to the right, and in a few moments stopped before the castle. The sentinel would have prevented me from entering, but on seeing my letter to General Rodny, I was permitted to pass.

I mounted the steps, and reached an ante-chamber, where I learned that General Rodny was occupied with the czarowich, and was conducted to an apartment which commanded the view of magnificent gardens, intersected by a canal running directly to the sea, where I waited while an officer carried him my letter. In a few minutes, the same officer returned and desired me to follow him.

The czarowich was standing near the fire, for although it was scarcely the end of September, the air began to be chilly. He had just finished dictating a dispatch to General Rodny who was seated. Not being aware that I was so soon to be introduced, I stopped in some embarrassment on the threshold, surprised to find myself so quickly in his presence. But the door was scarcely closed, when projecting his head, without any other movement of the body, he fixed his little piercing eyes on me.

"Your country?" said he.

"France, your highness."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-six years."

"Your name?"

"G——"

"And you wish for an imperial commission to teach the use of arms in one of my brother's regiments?"

"That is the object of my ambition."

"You say that you are first rate?"

"I ask pardon of your imperial highness, that is not for me to say."

"No, but you think it?"

"Your imperial highness knows that pride is the besetting sin of the human race; besides, I have given an exhibition of my skill, and your highness may inquire the result."

"I know all about it, but you were only opposed to second-rate amateurs."

"And therefore I spared them."

"Ah, you spared them, did you? and if you had not spared them, what would have happened?"

"I should have hit them ten times to their twice."

"Oh, ho! thus myself for example, could you hit me ten times to my twice?"

"That would depend on circumstances."

"Ah! what circumstances?"

"It would be according as your imperial highness desires to be treated. If you exact the deference due to a prince, you will undoubtedly hit ten times to my twice, but if you permit me to use you like the rest of the world, it is probable that I shall hit ten times to *your* twice."

"Lubenski," cried the czarowich, rubbing his hands, "Lubenski, bring my foils. Oh, ho! boaster, we shall see."

"What, will your highness permit?"

"My highness does not permit, my highness *orders* you to hit me ten times if you can. Come, are you going to draw back?"

"I certainly will do my utmost to obey your highness' commands."

"Very well, take these foils and this mask, and let me see a little of your work."

"It is in obedience to your highness."

"Yes, yes, an hundred, thousand, million times I say yes; but remember I must have my ten blows, do you hear," cried the czarowich, commencing the attack, "not one less. I will not excuse you a single one, ha, ha!"

Notwithstanding this gracious invitation I contented myself with parrying, without even indulging in a thrust.

"Well!" cried he, warming up, "I suspect you are sparing me. Come on man, come on. Ha! ha!"

And I saw the blood rush to his face beneath his mask, and his eyes sparkled like fire.

"Now then, the ten blows, where are they?"

"Your highness, my respect ———"

"Go to the devil with your respect! hit me! hit me!" he shouted.

Taking instant advantage of his permission, I hit him three times in succession.

"That's well. Well," cried he, now for my turn. Ha! a hit! a hit!"

This was true.

"I perceive that your highness is not inclined to spare me, and that I must do my best."

"Do your best then, do it. Ha! ha!"

Again I hit him four times, and in return received one from him.

"A hit, a hit!" cried he, stamping with joy. "Remember Rodny, I have hit him twice to his seven."

"Twice to my ten, your highness," cried I, pressing on him in my turn. "Eight, nine, ten. We are quit."

"Well, well," cried the czarowich, "very well! but of what use would all this be to my soldiers? It is the sabre they want—are you expert in the use of the sabre?"

"I think so, your highness."

"Could you, with a sabre, defend yourself on foot against a man on horseback, armed with a lance?"

"I believe I could, your highness."

"You believe, but you are not sure. Oh ho! you are not sure?"

"Yes, indeed, your highness, I *am* sure."

"Ah! you are sure that you could defend yourself?"

"Yes, your highness."

"You could parry a lance?"

"I *could* parry it."

"Against a man on horseback?"

"Against a man on horseback."

"Lubenski! Lubenski!" cried the czarowich, again, "get me a horse, get me a lance; a lance, a horse, do you hear; quick! quick!"

"But my Lord ———"

"Ah! you seek to draw back, ha, ha!"

"I do not seek to draw back, my lord, and with any other person for an opponent, this trial would be highly agreeable to me."

"Very well! and against me why is it not so?"

"Opposed to your highness, I equally fear failure or success; for if successful, I fear you may forget that I acted by your orders——"

"I never forget; besides here is Rodny before whom I have given you the order, and before whom I once more command you to treat me as you would him."

"I must observe to your highness that you have not yet put me quite at my ease, for I should treat his excellency very respectfully also."

"Flatterer! you think to make a friend, but no one influences me; I judge for myself. You have succeeded once, I shall see if you are as successful a second time."

At this moment an officer appeared before the windows, leading a horse and holding a lance.

"Come," continued Constantine, rushing out, and making me a sign to follow him, "and you, Lubenski, give him a sabre, a good sabre, a sabre that suits his hand, a sabre of the horse-guards. Ah! ha! we shall see. Now take care of yourself."

At these words he sprung upon his horse, a wild courser of the steppes, whose mane and tail swept the ground, and performed several difficult evolutions with remarkable skill, all the while playing with his lance.—In the mean time, three or four sabres were brought for me to choose from; my choice was soon made; I extended my hand, and took the first that offered.

"There! there! are you ready?" cried the czarowich.

"Yes, your highness."

He immediately put his horse on the gallop to reach the other end of the alley.

"But surely this is a joke," said I, to General Rodny.

"I assure you that nothing is more serious," he replied: "defend yourself as you would in a real combat, for your life is in danger; that is all I can tell you."

The matter was becoming more important than I had anticipated. If it had been only to defend myself, and return blow for blow, I would willingly have taken my chance. But this was another affair; with my heavy sabre, and his long slender lance, the joke might become very serious; but I was in for it, and there was no retreat; therefore, calling up all my coolness and address, I faced the czarowich.

He had already reached the end of the alley, and turned his horse.—Notwithstanding what Rodny had told me, I still hoped to find it a joke, when shouting for the last time, "Are you ready?" I saw him put his lance in vest, and the horse to his utmost speed. I was not fully convinced till that moment, that I had my life to defend.

The horse plunged madly on, and the czarowich laid himself on his neck in such a manner that he was hidden by the waving mane which floated in the wind; I saw nothing of him but the top of his head between the animal's ears. On reaching me, he endeavored to strike a blow with his lance full in my breast, but I avoided it by bounding aside, and the horse and rider pressed onward by their own impetus, passed without

harming me. When he saw that he had missed his mark, the czarowich stopped his horse short, with marvellous address.

"Very well, very well!" said he, "we will try it again."

And without giving me time to make any observation, he wheeled his horse round on his hind legs, regained his starting place, and after inquiring if I was ready, burst on me with more fury than before; but as formerly, I had my eyes fixed on his, and anticipated all his movements; therefore, seizing the favorable moment I parried his thrust and sprung to the right, so that the horse and rider passed me again as ineffectually as before.

The czarowich uttered a kind of low roar; this tourney had excited him like a real combat, and he was determined that it should end to his honor; therefore, at the moment when I supposed all was over, I saw him preparing for a third course. But thinking we had had enough of it, I resolved that this should be the last.

Consequently, when he once more approached me, instead of contenting myself with simply warding off his attack, I struck a violent blow on the shaft of his lance which cut it in two, and left him disarmed; then seizing his horse by the bridle, I stopped him so violently as to force him back on his haunches, at the same instant pointing my sabre at the breast of the czarowich. General Rodny uttered an exclamation of terror. He thought I was going to kill his highness, and Constantine had undoubtedly the same idea, for I saw him turn pale. But instantly stepping back, and bowing to the grand-duke,

"Your highness sees," said I, "what I can teach your soldiers, if you think me worthy of being their instructor."

"Yes, the devil take you! yes, you are worthy, and you shall have a regiment or I will lose my name. "Lubenski, Lubenski!" continued he, leaping from his horse, "see that Pulk is returned to his stable, and you come and let me recommend your petition."

I followed the grand duke to a saloon, where he took a pen and wrote at the bottom of my application.

"I humbly recommend the above-signed to your imperial majesty, believing him entirely worthy of the favor he solicits."

"And now," said he, "take this paper, and put it into the Emperor's hand yourself. You will run the risk of imprisonment if you are caught speaking to him about it, but faith! those who risk nothing, have nothing. Adieu! if ever you visit Warsaw, come and see me."

I bowed joyfully at this happy termination of my adventure, and regaining my droschki took the road to St. Petersburg, carrying with me the all powerful recommendation.

In the evening I went to thank Count Alexis for his advice, though it had so nearly cost me dear; and the next day at about ten o'clock in the morning, I departed for the palace of Tzarko-Selo, where the Emperor then resided, resolved to stroll in the gardens till I met him, and then risk the punishment to which any one is liable who presents a petition to him in person.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

BY MISS E. C. HURLEY, OF NEW YORK.

BLISSFUL are thy slumbers
 Thou child of promise rare,
 Though nature's beauties round thee spring
 Naught is of earth so fair.

Thy breathings, Oh ! how gentle,
 Thy ruby lips apart,
 More lovely than the bud of rose,
 Or richest work of art.

What are thy dreams sweet infant,
 Dost seem to soar on high,
 To meet the song of angels
 Who chant thy lullaby.

A smile illumines thy features,
 A pure seraphic smile,
 Such smile as thine must Eve's have been,
 Ere she had dream'd of guile.

Oh ! innocence, soft emblem,
 Of peace to man once known,
 E're sin's seductive blandishments,
 Made the weak heart its own.

ADDRESS.*

WORTHY AND RESPECTED BROTHERS :—I feel myself greatly indebted to you all, for your kindness and confidence in me ; in entrusting to my limited ability the honour of filling the different chairs as presiding officer of this Lodge. Aware of my inexperience in the business of the Lodge, nothing but a confidence that the same courtesy and liberality which induced you to confer on me this honour, would be extended to the performance of its duties, could have even justified my acceptance of that honour. I shall always appreciate this instance of your confidence, with a friendly and lively recollection, not only as an honour of the highest nature, but as a testimonial of the respect and esteem of men whom it will always be a pleasure to me to claim as brothers. Although it belongs to more proficient brothers than myself to develope the origin and history of Odd-Fel-

*Delivered by Past Grand Vincent Copes, before the William Tell Lodge, No. 4, I. O. O. F., Baltimore, Md., on delivering up his chair to his successor in office, 2d July, 1844.

lowship, and to pronounce its encomium, yet it will not, I hope, be deemed out of order on this occasion, concisely to review the lofty and noble character that has hitherto distinguished Odd-Fellowship, and to indulge in a prospective view of our future destinies, and the benefits that may result from our future operations. The reflection that this institution is the most ancient of all moral, social, political, literary and benevolent societies, is just cause of pride and satisfaction to every enlightened and candid member. Whatever may be the diversity of opinion as to the precise period of its commencement, yet it seems to me that if an assembled universe was acquainted with it, it would be conceded by all that it is coeval with the first inhabitants of the earth, and it appears that every thing but Odd-Fellowship has changed, and have constantly been changing from the remotest period of history.

It is equally a source of pleasing reflection in the review of our past operation, that our institution is being known and embraced through the whole habitable world; and that its votaries find brothers and friends of the same family, wherever chance or destiny may convey them. It is our boast too, that for ages past the most illustrious sovereigns, statesmen, divines and philosophers of every age and country have been proud to enrol themselves as brothers of the most benevolent and distinguished association that man ever formed, and notwithstanding the wide diffusions of its myseries to bretheren of all politics, climes and religions, they have been inviolably withheld from the rest of the world. These considerations, with others, which the heart and imagination of every brother of this Lodge will easily supply, ought to impress us deeply with the propriety and necessity of devoting ourselves to the preservation of its character and usefulness.

To preserve friendship, harmony and social intercourse in the bosom of the Lodge, it is desirable, if not indispensable, that mutual respect and esteem should be cherished among its members; and therefore the greatest circumspection should be exercised in relation to the moral and charitable character and disposition of candidates. But above all, we should scrupulously examine and guard ourselves against the indulgence of sectarian or political feeling within these sacred walls. These have been the bane of all moral, charitable and literary societies that ever were formed; and it is in vain for us to hope, that the pillars of our fabric, though of long duration and firmly established now, will be exempt from the downfall which the same cause have invariably accomplished in other institutions. Here we are brethren of the same family, endeared by ties that ought never to be broken. Here the lion and the lamb truly lie down together. The objects we have in view are the same, and concerning them there can be no diversity of opinion or sentiment. Let us then cordially unite our hearts in the accomplishment of the grand work and duty before us, with a single eye to their honour and full performance; and thereby we shall preserve and perpetuate the character and blessings of this venerable and exalted association.

But permit us for a moment to turn our attention from this subject, and doing so an emotion of pure delight is enkindled in our hearts, as we contemplate the remaining pillars of "beauty," studded like bright and sparkling gems with those Odd-Fellowship virtues, which shed a softening lustre over the magnificence of the temple, and which like the gloomy

wall of some ancient and deserted castle, might perhaps protect us from the "pitiless storm" without, but would afford nothing to console, animate and cheer us in our lonely retreat. In the exercise of "brotherly love and relief," the heart of the Odd-Fellow glows with a principle pure and holy, expanding with every heaving breath until it embraces in the scope of its affection the whole family of man. The sordid calculation of avarice, the contracted and selfish views of covetousness, and a cold indifference and disregard to suffering humanity, find here no resting or abiding place.—No vain and ostentatious display mark his progress in the dispensation of his munificence; no herald sounding the trump of his fame is heard in the way before him. But in the lonely and wretched vale of misery and suffering humanity, is to be found the theatre of his splendored and exalted actions. Having been enlightened in the governing principles of his profession; having felt their influence strongly impressed upon his mind by the most solemn and forcible symbolical representations; having applied them with assiduity and zeal, to his individual advancement and improvement in virtue, truth and honesty, and having received the sacred treasures of inspiration as the rule of his constant faith and practice, he is richly "furnished unto every good word and work," and well prepared to officiate according to his ability, as the almoner to the needy, and as the minister of consolation to the afflicted. Although in his feelings, principles and obligations, he has strong incentives to benevolent action towards those to whom he is allied by affinity of principle, and to whom he is connected by cords stronger even than ligaments of life: Yet it is not such alone who feel the kindly influence of his liberality. But within the sphere of his action, and the extent of ability it is not with him, is he Jew, or is he Gentile? is he of this religious sect, or is he of that? but is he needy and in distress? is he suffering and in affliction? And with a heart glowing with generous sympathy towards such of the children of misfortune, he extends to them the hand of relief. It is in the possession of this principle, in the warm glow of brotherly love and charity, and extending that needful relief which it prompts, that man on earth is exalted to his true dignity and glory, and appears as the angel of mercy bending with generous compassion over the misfortunes of suffering humanity.

In the pursuit of that truth which Odd-Fellowship teaches, the persevering brothers find, at every step of his progress additional light bursting upon his understanding, and confirming him in the correctness of those principles which he has received. And while surveying with admiration the beauty, the utility, and excellence of that moral edifice into which he has been conducted, and witnessing the peculiar fitness and the application of its emblems to the moral objects designed, his attention is constantly attracted by the superior refulgence of the first great light in Odd-Fellowship, that sacred work which alone can make us wise unto salvation.

Having thus faithfully and perseveringly pursued his object, truth, he is well prepared to travel the remainder of his pilgrimage through the rough, difficult and dangerous way of darkness and tears; and with a firm and unshaking confidence in that faithful conductor, "who leads the blind by the way they know not," he will safely pass the "veils of mystery," and consequently find himself truly exalted.

Beloved Brothers:—Much of the glory and renown which the institution to which we belong has hitherto possessed, has depended upon the reputa-

tion, character and zeal of its votaries. Hitherto its character has been well sustained, and it has been handed down to us unsullied in its reputation, and unimpaired in the purity of its principles. Seeing then that so valuable and important a deposit is committed to our care, let us evince to the world by our faithfulness and zeal, that we are not unmindful of the magnitude of the charge, and the responsibility of the trust. And although we do not, neither can we expect among Odd-Fellows, an exemption from the frailties and imperfections of human nature. Yet having taking upon ourselves a solemn profession of a strict and rigid morality, it is, and will be expected that we shall in some measure exemplify in our practice that which seems to appear so praiseworthy in theory.

Let us then endeavour so to demean ourselves as the citizens and subjects of a free government, as fully to comply with the charge given us at our initiation, "to pay just obedience to our superiors, and act in subordination to the laws of our country," and by continuing faithfully in our endeavours to maintain the character of the friends of order, and of law, and to discharge our duty as "good men and true," as faithful citizens and subjects, we shall continue to merit, and to receive the confidence of a liberal people. Let us continue to cultivate the principles and practice the work of benevolence and charity, thereby offering to the Christian world continual proofs (if proof indeed be wanting) that Odd-Fellowship is too closely allied, and too strongly bound to Christianity by the ligament of principle, ever to be found in the ranks of her enemies; and that wherever that gospel which bringeth life and immortality to light, shall be proclaimed, there the genius of Odd-Fellowship is, and will and shall continue to be found co-operating with Christianity in the great work of reform; and that she does, and will continue to hold a conspicuous rank among those mighty moral engines, which are in operation for the benefit of the human family, and which in their progress are calculated to enlighten and overspread with their happy influence the whole habitable globe.

Finally, Brothers—let the emblems of our Order, those external ornaments of an honourable brotherhood, have their appropriate and constant application to our hearts and lives, and continually remind us of our duty to God, our neighbour and ourselves. Thus the institution shall be handed down through all succeeding times as safely protected, as though guarded by the mystic cloud by day, and the miraculous fire by night. And when then at last the principles, the secrets, and all other things belonging to the Order, shall be fully disclosed, and stand confessed before an assembled universe; then shall those who are found most faithful, hear the soul-enrapturing declaration, "These shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."

ODD-FELLOWSHIP—No. 3.

IN my last number I spoke particularly on the financial part of our system, and in a brief manner attempted to show its importance in the work of our Order, and as giving us the ability to carry out the principles we profess. It is my desire in this to direct attention to our By-Laws and

Rules of Order, not for the purpose of establishing any particular law, or sett of laws, but to shake off that careless spirit that often takes possession of our minds in relation to objects quite within our reach. This is the more important for the reason that members sometimes manifest almost as much ignorance in regard to them, as though they had never read them.

All associations that are formed for the purpose of mutual benefit require something for a general guide; something to which they can refer if a member is charged with wrong, and in which any one can find his duties plainly pointed out. The necessity for this, arises from the fact that men's minds are as various as their faces, and experience teaches us that no harmonious action can be had, without some common ground on which we may all stand, and feel an equal right.

Having once adopted a code of laws, and established general principles we should all watch with an eagle eye that none of the same are violated. Circumstances may, and doubtless will arise in which a more full and definite explanation of duty would be desirable. If however the general principle is plainly laid down, the particulars in most cases may be easily inferred. To have a particular rule for every little circumstance that may occur, would be to have a volume too ponderous to be useful. In this country where every thing is in a state of most rapid progression; frequent changes are to be anticipated, and it will be strange indeed if there is not motions or resolutions made to alter or amend the by-laws. This is all right if they are proved to be inefficient, but until ample experience has proved them so we should be careful how we alter, or amend them.

Stability of character is an essential element in individual greatness, and as a general rule is equally so to societies. I think it cannot be denied that frequent changes in the laws have a strong tendency to create ill feelings and divisions in any society, and for this reason we should endeavour to reflect well on what we do; we should endeavour to have as much permanency as practicable. We should make ourselves thoroughly acquainted with the laws we have adopted for our guide. A neglect to do so will render us unfit to discuss in a becoming and brotherly manner the various subjects that from time to time will be brought before the Lodge. We profess to meet together for purposes of Benevolence and Charity, and the best and kindest feeling, should at all times pervade all hearts.

We all have feelings that may be deeply wounded, and we all have rights that must be observed and protected. Let us then be no longer careless in this matter, but rather let us study well our by-laws and rules of order, make ourselves thoroughly acquainted with our duty for knowing that we shall not only be prepared to defend our own rights, but also the rights of others.

There is another subject that has doubtless often presented itself to many of the brethren, and which if properly managed would result in much good to the Order. I mean that of establishing a Library fund, by which in the course of time every Lodge would be able to own a handsome collection of books. The age in which we live is most emphatically a reading age. Library's of useful knowledge have been found to be of incalculable benefit to mankind. Meeting as we do weekly for the transaction of such business as comes before the Lodge, we shall be able to exchange books without any inconvenience, and besides it would be a new incen-

tive to be regular at Lodge meetings. There is no doubt many of our brethren, because they do not chance to find books to suit their taste, read but little of any thing, their means will not permit them to go to a bookstore and select such books as they wish. Now if such could have free access to a good Library they would soon acquire a habit of reading. It may be said that some have not the time to read, now we do not believe there is any one in this country if he desires to do so, but can find the time to read a vast amount in the course of the year.

Let us suppose for a moment that every Lodge in the United States were in possession of a Library, composed principally of literary, scientific and historical knowledge. These books would be read and those who read them would be constantly acquiring intellectual ability, thus should we see solved the great problem of civilization, and man be enabled to form for himself a free and enlightened judgment.

Without any desire to dictate the *modus operandi* by which a Library fund shall be created, the books procured, and the brethren admitted to a free enjoyment of the same. I here suggest for the consideration of the brethren, that which appears to me to be at once efficient, and least felt by the members generally. We will suppose that it is made the duty of every member to pay a contribution of twenty-five cents each and every quarter, we will also suppose a Lodge to consist of one hundred members, this would give us an income of one hundred dollars per year. Let there be a committee of three or five members, whose duty it shall be to purchase books, this of itself would give us in ten years a Library worth one thousand dollars, and besides, many of the brethren would give donations of books, and our Library although it might not grow like Jonah's gourd all in one night, yet we fancy that it would not be long in making quite a respectable appearance in our Lodge room. I am much deceived as to the liberality of the brethren if we should not find instead of one thousand dollars worth of books, we should find some two or three thousand dollars worth at the expiration of ten years.

The duties of the Librarian would require his attention only one night in each week, and we think a small salary would secure the services of a competent brother to attend to it. It is presumed that each Lodge is abundantly able to support a good Library, and we hope the brethren will take this subject into consideration and devise some means for its accomplishment, whether it is done by a uniform assessment or contribution; or whether it is done by voluntary donation of money or books, or both, it matters not so the plan is carried into effect, and all brothers in good standing are permitted to have free access to the Library. When we contemplate the receptive capacity of the human mind, and find that the more we put into it the more it can hold, and when we consider that intellectual acquirements increases man's capacity for being useful in the world, we feel inclined to do all we can to open and expand the human mind.

The power that knowledge gives may be abused, and that it often is so, cannot be denied; yet we beg leave to differ with some who contend that the abuse of a thing is an argument against its use, if the thing is not in itself bad, our desire should be not to annihilate, but to draw a line of demarcation between the use, and the abuse.

All the relations of our Order prompt us to cultivate a spirit of good will to man. The principles of Odd-Fellowship are calculated to free the

mind of all those narrow prejudices, that so often hang like an incubus on our social relations. They take within their gentle arms, and seek to bless the whole family of man.

GEORGIA.

ON THE FALL OF TWO FAVORITE TREES

DURING A TEMPEST.

BY MISS PENINA MOISE, OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

HAST thou ne'er marked from birth to prime,
Some child of promise as it passed
Through all the mazy tracks of Time,
Towering on Reason's height at last?
Chords in his heart for touch or glory,
Tints in his cheek for Hope to heighten;
Dew in his eye for pity's story,
Or young affection's glance to brighten?

Hast thou not wept as sullen knell,
Borne plaintively upon the breeze,
Pierced through thy stricken ear to tell,
The tomb had yawned for one of these?
Yet from thy brow would care depart,
When the soul's charter was recalled;
Blight may not touch the ethereal part,
Though matter the pure essence thrall'd.

Thus born of Spring those trees uprose,
Late veriant screens before my sight,
Their leafy honors to disclose,
Thrice Summer lent soft dews and light.
I knew that Time's all withering hand,
Forever caters Death's repast;
Like all frail things at his command
Decay had soon their bloom o'ercast.
Yet dreamed I not of scathing storm,
Casting its demon spell around;
Their emerald beauties to deform
With rugged desolation's wound.

And shall their stems be leafless ever?
'Neath earthly clays their roots too perish
Ah no! the parent clay will never
Detain them while there's life to cherish.

Sweet influences again shall rise,
Celestial urns once more bestow
The purest streams that e'er baptise
The Spring's enchanting embryo.
From transient death their foliage freed,
Shall proudly tower to the skies ;
Like spirit cast corruption's seed
And spring to Heaven in purer guise.

From the Golden Rule.

BOSTON CELEBRATION.

OUR Boston brethren celebrated the third anniversary of the re-establishment of the Order in that city on the 22d inst., at Faneuil Hall, in a manner culculated to reflect the highest credit on their taste and zeal. A dinner was gotten up on strict temperance principles, and in magnificent style, to which about *seven hundred* of the brethren were seated, entirely filling up the whole area of the noble old edifice. The G. Master of the State, Rev. E. H. Chapin, presided, supported by G. Sire Howell Hopkins and P. G. Sire J. A. Kennedy, and a number of other distinguished brethren from distant parts of the country, among whom were P. D. G. Sire R. Neilson, of Baltimore, and G. Secretary J. G. Treadwell, of New York. The Vice Presidents of the day were Bros. Raymond Cole, Jos. L. Drew, — Schoaler, E. Adams and E. Tyler. The Boston papers describe the repast as "elegant and bountiful;" and judging from the accounts given us by some of those who were present, we have no doubt that it merited all the encomiums bestowed upon it.

After the first grand division of the dinner had been duly despatched, the President took the advantage of the general rest of knives and forks to deliver a brief address upon the history, character, utility, and benevolent purposes of the institution. It was one, he said, as much called for in an age of great civilization, as ever it had been in the days of barbarism or chivalry. In those rude days communities of analagous character existed, and were not without their influence in softening the rigors of the public institutions and policy of the times, in which the duties of friendship and charity were utterly disregarded. So in the present age, and in our own country, where the chief energies of men are devoted to money-getting, or to the attainment of political patronage, or in the endeavor to prevent the attainment of it by others. In these struggles for wealth or victory; the tender charities of life—love, friendship and truth—were trampled under foot by the combatants on either side, and a great amount of human distress existed of which the managing spirits of the time took no notice, simply because they could make nothing out of it. This overpowering selfishness was, he said, incidental to the degree of civilization at which the more enlightened nations had arrived. It stimulated the building of railroads and steamers for the enriching of particular sections of the country, by drawing travel to them, and it erected alms-houses, in which the unfortunate sick, the infirm and the aged may eke out a miser-

able existence without experiencing a ray of friendship or sympathy, and then die with the degrading badge of pauperism upon them. Therefore a large field was open for the exertions of a brotherhood instituted for the purpose of aiding those whose misfortunes and distresses are overlooked by those who are engaged in the engrossing struggle to control the general affairs of the community. While one class in society was straining every nerve—the highest faculties of their minds—to bind this country together with rail roads, he would have another class organized whose object should be to extend the bonds of humanity and philanthropy, and fraternal sympathy above and beyond the iron bands spread over the land by the other class; and in the institution of Odd-Fellowship be recognised such a body. Without regard to politics, to religion, to rank and condition, or whether an acquaintance or a stranger, they extend the hand of friendship and fraternity to every faithful brother in health or sickness, in joy or sorrow, in prosperity or adversity. Fidelity to the principles of the Order—which embrace the entire duty of a Christian towards his fellow-men—was all that was required to entitle a brother to all the advantages of the institution. The eloquent chairman, who spoke with great fervor and effect, closed his excellent remarks by the following sentiment—

The Order.—In celebrating, as we do to-day, its revival in Massachusetts, we celebrate the law of love and the spirit of human brotherhood.

The President then introduced the M. W. G. Sire Hopkins to the brethren, remarking that we gladly extend to him the open hand of fellowship, and welcome him to Massachusetts.

G. Sire Hopkins was received in the most rapturous manner: when he briefly explained the purposes of the Order, and congratulated Massachusetts with her forty Lodges, as holding the first rank of Odd-Fellowship in the Union; and concluding with the following as a sentiment.

The Order in Massachusetts.—May its principles be extended until you rank within its pale every individual in the commonwealth.

District Deputy Grand Sire Guild, in introducing Past Grand Sire Kennedy, of New York City, gave—

Health, happiness and long life to the worthy Past Grand Sire—In point of activity and usefulness he may be considered a veteran in the cause of Odd-Fellowship.

The P. G. Sire acknowledged the personal compliment extended to him, and regretted the weakness of his claim to it. He then briefly alluded to his connexion with the brothers who, only five in number, had three years ago raised the fallen standard of the Order, which had now enrolled under its folds in the State of Massachusetts, some four thousand members, referring, especially, to the efforts of P. G. M. Hersey, who was the first G. Master installed under the original organization there; and was again the first to be placed in the said office on the restoration. He acknowledged his intimacy with the prosperity of the Order in other places, but was compelled to confess that the advance made in Massachusetts surpassed it all. And closed with the following sentiment—

The occasion we have met here to celebrate.

P. G. M. Hersey then proposed—

The principles of Odd-Fellowship—a light to enlighten the philanthropist, a terror and a stumbling block to bigotry and fanaticism.

The President remarked that there was present with them to-day a rep-

representative from the old trunk, the branches of which were extending from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, and he would give—

The Odd-Fellows of Maryland—We are happy to give them, to-day, the friendly “grip” of the Order, in the person of this Brother.

P. D. G. Sire Neilson was then introduced, and replied to the annunciation of the President in a happy vein. He prided himself in being a part of that old trunk; the mother of Lodges, and the architect of the destinies of the Order. He briefly alluded to the planting of it when but a twig, its retarded early growth, the effect of careful attention to its after rapid extension, the magnitude of the branches which had grown from it, and the territory now overshadowed by its foliage. In the course of these remarks he made many pleasant allusions to the *old trunk*, which drew from the brethren the most marked expressions of approbation. He was elaborate on the mottoes of the Order, impressing their truth and beauty, and eloquently descanted upon the lesson to initiates that “We are Odd-Fellows only when we act and speak like honest men.”

He concluded by referring to the open attack made upon the Order from the pulpit, and congratulated the brethren in Boston on the forbearance they had manifested when goaded by calumny and vituperation. He said that “it rejoiced the very heart of the old trunk when these assaults were treated by the brethren with the contempt they deserved. Only permit those gentlemen to blow off their steam, if he might so term it, and the engine will stop of its own accord.” The worthy brother took his seat amid great applause.

Grand Secretary Hilliard being called upon by the President, made a chaste and beautiful speech, from which we learn that three years ago only five individuals undertook to revive the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows in this State, and that now it numbered within the Commonwealth at least 4000. Mr. Hilliard introduced Grand Secretary John G. Treadwell, of New York, who gave, as a sentiment—

The Order of Odd-Fellowship—Great has been its progress; may its course be onward until its principles shall be planted in every section of our land.

The Chairman here read a letter from Past Grand Andrews, expressive of his regret that he could not be present, and closing with the following, as a sentiment:

Be just to God, and just to man,
Then injure any—if you can;
Friendship cheers the sinking soul,
The sorrowing heart it doth console.

At this stage of the entertainment Mr. Chapin being called away by necessary duties, relinquished the Chair to Vice President Cole, who gave, as soon as Mr. C. had left the hall.

Grand Master Chapin—the eloquent advocate of all that is good—a fit representative of Odd-Fellowship,

Which was received with long-continued, enthusiastic applause.

Past Grand Convers, of Conn., being called on, proposed.

Odd-Fellowship—the widow's hope, the orphan's friend.

Rev. Bro. E. M. P. Wells, after some historical remarks, implying that Washington, Hancock, the two Adams, and Peter Faneuil, whose effigies all hung in the hall, were in principle Odd-Fellows—the last a very *odd* fellow—gave

The memory of Peter Faneuil, of 1740.

Bro. John Wright, who furnished the excellent dinner, gave

Faneuil Hall—may it never be occupied by a worse set of *fellows* than Odd-Fellows.

The regular toasts of the entertainment was then announced by Grand Secretary Hilliard.

REGULAR TOASTS.

Our Institution—one whereby every man is taught to feel his dependence on God and his greatest duty towards his fellow-man—Charity.

The present and past officers of the G. L. of the U. S.—may they live long, enjoying the fruits of the good seed of Odd-Fellowship sown and matured by them, and when they depart this life be welcomed with “well done good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

The Clergy—while they hold the *Truth* in love, may they have no Fellowship with sin, but denounce it in tones of thunder, at the same time convincing the sinner that it was done with all the tenderness of *Friendship*.

When base Thersites by vile envy moved,
Traduced those honored names the Greeks had loved,
’Tis said Ulysses with indignant hand,
The lying varlet lashed along the strand;
Such retribution no Odd-Fellow seeks—
He feels but pity when a C****r speaks!

When this toast was announced Rev. Bro. McLeish, of Malden, rose and made a short speech, which elicited, throughout, the most tremendous applause, and at its close was honored with “three times three.”—The Rev. gentleman said among other things, that if bigotry, fanaticism and oppression should ever compel him to withdraw from his pulpit, those hands of his should dig potatoes and sweep the streets for support, rather than he would ever renounce the principles of Odd-Fellowship;—and in allusion to the opponents of the Order, he said they were opposing “Truth and Purity and Love, the simples that deck the throne of the living God.”

The beauties of Odd-Fellowship—appreciated by those who have drunk of its fountain, we invite all who are worthy, to come and partake of its waters.

The city of Boston—celebrated as she has been for her liberality, may the time be far distant when the people are compelled to ask of their servants the use of Faneuil Hall or the Common.

The “Odd-Fellow”—his obligations if strictly adhered to will make him a “*good-fellow*.”

“Societies unknown to the law”—when founded upon the three virtues of Friendship, Love and Truth, will always prevail.

Odd-Fellowship—may our conduct as Odd-Fellows be such as to entitle us to the name of honest-fellows.

Our Motto—“Truth”—it will *stick by* us as long as we *stick by* it.

The “regulars” having been disposed of the “Volunteers” pressed into the service in great number and variety, from among which we select the following:—

By V. President Cole—

The spirit of Odd-Fellowship—the most *ardent* and powerful of spirits ; it has conquered all others on this occasion.

By the Rev. Bro. Wells—

That "Institution which is unknown to law"—may it be amenable to and demand *Justice*.

By Bro. Drew, 2d Vice President—

The I. O. O. F.—may they convince our City Government that they know the law, if they are "not known to law."

By Bro. Howard, (holding up a tin plate)—

The I. O. O. F.—may they prove like John Wright's old tin plates—*the more they are rubbed the brighter they shine.*

Mr. Gill, of the Boston Morning Post, being loudly called for, the Chairman remarked that although none but members of the Lodge were usually permitted to speak in their assemblages, yet, as Mr. Gill had been a member of the old Lodge and the call was so general, there could be no objection to his being considered a member of the fraternity, for the occasion, and all would no doubt, be pleased to hear from him. Whereupon Mr. G. arose, and remarking that he received this demonstration with no less surprise than, a few hours before, he had received notice that his presence was required there professionally, proceeded in an easy and happy strain to rehearse the causes of the decadency and final downfall of the old society ; holding up those causes as a warning to the present one, and closing his remarks with "so long as you retain the spirit of your motto, so long may you bid defiance to opposition without, or corruption within."

By Bro. English—

The principles of Odd-Fellowship—a pure rill from the fountain of Benevolence—the stream must be as enduring as its source.

Grand Secretary Hilliard begged to interrupt "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" with a proposition for the future consideration of the Lodges of the city, to found an Odd-Fellows' Library, which, he said, could, would, and should be done.

By P. G. Frost—

The Official Magazine—May it never want a liberal support in Boston, to insure its continued usefulness to the Order.

By T. Prince—

The three lectures against Odd-Fellowship—their author is entitled to our warmest thanks. May he be as successful in converting men to the truth of Christianity, as his lectures have been instrumental in adding "good men and true" to the ranks of our Order.

By a Friend—

The late Henry Morrill of Covenant Lodge—one who was formed for Friendship, who shunned every thing that was false, and clung to the Truth ;—he was the personification of Love, and

So pure and Christian he in all his ways—

"None knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise."

By A. W. Thaxter, Boston Lodge—

Odd-Fellowship in her infancy, rocked in the Cradle of Liberty—may her growth be steady and healthy, cheerfully conforming to the laws by which she is governed ; what may we not expect of her, when she comes to maturity ?

By Charles Siders, of Covenant Lodge—

The Odd-Fellows of Boston—they number nearly 3,000 of its legal voters, who, in the language of the fathers of our city, are unknown to the laws. May the day be far distant, when by the promulgation of the principles of our Order, we shall need any better acquaintance with the laws.

By A. Guild, D. D. G. S.—Thomas Wildey, the father of American Odd-Fellowship—May the evening of his life be as serene as its meridian was brilliant in the cause of the Order.

By M. W. G. Sire Hopkins—

Massachusetts—her sons were pioneers in the cause of liberty; they struck the first blow to resist oppression. Steady in her habits, she has again put forth her strength, resisted oppression and planted the standard of Odd-Fellowship upon the sure foundation of Friendship, Love and Truth.

By Bro. Thomas Greene.

The Indians—who destroyed the Tea in Boston Harbor—the first Lodge of Odd-Fellows, who ever met in Fanueil Hall, in full regalia, and kept their secret.

By Bro. T. Prince.

The Odd-Fellowship Press—The *Ark of the Covenant*, in which is deposited the *Golden Rule*, binding every *Independent Odd-Fellow* to the practice of the virtues of which the rites of the Order are *Symbols*.

By Bro. Perkins.

Our illustrious Guests—We are proud to greet you on this glorious occasion; may your declining years be as peaceful to you, as your earlier years have been useful in the glorious Institution of which you were its earliest founders.

By T. Prince.

Our Host—Wright has done the right thing for us in his dinner rites; may we in return do the right thing for Wright.

A Volunteer.

The effect produced on Odd-Fellowship by Mr. Colver's Lectures. A fair specimen of good coming out of evil.

A Volunteer.

Odd-Fellows—Their oddity consists in their standing several degrees higher than the rest of the world.

A Volunteer.

The Rev. Mr. Colver's assault upon Odd-Fellowship.—He has come off with the same signal success and triumph that a certain old Spanish Knight did in his celebrated assault upon a windmill.

By Bro. J. B. Frost.

Our Illustrious Guests—May their visit prove as pleasant to them as it has proved profitable to us.

By Bro. J. A. Cummings.

Odd-Fellowship—Her principles pure, her deeds praiseworthy, her prosperity unparalleled, her name Legion.

A number of other meritorious sentiments were offered, and the largest amount of good fellowship was evinced by the large assembly. The Boston Post closes its account of the proceedings by remarking that, "after some three hours spent in the enjoyment of the good things of the earth, and the interchange of cordial congratulations and fraternal sentiments, and the expression of feelings of mutual sympathy and friendship from all parts of the hall, "Auld lang syne" was sung, and the company broke up.

From the Yankee Blade, (Me.)

ODD-FELLOWS' CELEBRATION.

THE glorious anniversary of our national independence was celebrated at Augusta by SABATTIS, CUSHNOC, and NATAHNIS Lodges, with such members from other Lodges in the State as were able to be present, with great spirit and enthusiasm. We presume that we only give expression to the unanimous and decided feeling and opinion of all who united in the exercises, when we pronounce the celebration to have been in all its details one of the most brilliant and agreeable festivals in which they ever participated. We take pride in saying that, while the occasion was celebrated with all the enthusiasm which should hail the jubilee that commemorates a nation's deliverance from the arm of foreign oppression, it was unaccompanied by the exhibition of the customary scenes of drunkenness, riot, and debauch, which have so often in past times converted that anniversary into an instrument of public infamy and disgrace, and rendered the recollection of it humiliating to the pride of a people justly exulting in the privilege of self-government.

The day, which had been ushered in by the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, and other usual demonstrations of joy, was bewitchingly beautiful. The weather, from dawn to sunset, was almost elysian,—the sky being fanned by gentle breezes, and having just clouds enough to quench the rays of a scorching sun. At nine o'clock, the members of the Order met at Odd-Fellows' Hall, on State street, and after interchanging congratulations, and making some preliminary arrangements, formed in procession, with full regalia, under the direction of Br. FRANCIS DAVIS, Grand Marshal of the Day.

The procession, escorted by the Augusta Brass Band, which ravished the ear with spirit-stirring strains, marched up State street, through Bridge and Summer streets to Winthrop street, thence through Winthrop, Orchard, and Bridge streets to State street, thence down State street as far as Water street, and thence back through State street to Rev. Dr. Tappan's Church. As soon as the procession had entered the house, a dense crowd of spectators followed after them, and filled the pews and aisles to overflowing. The galleries presented each a gorgeous group of bright and beautiful faces, wreathed in smiles that seemed to have been borrowed from the angels of heaven for the occasion. The exercises were commenced by a voluntary burst of music from the band. A fervent and appropriate prayer was then offered up to the throne of grace by Rev. Br. DREW of Augusta, principal Chaplain of the day. The following song, by JAMES MONTGOMERY, was then sung by the choir—

When Friendship, Love, &c. [Heretofore published in the Covenant.]

This song having been finished, the Declaration of Independence was then read in a very eloquent manner by Br. J. D. Kinsman, P. G. of Ligonias Lodge, Portland, President of the Day. The following beautiful original Ode, by Br. BENJ. A. G. FULLER, N. G. of Sabattis Lodge, was next sung with much feeling and effect, by the choir, the touching pathos of whose tones sent a thrill to the heart of every Odd-Fellow who could appreciate good music :—

ORIGINAL ODE.

CHORUS.

Hail to bright Friendship and Truth from above !
By Honor united, they blend into Love.

WIDELY the fame of our Order is spreading,
Though far in dim ages it claimeth its birth ;
And soon shall its virtues in mildness be shedding
Their pure, hallowed lustre abroad o'er the earth.
Hail to bright Friendship and Truth from above !
By Honor united, they blend into Love.

No longer the pilgrim, in foreign lands straying,
Unheeded and cheerless, a stranger shall roam ;
For the warm hand of Friendship, a true heart betraying,
Shall lead to the joys and the solace of home.
Hail to bright Friendship and Truth from above !
By Honor united, they blend into Love.

Beside the pale form of the feeble and dying
Kind Sympathy watches, unwearied by care ;
And smooths the sad couch where a brother is lying,
And ministers balm to his spirit—in prayer.
Hail to bright Friendship and Truth from above !
By Honor united, they blend into Love.

Gladly the desolate widow is telling
Of comforts which Charity's hand doth bestow ;
And the heart of the orphan is gratefully swelling
With thanks to the source whence his blessings do flow.
Hail to bright Friendship and Truth from above !
By Honor united, they blend into Love.

Our secrecy aims not to cloak our transgression,
But make us more faithful, united and true ;
While Faith, by our emblem, e'er points the confession,
The All-seeing Eye holds us ever in view.
Hail to bright Friendship and Truth from above !
By Honor united, they blend into Love.

Then wide let the fame of our Order be spreading,
Though far in dim ages it claimeth its birth ;
And soon may its virtues in mildness be shedding
Their pure, hallowed lustre abroad o'er the earth,
Hail to bright Friendship and Truth from above !
By Honor united, they blend into Love.

The President of the Day then introduced to the members of the Order
Rev. E. H. CHAPIN, M. W. G. M., Mass., who chained the unwearied
attention of an intellectual and refined audience for an hour and a quarter,
by an oration of surpassing eloquence and power. Much as was expected
from the ripe scholarship and vigorous intellect of the author, by all

who had previously listened to him on similar occasions, the discourse outstripped in ability even the sanguine anticipations of his hearers. It was indeed a masterly exposition of the principles of Odd-Fellowship—full of striking remark and vivid illustration—and delivered with energy, distinctness, and effect. We have heard but few discourses, which contained more of sound argument, or more strength, point, terseness, and fascination of style. It was throughout liberal in sentiment, and free from political or sectarian bias; and we are confident it has done much to remove the groundless jealousies and prejudices which have existed in the minds of many against the Order, and to convince them that Odd-Fellowship is not on the one hand a mysterious and dangerous institution, nor on the other an idle collection of forms and ceremonies, designed to catch the eye and gratify an ostentatious vanity; but a system of *practical* benevolence, founded on the noblest impulses of our nature, and admirably adapted to the wants of humanity. Many an eye filled, as the speaker, with touching pathos, described the numerous forms of human wretchedness which the institution is calculated to prevent or relieve; and none in the crowded assembly were more deeply affected by the pictures he drew, than several old men whose locks had been silvered by the frosts of many winters. During the whole oration, the audience listened with the closest and most profound attention, and when he had concluded, the burst of delighted enthusiasm told how the hearts of hundreds leaped up as one to relieve themselves from a pressure of emotion that had become almost painfully intense.

Benediction was then pronounced by Rev. Br. J. P. Weston, Chaplain of Natahnis Lodge, and the members of the Order, forming again in procession advanced to the green south of the Court House, where in a spacious and beautiful pavilion, tastefully decorated with evergreens, roses, and flowers, they sat down to a sumptuous repast, prepared by *H. Johnson, Esq.* of the Cushnoc House. About three hundred Odd-Fellows occupied places at the four long tables running through the tent. The loveliest and noblest of the sex also graced the occasion with their presence. The dinner was conducted on strictly temperance principles, and was got up in the highest style of professional excellence. The tables were covered with an endless profusion of luxuries and delicacies to tempt the fastidious appetite, and the abundant justice which was done to the various dishes spoke well for the taste and discrimination of Odd-Fellows. The cloth having been removed, the President of the Day called up Br. D. C. WESTON, W. of Sabattis Lodge, who read the following *regular toasts*, each of which was received with enthusiastic and reiterated bursts of applause. Patriarch JOHN D. KINSMAN presided at the table, with his usual dignity, urbanity and ease, and felicitously introduced the toasts with a few spirited remarks.

REGULAR TOASTS.

1. *The Independence of the U. S.!*—By *Faith* hoped for! By *Hope* obtained! By *Charity* cemented.

2. *The I. O. of O. F. of the U. S.!*—The dissemination of its principles is the greatest safeguard to the liberty of the Union whose Independence we this day celebrate.

3. *Thomas Wildey*—Father of our Order in the U. S.! *Friendship. Love and Truth* are impressed in every feature of his benign countenance.

4. *The Grand Lodge of the State of Maine.*—Let "Love" be the "Dirigo" upon its escutcheon.

5. *Love.*—The best part of our motto—for 'tis to the Ladies we owe it.

6. *The Orator of the Day!*—He has this day proved himself an Odd-Fellow. May he live long and die a good Fellow.

Responding to this sentiment, Rev. Br. CHAPIN said:—"I cannot reply to your sentiment by a speech, being so much fatigued by what I have done, and having still a work before me. Be assured I thank you for the kindness of its expression and for the enthusiasm with which you were pleased to receive it. Permit me to give—

"*Odd-Fellowship in Maine.*—On account of the intelligence, virtue and zeal of its members, we hail it as the *main spring* of the Order."

7. *Truth* from Heaven! *Friendship* from man! *Love* from woman.

8. *Father Adam!*—The first Odd-Fellow.

9. *The Signers of the Declaration of Independence!*—They constituted a Lodge of Odd-Fellows by which George III and other Kings were initiated into the mysteries of civil and political liberty.

10. *Odd-Fellows.*—May they ever be mindful of the great truth, "Pure religion and undefiled is this, to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and keep themselves unspotted from the world."

11. *The first American Lodge—formed in the city of Baltimore.*—The grain of mustard seed has become a mighty tree, thick with leafy honors, and flinging its broad and grateful shadows alike over the hills of the North, and the sunny plains of the South.

12. *The Pulpit.*—Far be the time when in this State it shall be occupied by men, who shall so far desecrate its hallowed precincts, as to assail therefrom our ancient and honorable Institution—one of the most active and worthy handmaids of our blessed Religion.

The President then introduced "the worthy Chaplain of Cushnoc Lodge," Rev. W. A. DREW, who, responding to this sentiment in behalf of the clerical brethren present, acknowledged the propriety of the *restraint* imposed upon the pulpit by the adoption of this toast, and hoped it might be effectual every where in preventing all assaults from that high bulwark of truth and righteousness against *any* institutions, under whatever names, that have *brotherly love* and *charity* as the objects of their organization—Hostility from such a source must be as unnatural as it is unchristian.—He rejoiced in the establishment of Odd-Fellowship, because it afforded a sanctuary for Friendship, Love and Truth to exist amongst persons otherwise too much alienated by the strifes of human selfishness; and he would conclude by proposing the following sentiment:

The Altar of Odd-Fellowship.—"Odd," *because* to it are brought for high sacrifice, all personal alienations, political resentments, and sectarian animosities. May such an Oddity soon give universal harmony to the human Brotherhood.

13. *Our Secrecy.*—An *open* rebuke to the Pharisee of modern days, who stands crying aloud in the corners of the streets—and whose right hand doeth nothing that his left hand is not made freely acquainted with.

14. *American Citizen.*—A password to all nations of the earth.

In calling for the last toast the President remarked, that the number *fourteen* was the limit to the regular toasts, as it corresponded to the number of Lodges in Maine.

The information was then given that the 15th Lodge had just been formed in Belfast, and that Br. Lothrop, of Passagassawakeag Lodge, and others were present to represent it. The President then replied that Br. Lothrop would consider himself set down for the 15th regular toast, who gave—

Good Old Waldo.—Last in the cause of Odd-Fellowship—may she not be the least.

The intervals between the toasts were filled with the tender and thrilling strains of the band, whose sweet-toned instruments poured forth their most delicious harmonies.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

The President of the Day being called upon for a sentiment, rose and said:—

Brethren—Well has it been said, in olden time, ‘Man knoweth not the path that is before him.’ Who that noted the exercises on the occasion of our last National Anniversary, would have conceived that in one little year, such a noble band of Odd-Fellows would have sat together near the place of those who give us our laws? Who could have thought it possible that the sapling planted in the last days of summer would have withstood the winds of autumn and the frosts of winter, and on the succeeding summer have spread its luxuriant branches so widely over the surface of this frontier State? Who would have believed that that which, ten months ago, seemed like the little streamlet trickling down the hill-side, would so soon have resembled the dashing mountain torrent,—not spreading desolation in its course, but scattering peace, love, and joy throughout its extensive and rapid flow. It is not my part to add to the intellectual feast which has been so bountifully spread out to you this day by our brother from Massachusetts; but I may be permitted to ask, from your ten months’ experience, if there is any condition in life which the principles of our Order are not calculated to better and improve? As members of private society, are we not bound by most solemn obligation to observe the precepts of the moral law and give the fullest exercise to the social virtues? Acting in a public capacity, can we, as Odd-Fellows, enter the arena of politics (a matter excluded from our lodges) carrying within us the feelings which the history of the past reminds us man can cherish? No. All the relations of life are adorned by the presence of this mild angel of charity. And, sir, I rejoice to add, that its benignant influence is not confined to those it visits. For she who is unspeakably dear to us—lovely and beautiful woman—at whose altar it has ever been my pride to worship, and upon whom in our morning and evening orisons we should call down the richest of heaven’s blessings—she shares in the favors of this, her sister spirit. In view of the unyielding fortitude of woman’s affection, it has been asked—‘Can a mother forget her child?’ There exists no such tribute to man’s fidelity. On the contrary, the evidence is nowhere wanting that he may forget the wife of his bosom and coldly abandon the innocent pledges of affection. May not woman rejoice that there is thrown around the husband a chain that strengthens the holiest ties—that there is set over him a guardian that will visit him in the hour of trial and temptation with relief and strength, and leave her no occasion to regret the faults of the husband and father.

Our glorious Order is ever blessed. It shines the star of hope and pro-

mise before the path of the humble pioneer in the wilderness ; it smiles as a sun upon crowds of busy men and myriads of beautiful women, dispensing a glow of happiness and peace ; it floats upon the breeze to the mariner on his ocean-tossed home with the comforting whisperings that fervent and availing prayers are continually ascending from the altars and hearts of his brethren, that prosperous gales may visit him, and bear him safely onward to the haven of repose. Brethren, I give you

" *The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts*.—From the workmanship we have this day seen, we have evidence that they know how, in the choice of a Grand Master, to select a *master workman*."

By P. G. WM. R. SMITH, of Sabattis Lodge.

The Masonic Fraternity.—In past years the object of the bitterest attacks of ignorance, ridicule, and popular fury. It has outlived the whole, and comes forth in 1844 "as good as new."

JAMES L. CHILD, Esq. D. Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maine, responded to this sentiment as follows : " I thank my brother for his kind notice of the *Masonic Institution*, and I regard this Order, sir, as kindred to it, in its objects, in its enjoyments and in its hopes. The field in which we labor is the same, and ample enough for all our efforts. Whatever tends in any degree to lessen the efficiency of either, strikes a common cord of sympathy, and although we cannot know each other by those peculiar mystic signs, which are a safeguard to our respective Orders against imposition and imposture, yet we are known to each other as co-laborers in the blessed work of administering to human suffering—relieving human wo.

When at the church I listened to the address of your accomplished Orator, which was not more remarkable for its spirit-stirring, gushing eloquence, than for its beautiful candor, and its truthfulness, I could hardly divest myself of the idea that I was at a Masonic festival, listening to some of our ablest champions' truest appeals to the heart. On a recent occasion (the Masonic festival at Portland on the 25th ult.) I heard from the lips of an eloquent friend and brother from Boston (J. H. Sheppard, Esq.) "in words that burn" an illustration of the principles and benefits of our Order, and I know if the members of Odd-Fellowship had been present they would have felt as I did in the Church to-day, and fully recognised the principles of our Order. Friends and fellow-laborers in the cause of benevolence—Go forward—I wish you all God's speed. I offer as a sentiment.

Our two Orders—embracing a common brotherhood of principles, enjoyments, and hopes—may the only rivalry between us be, "Who best shall work, who best agree."

By Bro. DANIEL C. WESTON—Warden of Sabattis Lodge,

The Soldiers of the Revolution.—The Odd-Fellows of 1776, who, although not much versed in the mysteries of our Order, knew well enough how to form "*encampments*," and, as British historians tell us, also knew when and how to throw "*black balls*."

By Br. WM. B. HARTWELL, N. G. Cushnoc Lodge,

The presiding officer of the day.—By the bonds of our noble institution, our Brother—by blood, our *Kinsman*.

To this sentiment, enthusiastically received, the President replied with characteristic pleasantry and effect.

By Br. BENJ. A. G. FULLER, N. G. Sabattis Lodge.

The Single Ladies.—May they show their dislike to Odd-Fellows, only by making them *even*.

By Rev. Br. N. GUNNISON, Chaplain of Sabattis Lodge.

Odd-Fellowship in Maine.—One of the brightest children of Christianity. Though but ten month's old—it is full of animal life and vigor. In manhood may it not have less. In old age may it experience no dotage.

By Bro. WM. MATHEWS, P. S. of Natahnis Lodge.

The Rev. Mr. Colver.—He has lost his way on the mountains of Lebanon, the goodly cedars whereof, lamenting the madness and pitying the blindness of his rage against them, have scorned the blunt edge and the base temper of his acts, and laughed unhurt at the feebleness of his strokes.

By Br. J. WINNETT, T. Natahnis Lodge.

Our worthy Orator and Brother.—For his eloquent and faithful counsels on this occasion we thank him. May his name be fervently cherished, and his instructions never be forgotten.

Sent in by RUFUS READ, N. G. Ligonis Lodge.

Our beloved Order.—The corner stone being the Bible, the frame work established by wisdom of the patriarchs of old. May it advance in its ancient purity until it encircles the whole family of man in Friendship, Love and Truth.

By Br. THEODORE C. HERSEY, P. G. of Ligonis Lodge.

The Ladies of Augusta.—If those who decorated this pavilion are *odd*, the taste they have displayed is proof positive that they should be *even*.

By Bro. Phillip C. Johnson, Cushnoc Lodge.

The brotherhood of Odd-Fellowship—of whom it has been well said, "in the heart of no *true* and *worthy* brother can burn the unholy fires of animosity and revenge—whose tongues send forth no poisoned arrows of calumny and detraction." Long may the Order be distinguished for the cultivation and practice of its tenets, and the life of every member be a living principle of our motto, "*Friendship, Love and Truth*,"—until the heart of every desolate widow shall be made to leap for joy, and the orphan have a home.

By Bro. G. White, L. H. S. N. G. Cushnoc Lodge.

Friendship, Love and Truth,—the chain connecting all good Odd-Fellows together. May its bright links never be transmitted by corroding vice in any of its Brotherhood.

Bro. Cullen Sawtelle, of Sabattis Lodge, being called on, gave utterance to a just compliment to the Orator of the day and spoke fervently and eloquently of the principles of the Order. As a sentiment he gave—The Odd-Fellows of Kennebec—A set of glorious *good fellows*.

By Patriarch W. H. Foye, Machigonne Encampment.

The Odd-Fellows of Kennebec.—We can answer for their Friendship and Truth—let the Ladies answer for their Love.

By Bro. Cole.

The name we bear.—Not distinguished like that of the warrior by wounds and scars and the shedding of human blood, but, like that of the philanthropist and christian, honorable and noble by high and exalted deeds.

By a Lady.

Odd-Fellows.—Even as the memory of the glorious Fourth remains fresh and bright on our hearts—even so may we hail and cherish the as-

sociation connected with the *present* Fourth, and ever remember with pleasure and pride the *first* celebration of the I. O. of O. F. on the banks of the Kennebec.

By Br. J. Winnett.

The tongue of the Slanderer.—May it cleave to the roof of his mouth, and may the remembrance of his sins cause his knees to smite like Belshazzar's.

By Bro. Charles W. Jones, I. G. Sabattis Lodge.

The single Ladies of Augusta and the Odd-Fellows.—May the time soon expire when there shall be any difference between them on the subject of *annexation*.

By Bro. J. A. Homan, Sabattis Lodge.

The principles of Odd-Fellowship.—Ever new and bright.

By Bro. Frederic A. Fuller, Penobscot Lodge.

The Odd-Fellows of Penobscot.—May the want of zeal they evince this day, relative to this celebration, be no criterion of their interest in the Order.

By Br. Barrett, C. of Sabattis Lodge.

The Ladies.—The only true aristocracy—who judge without law—try without a jury—decide without appeal, and are never in the wrong.

By Rev. Br. J. P. Weston, Chaplain of Natahnis Lodge.

The Author of the Ode.—'Though a good Odd-Fellow, he cannot be Fuller of Friendship, Love and Truth, than of POETRY.

Whereupon Bro. B. A. G. Fuller, N. G. Sabattis Lodge replied in the following:

The Clergy.—May they never fear to grasp the hand of an Odd-Fellow offered in Friendship, or, in the spirit of Love to inculcate the principles of Truth—as set forth and maintained in this Order.

By Br. John C. Pickard, V. G. Cushnoc Lodge.

Our Institution.—May its mottoes be emblazoned on our shield—its principles engraven on our hearts.

By Br. Wm. Woart, V. G. Sabattis Lodge.

Odd-Fellows.—May brothers ever remember, that it is by a strict adherence to its principles alone that its perpetuity can be secured.

By Patriarch Emerson of New Hampshire.

Friendship, Love and Truth.—A chain of three links; but a tremendous long one, for I never knew an Odd-Fellow but had hold of it.

By Br. Ezekiel Holmes, Sabattis Lodge.

The wives of the Soldiers of the Revolution.—While their husbands were fighting for Friendship, Love and Truth, they were at home raising this glorious nation of Odd-Fellows.

By E. St. John Neally, P. G. Lincoln Lodge.

Our Batchelor Brothers.—May they soon add to the pledge they have taken the pledge of matrimony, and be prepared to receive with a good grace all the little pledges that follow.

By Bro. Quimby, N. G. Sabattis Lodge.

The silken bond of *Friendship, Love and Truth.*

By Br. John G. Sawyer, P. G. Sabattis Lodge.

Independence and Odd-Fellowship.—These names are associated with all that is dear to us as citizens and as men.

By Rev. Robert Blacker.

The Strange Fellows of Oxford.—They are all good fellows—May they all be Odd-Fellows.

By Bro. Samuel L. Harris, Sabattis Lodge.

The mystic Chain.—May its charmed links encircle every heart until we become a nation of Odd-Fellows.

By Br. Francis Davis, Grand Marshal of the day.

Odd-Fellows.—May the glorious principles they profess (Friendship, Love and Truth) ever keep pace with our growth in strength.

By Rev. J. P. Weston, Chaplain of Natahnis Lodge.

Odd-Fellowship.—Its principles are embodied in the love of God—their triumph will regenerate the world.

By Br. I. Snell, Jr., P. S. Sabattis Lodge, said—

"Mr. President—I am always happy to be the almoner of the Ladies, and more particularly so on the present occasion, in being the bearer of so rich a gift to this goodly company, from the lady of an Odd-Fellow.

"*The President of the Day*—now, as ever, the defender and advocate of the Ladies—may he always find bright eyes and warm hearts ready to smile on and thank him for his flattering and kind remarks."

To which P. G. Kinsman responded in his usual graceful and happy manner.

By Prof. Ingraham, Cushnoc Lodge.

"For the following beautiful combination of part of the words of our motto, I acknowledge myself indebted to the graceful mind of one of the gentler sex:—

"Be FAITH our bark! HOPE our anchor! LOVE our guiding star!"

By Patriarch S. L. Harris, of Machigonne Encampment.

The Signers of the Declaration of Independence.—Odd-Fellows in principle and action:—Their services in the cause of Liberty and Truth, will ever be warmly cherished in the hearts of a grateful people.

By Patriarch Geo. Sawyer, Eastern Star Encampment.

The Institution we Love.—The sick and distressed man's consolation and purse. The Widow and Orphan's support and Guardian. A lamp to guide the steps of the young in the paths of rectitude, morality and virtue. All its votaries should learn that they cannot study a brother's interest without benefitting their own.

By Br. H. H. Hill, R. H. S., No. 9, Sabattis Lodge.

Brother Odd-Fellows.—I give you no *Homæopathic dose*, when I give you the Orator of the day. He is an Odd-Fellow, an Odd-Fellow indeed—because he has spoken and acted like an honest man.

By J. F. Waterhouse, Secretary of Maine Lodge.

Odd-Fellowship.—Onward has been its course from the commencement to the present time, and may Heaven forbid that its principles shall ever be abused or that its progress shall ever be impeded to the end of time.

By Patriarch Edward Fenno.

The Crook.—May we be reminded by this emblem of our Order, of Christ the Good Shepherd, imitate his example, and be led by him into green pastures and by the side of still waters.

By Bro. Wm. H. Wheeler, Sabattis Lodge.

The Signers of the Declaration of Independence.—A band of Odd-Fellows—who, 68 years ago, pledged themselves to maintain the principles of our Order, viz: *Friendship* for their fellow men, *Love* to their country,

and *Truth* towards God. May we, like them, ever maintain our pledges inviolate.

Mr. William T. Johnson, a member of the Masonic fraternity, being called upon, gave the respective chosen mottoes of Odd-Fellowship and Masonry.

Friendship, Love and Truth—Faith, Hope and Charity.—They lead to a common destiny; may the peculiar disciples of each never cross the path of the other.

By Br. L. D. Moore, R. H. S.—N. G.

The Declaration of Independence, and the I. O. of O. F. Constitution and Bye-Laws.—As the first was signed by good men and true, so is the latter by good Odd-Fellows—may we by our exemplary conduct, and the promulgation of *Love, Friendship and Truth* show to the world that we can and will maintain the principles of the latter, as by the sword and bayonet, our forefathers maintained the principles of the former.

By Br. I. Snell, Jr., P. S., Sabattis Lodge.

Mr. President:—In our enthusiastic cheers of Father Adam, the first Odd-Fellow, our mother Eve seems to have been overlooked in a manner scarce consistent with the gallantry of Odd-Fellows. I will give you—

Eve.—The worthy mother of more worthy daughters; she lost Eden to Adam—her daughters make earth a Heaven to us.

By Br. Hiram Stevens, N. G. Natahnis Lodge.

Friendship, Love and Truth—a motto written upon every true Odd-Fellow's heart. May it never be effaced.

By Br. F. P. Theobald, P. G. Natahnis Lodge.

The mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters of Odd-Fellows.—Their co-operation is necessary to the successful issue of every good work.

By Bro. F. Davis, Grand Marshall.

The Ladies.—Their beauty, their virtue, and their delicacy will ever be protected by the heart and arm of every good Odd-Fellow.

By Bro. V. Bonney, Sabattis Lodge.

The Day we Celebrate—is our nation's jubilee. On this day our fathers made a covenant with the great builder and architect of heaven and earth. They sealed it with the best blood of the noblest hearts that ever beat in the bosoms of Odd-Fellows. By a strict fulfilment on their part of the articles of this compact they obtained the help of God. He was their shield and their buckler. He brought them out, with a strong arm, from under the yoke of bondage, and gave them this land for their heritage, which now flows with milk and honey. We can retain and possess it on no other condition than by being good Odd-Fellows.

By Bro. Wm. Mathews, P. S. Natahnis Lodge.

Odd-Fellows' Charity.—Though it "begins at home," it does not end there. As they "have opportunity," they "do good unto all men, especially unto those who are of the household of faith."

By Br. I. Snell, Jr.

Friendship, Love and Truth.—The three great pillars of our Order.—May our actions ever indicate Friendship toward Brethren, Love for woman, Truth to God.

By Br. S. Lancaster, Sabattis Lodge.

The Orator of the day.—The able and eloquent expounder of the principles of Odd-Fellowship. May it be his happiness to see those princi-

ples, as taught by him this day, universally adopted and acted upon by Odd-Fellows.

By Br. I. Snell, Jr.

Odd-Fellowship!—Its principles are to the character of man, what Eve was to Eden—the one thing needful to its perfection.

By Br. W. N. Stratton, Sabattis Lodge.

Odd-Fellowship.—Founded upon the broad basis of human Brotherhood; may its principles become so generally diffused that there shall be nothing *odd* about it.

By Prof. Ingraham, R. H. S. S. Cushnoc Lodge.

The President of the day!—We miss neither Madeira nor Champaigne upon our board while his sparkling wit and piquant puns enliven our festivities.

The foregoing were, we believe, all the toasts delivered on the occasion. They were drunk in the genuine Washingtonian beverage, "pure water from the crystal well." The whole affair passed off in the most joyful manner; indeed, we never before attended a public festival where all the company appeared to enjoy so much of the "feast of reason and flow of soul." The toasts and speeches were received with loud and enthusiastic cheers of applause, prolonged in many instances to three and even four times three. The music, the sentiment, and the song flowed freely as the air of heaven; bright eyes and fair faces beamed with delight at more than realized anticipations, and nothing occurred to mar the harmony, or disturb the gayety of the social festival. It was indeed a choice gathering of kindred spirits, who had forgotten the jealousies of political and religious feeling, and met together on a common ground where they could love and respect each other as brothers despite the differences that divided them. The company broke up at about 5 o'clock, making the pavilion ring with "three times three" cheers for "OUR COUNTRY," and all retired quietly to their homes, rejoicing at the manner in which they had spent the day—not the less so that the voice of reveling and intoxication had not been heard during the festival. May the influence of the occasion long be felt upon their minds and hearts!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Grand Lodge of Virginia.—We are indebted to the Independent Odd-Fellow for an abstract of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, we acknowledge also our obligation to the same authority for extracts from the annual reports of the Grand Master of the State of Pennsylvania, not having ourselves the pleasure of having received these documents from the proper authorities of the respective States. The report of the Grand Officers of Pennsylvania from which we subjoin extracts are full of interest to the Brethren at large, and will well repay their attentive perusal. The proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Virginia exhibit the decision of that body upon the following interrogatory propounded by Jefferson Lodge of that jurisdiction. "Are P. G.'s who are in good standing in Subordinate Lodges entitled to the yearly T. P. W.?" the decision of the Lodge is in the following words:

"*Resolved*, as the opinion of this Grand Lodge that the N. G.'s of Subordinate Lodges have not the right to withhold the T. P. W. from any P. G. in good standing who may demand the same."

The opinion here expressed upon a very important point of our jurisprudence by a body of high authority may be at variance with the opinion and practice in other States, hence the subject is one that should be settled by the Grand Lodge of the United States. Want of uniformity in practice and construction of law written or unwritten in our Order is much to be regretted, and the Grand Lodge of the United States could not render a more essential service to the brotherhood than by reducing to a code all the regulations of the Order, thus rendering clear and intelligible the proper system and discipline of Odd-Fellowship. The term "ancient usage" is extremely vague, and we doubt very much whether much unity of opinion will be found among the elder members of our family in their definition of "ancient usage." When we were initiated the practice in Maryland was to require on the part of the brother applying for the A. T. P. W. evidence that he was about to travel, by the exhibit of his card, drawn from his Lodge, when the T. P. W. was given to him by the Warden of the Lodge, sitting P. G. or N. G.—one of the officers usually examined all visitors, and were instructed in the T. P. W. if not in possession of it. The practice we learn has varied much, and at present is extremely loose in many States. Among the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, we observe a detailed report of a committee upon the subject of

the "Covenant and Official Magazine" published by the Grand Lodge of the United States, which concludes with a resolution instructing the Grand Representatives of the State "to use all proper means to discontinue the publication of the Covenant under the proprietorship of the Grand Lodge of the United States." Upon this subject we beg to offer a few remarks, premising what we have to say with the observation, that to us *personally* the continuance or discontinuance of that work is a matter of little moment, as will abundantly appear before we close this article to all who will examine the "quiddam honorarium" which enures to the *corps editorial* of the official—but as members of the great family of Odd-Fellows, profoundly anxious for the well being of the Order and the thorough dissemination of its benign principles, we confess that we should regard the discontinuance of the Covenant as a great loss to the Order, assured as we are, that it has been a valuable agent in the hands of the Grand Lodge of the United States of elevating the character and of advancing the cause of Odd-Fellowship. We publish the entire report of the Committee of the Grand Lodge of Virginia on the subject, to enable our readers to weigh for themselves the force of the arguments and reasoning addressed to that body, which we presume led to the adoption of the resolution of instructions.

We regret, sincerely regret that this proceeding has taken place, first because it will be apparent in the sequel, that the respected committee and the Grand Lodge have acted without correct information, and secondly because the Representatives one of whom is known to us personally, and the other familiar to us and to every other Odd-Fellow in the country who takes any interest in the Order, by the force and beauty of his writings in behalf of our common brotherhood, are trammelled by instructions, which forbid the exercise of their judgments when the facts in the case are presented to their consideration free from misrepresentation.

Upon the argument of the committee we have no comment to offer, based as it is in part upon a statement of figures, which are far astray from the facts in the case—a simple statement of the truth, as it really exists will make manifest the error of this proceeding of the Grand Lodge of Virginia.

"It may be supposed" say the committee, that the prospects of the future was more cheering than a review of the past. We will see! Following the report as our *guide*, there are according to that report 1,100 subscribers to the Covenant; these subscriptions, (two dollars per copy) all collected, will amount to \$2,200 as the revenue of the paper, for its future support, on the collection of this amount 20 per cent. is allowed to the Agent which will produce the sum of \$440; this deducted from the revenue will leave a balance of \$1,760.

This will exhibit an income of - - \$1,760 00

To pay as follows:—

EDITOR'S SALARY, - - - \$1,000 00

Cost of printing - - - 2,448 00

3,448 00

Leaving a debt for the present year's expenses of - - \$1,688 00

This added to last year's deficit, - - - 1,200 69

Creates a debt of, - - - - - \$2,888 69

If this Committee of the Grand Lodge of Virginia had taken the trouble to examine carefully the report of the Committee of the Grand Lodge of the United States, which they profess to have taken as their *guide*, they would have found on page 555, printed Journal, McGowan and Treadwell's edition, the following resolution.

"That the Editor of the Official Magazine be constituted general Agent of the same—that he shall make out and keep a full list of all subscribers and accurate accounts of the expenses and receipts of the work, that he shall receive 25 *per cent* on all *outstanding debts collected by him* and 20 *per cent* on all *new subscriptions* which shall include all expenses of collection."

Now we have read this resolution over and again, and for the life of us, we cannot read out of it the sum of \$1,000, *Editor's Salary*, which makes up a large item charged against the Covenant in the statement of the Virginia Committee in their report to the Grand Lodge of that State. It is apparent from the resolution of the Grand Lodge of the United States to which we have referred that the Covenant and Official Magazine was continued upon specific terms, to wit, the union of the offices of Editor and Agent and the substitution of a compensation in the form of commission in lieu of salary. The argument of the Committee in the report preceding this resolution indeed is plain and comprehensive on this point.

The truth is that there is no salary paid to the Editors, and should there be \$2,200 collected by the Editors and Agent upon subscriptions as is presumed by the Virginia Committee, then the commission of 20 per cent. would pay them \$440, and should there be but \$1,000 collected their commission would amount to \$200.

Our Brethren of the Virginia Committee are equally unfortunate in the item of printing (\$2448)—the estimate of the committee was for an edition of 3000 copies—no such edition having been printed, as a matter of course this charge against the Covenant is essentially too great. If therefore we take the sum of \$1,000 Editor's salary and the sum of \$500 in the cost of printing from the account what will become of the figures and conclusions of the committee?

Let us see:

Income per statement of the report,	-	-	-	-	\$1,760	00
Omit Editor's Salary \$1,000, no such allowance being authorised—						
deduct \$500 in cost of printing for the year 1843—4, leaving,					1,948	00

And we have instead of \$1,688 deficit for 1843—4 stated by the report the sum of \$188—difference between the Virginia figures and the facts in the case \$1,500—this is truly a difference of some moment in a matter of three or four thousand dollars. We wish to be distinctly understood however; we do not desire to convey the idea that such is the actual state of the affairs of the Covenant, we take only as the committee have done, the report of the Committee of the Grand Lodge of the United States as our *guide* and from such data, present our figures and facts. At the proper time the operations of the Covenant for 1843—4 will be officially made known to the Grand Representatives, meanwhile we may be allowed to say, that notwithstanding the continued illness of the junior Editor during the year, and the withdrawal of the Travelling Agent, on account of the meagreness of his compensation, we presume, the work has been *regular*—

ly issued during the past year, frequently ten days before the day it bears date, that our printer has been *well* paid, and that if we have reasonable success in collecting the comparatively small amount yet due for subscriptions for the year, that we shall desire no better answer to the report of the Committee of the Grand Lodge of Virginia.

We believe that the Committee have discharged their duty according to their information, and we impute to them no design to misrepresent, yet the effect of permitting such a statement to go unexplained would be to mislead the public mind upon the subject of the Official Magazine.

We also believe, have for two years past believed that the overthrow of the "Official Magazine" was a favorite project in a certain quarter—*cui bono?*—we shall not conjecture. "Already" say this committee "have the pages of the Official been disfigured with doctrines of *official* monopoly and threats to bring the power of the Grand Lodge of the United States to *crush the periodicals conducted by Brethren, who in the pursuit of a lawful vocation are devoting their talents to the exposition and defence of our principles.*"

We have seen in the pages of the Independent Odd-Fellow time and again, such allegations, have not only denied the truth of the averment, but have challenged its editor to the proof. In reply we have been furnished with garbled extracts from articles written by our junior Editor grossly misrepresenting his views, and comments upon resolutions adopted by State Grand Lodges and opinions of our correspondents adverse to individual publications for which the poor "Official" has been held responsible.

We have studiously avoided the controversy from the fact that it is always unpleasant to discuss a question with an adversary, who lacks candour, is ever mistating facts, and begging the question. We again emphatically deny the truth of the imputation, and we refer to our editorial articles from the commencement of this work, to bear us out in this denial; on the contrary we have ever been upon the most friendly relations with all the periodicals devoted to the cause of Odd-Fellowship excepting the "Independent Odd-Fellow," of the value of which to the Order we have *dared* to express a fearless opinion, and have as the penalty for our rashness provoked its displeasure. Be it so—It shall not "disturb the peace of our mind, affect the tranquillity of our conscience" nor discompose the gravity of our muscles."

P. G. McCabe, from the Committee to whom was referred the Report of the Representatives to the Grand Lodge of the United States, made the following report, which was received and adopted:

The Committee to whom was referred the Report of the Grand Representatives, together with the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the United States, have had these subjects under serious consideration, and as the result of their deliberations, respectfully beg leave to report:

Various subjects of importance demanded and received the attention of the Grand Lodge of the United States, which in the results of the legislation had thereupon, will no doubt, with a few exceptions, enure to the future glory and prosperity of the Order. Among these exceptions your Committee would call attention to the following, as demanding the consideration of this Grand Lodge:

One subject forming a prominent feature in the Report of the Representatives, and in the recent action of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, is the establishment of Lodges within other and foreign jurisdictions. This policy we consider unwise, and fraught with inconceivable evil to the prosperity of the Order. It is true that the action of the Manchester Unity, through their Grand A. M. C., has been in gross violation of plighted faith, and has well merited the entire withdrawal of all fraternal intercourse on the part of the Order in this country—but we are unwilling to see a course of retaliation

pursued, which virtually surrenders the strong ground we have hitherto occupied in the controversy—converts the aggrieved into an aggressor, and must necessarily for a long time jeopardise the peace and brotherly affection which we hoped to see re-established by proper concession on the part of the Manchester Unity.

The resolution of the Grand Lodge of the United States, in relation to Honorary Membership, is so vague and indefinite, that its practical operation will be productive of confusion in the Lodges, and demands more precise action on the part of the Grand Lodge.

The Grand Lodge of the United States has in its wisdom seen fit to continue the publication of the Covenant, under circumstances calculated to elicit the firm but respectful remonstrance of this Grand Lodge.

There are various reasons which might be advanced to discountenance such an undertaking—one which will suggest itself to the reflecting mind is the suspicion and distrust with which secret societies are always regarded by the world. However unjust these suspicions may be when arrayed against our Order, which is not strictly a secret Society, they nevertheless exist, and should admonish us as the price of peace, to avoid all, and every unnecessary collision with the selfish and absorbing interests of the masses. This collision is rather courted than avoided by such an organization throwing itself into the arena of strife and rivalry, and engaging in the publication of AN OFFICIAL JOURNAL, which in the discussion of the various topics noticed in its pages, may excite local prejudices, and throw a firebrand into our midst to consume our *harmony*. Again, the Editor of an Official will in the common course of things be looked to, to furnish expositions of law, which deriving weight from his position, will supercede in effect the authority of the legally appointed officer of the Order. Already have the pages of the Official been disfigured with doctrines of *official* monopoly, and threats to bring the power of the Grand Lodge of the United States to crush the periodicals conducted by brethren, who in the pursuit of a lawful vocation are devoting their talents to the exposition and defence of our principles.

But there is another aspect in which the subject presents itself, demanding your most serious consideration. We refer to the pecuniary affairs of "THE COVENANT AND OFFICIAL MAGAZINE." The report of the Committee on the *Official Magazine*, to the Grand Lodge of the United States, exhibits to the astonishment of your Committee, the startling fact, that the accounts of the Covenant are in a state of confusion; no regular statement of receipts and disbursements have been kept, so that its actual condition is unknown. The most favorable view the committee could take of its affairs, present them in a state of heavy pecuniary embarrassment, without available means to meet them. The liabilities and debts of the Covenant, as per report of the committee of

the Grand Lodge of the United States, amount to	\$4,148 63
The amount of available means, as per report at last session of the Grand Lodge of the United States,	3,990 59

Leaving a balance, by the statement of committee, of (§218 04?) - - - \$229 60

Taking the statements of the committee as the basis of our calculation, we find that affairs are in a worse condition than is apparent from the above statements.

The committee report the available means, consisting of debts and securities, to amount to \$3,990 59. Upon the collection of this amount the Grand Lodge allows *twenty-five per cent.* which is on this amount \$982 65; this, with the acknowledged deficit of the committee, would make the balance against the available means, \$1,200 00, instead of \$229 60, (218 04?) To meet *this debt* no means have been provided, and yet the Covenant has been continued as the official organ of the Grand Lodge of the U. States, in the face of these liabilities.

It may be supposed that the prospect of the future was more cheering than a review of the past. We will see! Following the report as our guide, there are, according to that report, 1,100 subscribers to the Covenant; these subscriptions, (two dollars per copy) all collected, will amount to \$2,200 as the revenue of the paper, for its future support. On the collection of this amount twenty per cent. is allowed to the Agent, which will produce the sum of \$440; this deducted from the revenue will leave a balance of \$1,760.

This will exhibit an income	\$1,760 00
To pay as follows:—	
Editor's salary,	\$1,000 00
Cost of printing,	2,448 00
	3,448 00
Leaving a debt for the present year's expenses of	\$1,688 00
This added to the last year's deficit of	1,200 00
Creates a debt of	\$2,888 00

The debt in all probability will continue to increase, and ultimately so involve the Grand Lodge of the United States, that the State Grand Lodges will be compelled to come to the rescue, and deprive the widow and the orphan of their means, in order to relieve embarrassments they have unwittingly created by silence.

Your Committee are aware that an increase of subscription has been looked to, to meet this deficit; there may be some relief from that source, but it will be found totally inadequate to meet the exigency. We very much doubt whether the available means reported by the committee will ever be collected, and consequently the debt will be accumulated much larger than the above exhibit presents.

In view of the above facts we offer the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Grand Lodge of Virginia most affectionately suggests to the Grand Lodge of the United States the propriety of rejecting all future applications from a foreign jurisdiction, for the establishment of Lodges.

Resolved, That the Grand Lodge of the United States be requested to furnish the G. Lodges with some definite legislation on the subject of Honorary Membership.

Resolved, That the Grand Representatives of Virginia be, and are hereby instructed, to use all proper means to discontinue the publication of the Covenant under the proprietorship of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

All of which is most respectfully submitted.

JAMES D. M'CABE,
J. H. ROBINSON,
ROBT. TATE WICKER.

Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania.—We acknowledge, through the politeness of our friend and brother, WM. CURTIS, Grand Secretary, the proceedings of this Grand body at its special meeting in May, and stated meeting in June, 1844. The proceedings are of usual local interest.—The reports of the Grand Master and Grand Secretary are able documents and deserve special attention. The Grand Master in his report presents the following recommendations, which *call for attention* in other Grand Lodges besides Pennsylvania. He says:

"Before concluding my report, I most respectfully call the attention of the Grand Lodge to a subject which from its importance will no doubt produce a diversity of opinion. I think, however, that every candid observer of the operations of the Grand Lodge under its present organization, will admit that a reform is absolutely necessary: under our present organization we are entirely too numerous and unwieldy. At this time the Grand Lodge is composed of upwards of eight hundred members, and at the rate the subordinates return representatives, four from each annually, there would be an increase of two hundred and ninety-eight annually; it will therefore be seen that a remedy will have to be provided, and, in my opinion, it cannot be too soon agitated; it will be, however, for yourselves to determine. It appears to me, that by strictly establishing the representative system, it would not only prove satisfactory, but just; giving to each subordinate Lodge a representation according to the number of its members, to be chosen annually by the members of the Lodges. I trust you will give this subject your serious consideration.

"Another subject I am constrained to call your attention to; this I do with some degree of reluctance, as there may be some who might be disposed to construe it into an abridgement of the rights which every member of the Order has secured to him by the Grand Lodge. I have reference to appeals from the decisions of subordinate Lodges.—It is well known to all, that recently the Grand Lodge has been greatly encumbered with this kind of business. I am disposed to believe that the object of the Grand Lodge in guaranteeing to the members of subordinate Lodges the right of appeal is greatly abused, and at present it is only necessary for a member who has been expelled or suspended, to appeal to the Grand Lodge from the decision of his subordinate Lodge, when the matter is immediately referred to a committee, and in a majority of cases the decision of the subordinate Lodges are sustained. In order to obviate a great deal of this business, I would suggest the propriety of so amending the Constitution and By-Laws of the Grand Lodge as to reach the former suggestions as well as this. In cases of the kind alluded to, I think it should be required of the appellant to state the cause of his suspension or expulsion, and the reasons why he believes injustice has been done him, thereby giving the Grand Lodge an opportunity to determine whether the appeal is of sufficient importance to encumber herself with it by referring the same to a committee."—*Ind. O. F.*

R. W. GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

WE had the pleasure of attending the annual meeting of this body, held in the city of Boston on the first day of August. There was a good number of members present—we did not hear the number stated, but there were one hundred and ten votes cast at a time, and probably some were present who did not vote. The M. W. Grand Master, E. H. Chapin, (the New England Orator) presided on the occasion—a harmonious spirit prevailed among the members, and the business was quickly and well attended to and disposed of. There was no attempt at long-winded and tedious speechifying, but all seemed anxious to do what was to be done in the most correct—and therefore the most easy manner.

The reports show that the Order has prospered abundantly during the last year—we understood that more than twenty Lodges had been organized during that period; and judging from the appearance and business habits of the Past Grand's—we have no doubt the Lodges are well conducted and in good condition. We were agreeably surprised at the rapid growth of the Order in the Bay State and feel confident that under the supervision of the present intelligent members of the Grand Lodge, it will continue to increase in numerical and moral strength. Opposition from the notorious Elder Colver, or from any other source cannot affect it, but firm as the rock-ribbed hills, it will stand, and repel all attacks, successfully as the rock-bound coast rolls back the spent waves to the broad Atlantic.

The different ballottings for the election of officers showed that there were many who, in the minds of the members were worthy and well qualified to fill the important offices in the Grand Lodge, but the strife appeared to be to elect those who were known to be devoted to the interests of the Order, and best qualified to promote the same.

The following is a list of the officers elected to serve the current year.

Past Dept. G. Master JAMES C. NORRIS, M. W. G. Master.

NEWEL A. THOMPSON, R. W. D. G. Master.

OLON A. JENKINS, R. W. G. Warden.

WM. E. PARMENTER, R. W. G. Secretary.

HEZEKIAH PRINCE, R. W. G. Treasurer.

Rev. JOHN McLEISH, W. G. Chaplain.

W. J. P. WHITCOMB, W. G. Marshal.

GOODHUE AMBROSE, W. G. Guardian.

RAYMOND COLE, W. G. Conductor.

Past G. Master E. H. CHAPIN, } R. W. Grand Representatives
and P. G. Sec. WM. HILLIARD, } to the G. Lodge U. S.

We regard the election of these brothers for the responsible office of G. Representatives, as an excellent one, and can assure the Grand Lodge of the U. States that they will be able and efficient co-workers in that body. This State will be represented by three active members, as the G. Encampment has elected for its Representative P. C. P. R. L. Robbins.

After the election of officers the G. Lodge adjourned till half past seven in the evening, when it again met—G. Master Chapin in the chair. After the transaction of other business Grand Master Chapin installed Br. Jas. C. Norris into the dignified and important office of Grand Master. On

retiring from the chair Br. Chapin delivered an eloquent speech, which was listened to with attention and deep interest by the members, at the conclusion he gave them a fatherly benediction—and Past Grand Master Albert Case of South Carolina who was present, being invited, took the chair and installed the other officers. Grand Master Norris then resumed the chair and proceeded with the remaining business of the session. We were not able to obtain a list of the names of the newly appointed District Deputy Grand Masters, and therefore cannot insert them. The Hall in which the Grand Lodge met is used only temporarily, as it is in contemplation to have a much better one soon. The weather was warm, the room crowded, and poorly ventilated—Southerner as we are, we suffered from the effects of the heat in this high northern city. We left the Hall before the Grand Lodge had closed its session, fully satisfied that the remaining business would be transacted aright, for all were influenced by the spirit of the great principles of Friendship, Love and Truth.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

Maine—Extract of a letter from D. D. G. Sire Geo. W. Churchill, dated Saco, August 8th, 1844.

The Grand Lodge of Maine at its last session elected—and I installed Rev. Bro. P. G. JAMES PRATT, Maine Lodge, No. 1, G. Master.

“ P. G. EDW. S. J. NEALLY, Lincton, No. 10, D. G. Master.

“ P. G. SAMUEL THATCHER, Jr. Penobscot No. 7, G. Warden.

“ P. G. BENJAMIN KINGSBURY, Ancient Bros., No. 4, G. Sec.

“ P. G. JAMES WINSLOW, Maine No. 1, G. Treasurer.

P. G. M. GEO. W. CHURCHILL, of Saco Lodge, No. 2, and P. G. Wm. R. Smith, of Sabattis Lodge, No. 6, Grand Representatives to the R. W. G. Lodge of the United States.

An Encampment of Patriarchs of this Order, to be known and hailed as “Sagamore Encampment No. 3,” was instituted in Augusta on Friday of last week, by the R. W. G. M. of the Grand Lodge of Maine. The following officers were elected and installed in ancient form:—

WM. R. SMITH, Sabattis Lodge,	C. P.
EDWARD FENNO, Cushnoc Lodge,	H. P.
FREDERICK P. THEOBALD, Natahnis Lodge,	S. W.
HIRAM STEVENS, do.	do. J. W.
SAMUEL L. HARRIS, Sabattas Lodge,	S.
EBEN FULLER, Cushnoc Lodge,	T.

BARNUM'S HOTEL, *Baltimore, Aug. 16, 1844.*

JAS. L. RIDGELY, Esq.

Dear Sir and Brother:—Time will not now permit a visit. And shall therefore state that the Grand Secretary did not prepare all the reports in time for me to hand in my Annual—but as the papers are to meet me in New York will do so and forward.

The Order in Indiana is doing nobly, we have created four new Lodges during the last season. And present appearances indicate a great increase—the fact is the more intimately acquainted the community become with the Order, the more rapid is its growth? The Patriarchal branch of the Order is commanding much attention and is to rise in much strength; much to my regret however, duty required the cancelling of the Charter of Jerusalem Encampment No. 1, of New Albany, a full report of which will be made—the warrant or dispensation for “Bethlehem Encampment No. 3,” of Aurora, was not completed for several reasons. I visited that section twice for the purpose of opening the same, but the petitioners were not prepared. You will doubtless receive from our Grand Lodge, a copy of a resolution adopted at its last communication, recommending and desiring its representative to nominate Bro. D. G. Sire William S. Stewart of Missouri for the office of M. W. Grand Sire. And as the representative it will afford me much pleasure to advocate his claims? Bro. Stewart is an old and worthy as well as an efficient member, and fully capable to discharge the duties, and my hopes are that we may have a unanimous expression of the Representatives in his favour, and am the more inclined to think favorably from the fact that the *West and South* have never elected a Grand Sire, whereas, they have never been found wanting in the discharge of their duties as Odd-Fellows—therefore the East and North, will no doubt from their knowledge of D. G. Sire Stewart, duly consider the case.

I hope to be with you in September, 3d Monday, although notice has been given erroneously that it was on the 1st, and the last Covenant I think says 16th or 2d Monday.

Yours very truly,

A. B. COLEMAN,
D. D. G. Sire for the District of Indiana.

Georgia—Extract of a letter from P. C. P. J. R. Johnson, dated Savannah July 29, 1844.

Our Order is still in a very prosperous condition in this State, and is very popular in this city, now is the time persons see the great benefit arising from it in the attendance which brothers of the Order receive; we have had a great deal of sickness, but as yet have lost none, and I am in hopes will be as lucky for the balance of the season. Our Grand Lodge meets on the 7th of next month, when they will elect a Delegate to your body, who will carry with him an application for a charter for a Grand Encampment in this State. Please acknowledge the receipt of this.

Tennessee—Extract of a letter from Grand Secretary, pro tem., Timothy Kezer, dated Nashville, July 29, 1844.

The annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Tennessee convened in this city on the 20th inst. The following are the names of the newly elected officers for one year.

JAS. R. SHELTON, of No. 3, M. W. G. Master.

HENRY WADE, “ 4, R. W. D. G. Master.

GEO. IRELAND,	No. 1, R. W. G. Warden.
W. F. TANNEHILL,	" 1, R. W. G. Secretary.
ANTHONY BONVILLE,	" 1, R. W. G. Treasurer.
LEE HOLEMAN,	" 3, R. W. G. Conductor.
D. C. CAMERON,	" 4, R. W. G. Guardian.
—— WELER,	" 4, R. W. G. Chaplain.
JAS. W. CARDWELL,	R. W. G. Host.

The Grand Master having signified his willingness to attend the Grand Lodge of the United States at its next annual communication—the election for Representative was dispensed with, it being one of the privileges of our G. M. according to our Constitution, to attend the Grand Lodge as the Representative of the State.

One year ago Tennessee Grand Lodge expressed a desire that the G. Lodge of the United States should continue to publish an official paper under its direct control. To ascertain how far it had met the approbation of the Order, I introduced the following which I am proud to inform you passed without a dissenting vote.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Grand Lodge, the "Covenant" has fully sustained the high expectations of its friends in Tennessee, and that Bro. James L. Ridgely, G. Secretary of the United States, and Editor of the Covenant is justly entitled to the thanks of the entire Order, for the ability, zeal, taste and judgment, manifested in the execution of the work—and though Tennessee has not contributed as freely in the support of the "Official Magazine," as some other States, it has been from no want of a disposition to do so—but from far different causes, and which we trust are temporary, and will soon be removed.

Missouri—Extract of a letter from D. D. G. Sire Wm. S. Stewart, dated St. Louis, July 22d, 1844.

This work has, I am sorry to say, met with some opposition in this section of country, but I am happy to inform you that the friends of the Magazine have met the objections urged against its continuance successfully, and it affords me the greatest pleasure to say, that the work is now properly appreciated and will no doubt have a more extensive circulation another year in this State. It certainly has been a powerful auxiliary in the cause of Odd-Fellowship.

Wildes Encampment No. 1, St. Louis, held her semi-annual communication on the 19th June, and in compliance with the requisition of the Grand Lodge of the United States, hand you the names of officers elected and installed viz:—

GERARD B. ALLEN, C. P.	E. F. M'DONOUGH, H. P.
JAS. JOHNSON, S. W.	WM. H. MERRITT, J. W.
WM. S. STEWART, Scribe,	CONRAD FOX, Treasurer,
GEO. BROCKMAN, Guardian.	

The Order in this State is in a very flourishing condition, increasing fast in number and respectability. Three subordinate Lodges have been chartered since the last report, and I understand there will be one or two more petitions presented at the next meeting of our Grand Lodge, which will take place on the 24th inst. Missouri reported at the last session six working Lodges, she will increase the number to ten next session.

I take pleasure in informing you that there is a decided improvement in

the Patriarchal branch of Odd-Fellowship in this State. The Patriarchs in this city and in Weston are good and true men, and while they conduct the machinery the work will be done systematically.

At the Salby anniversary of Odd-Fellows, where the Rev. Dr. Hook, of Leeds, preached, it was stated, after dinner, in his presence and with his concurrence, that the funds of the Order consisted of upwards of one million of money; the supposed income £230,000. The increase of members for the last year had been 25,000.

OBITUARY.

It becomes our melancholy duty to record, in the present number of the *Covenant*, the death of Past Grand Sire JAMES GETTYS, of the District of Columbia, one of the venerated fathers of our Institution, who departed this life at Georgetown on Thursday, the 15th of August. He was in the fifty-third year of his age, and was known to many of the brethren of the Order, especially in this city and at the national metropolis, as a zealous and efficient auxiliary in extending the sphere of its operations, before a knowledge of the correctness of its principles had removed the apparently deep-rooted prejudice against it which, in the first few years of its existence, appeared to have taken possession of the public mind.

Brother GETTYS was initiated in Georgetown Lodge No. 2, on the 23d of January, 1828, by our much respected Senior Past Grand Sire, on the occasion of the institution of that Lodge, it being the first one which was opened in Georgetown. He was on the same night, in the organization of the new Lodge, elected to the station of Secretary; and from that time his influence became manifest from the active interest which he took in the welfare of the association, aided as he was by an extensive and favorable acquaintance with his townsmen, which he had acquired by a long residence among them, first in the pursuit of mercantile business, and subsequently in the capacity of magistrate, conveyancer, general agent, &c., as also by his connexion with the city councils and the levy court of the county.

In less than a year from the time of opening Georgetown Lodge, its members united with those of Central Lodge of Washington in petitioning for a charter for the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, which body was duly instituted at Washington in November, 1828, when Brother GETTYS was elevated to the station of Deputy Grand Master, from which he was advanced at the next annual communication to that of Grand Master. It would be needless here to say that he discharged all his duties faithfully. In the latter office he was continued by re-election for four successive terms; and, before the expiration of the last one, he was required to relinquish its duties in consequence of being exalted to the distinguished chair of Grand Sire of the United States, then just vacated by the worthy Founder of the Order in this country, whose pre-eminent services in its behalf so properly entitled him to fill it in the first instance. This occurred in the fall of 1833, and Brother GETTYS remained at the head of the Order for two years, performing the functions of his office to the satisfaction of the Fraternity, and receiving from the supreme body a handsome compliment therefor on the occasion of his retirement by the expiration of his term of service. During the greater portion of the above period, and for two or three years afterwards, he also represented the District of Columbia in the Grand Lodge of the United States.

Though the perusal of this brief tribute may convey some idea of the devotion evinced by our deceased brother for the interests of the Order, it is only his former associates in the Grand Lodge of the United States, and the Senior brethren of the District of Columbia, who can duly appreciate the extent of his services, and do his memory full justice in this respect. The latter especially can bear testimony to his unremitting efforts to give stability to the Institution within their District, as well in Washington as in Georgetown and Alexandria, at which last place he took much interest in establishing the first Lodge of Odd-Fellows South of the Potomac. This active participation in Lodge business ceased about five or six years ago, on the decline of the Lodge in the city of his residence, when he deposited his card in one of the Washington Lodges, where he continued in membership to the hour of his death, regarding it as one of his most cherished privileges. He died in the arms and under the care and protection of the Brotherhood, who paid to his remains appropriate and imposing funeral honors, in which Past Grand Sire WILDEY and a number of brethren from Baltimore united. The malady with which he was afflicted, and which opened the way from this to another and a better life, was a pulmonary affection, which had prostrated him some months previously. Aware of his situation, and having made his peace with his God, he was perfectly resigned to his fate, and awaited it with fortitude and composure.

Brother GETTYS was endued with an unusually kind and benevolent disposition, was remarkably affable and conciliatory in his deportment, and obliging and generous to a fault.—Possessing these traits in an eminent degree, with many other commendable qualities, we believe it may be truly said that he died in peace with mankind, leaving no personal enemy behind him. May he rest in peace!

W. M. M.

I. O. O. F.

THE COVENANT

AND OFFICIAL MAGAZINE

OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

VOL. III.

OCTOBER, 1844.

No. 10,

THE M. W. GRAND SIRE'S REPORT.

SEPTEMBER SESSION, 1844.

To the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States of the I. O. of O. F.

BRETHREN:—

IN again meeting the Representatives from the various Grand Lodges and Encampments composing the Grand Lodge of the United States of the I. O. of O. F. at its stated Annual Session, it is a duty incumbent on me as Grand Sire of the Order to communicate to them information of what in my official character, I have done and performed since the last annual session, in relation to the matters committed to my charge—and at the same time to submit for their consideration such matters as the good of the Order may require that they should take action upon.

In making this communication it affords me great pleasure to be able to congratulate you on the continued prosperity of the Order under your jurisdiction—from the East, the West, the North and the South, the most gratifying intelligence has been received as well in relation to the increase of the Order—the high estimation in which it is held by our fellow-citizens—the great benefit it has conferred on the brethren of the Order, and the good it has done and is still doing to all mankind. General as is this prosperity, it is not universally the case, with all the Lodges chartered by you. I regret to state that, from information received from D. G. Sire Stewart, the situation of the Order in the State of Illinois is by no means flourishing. Whether this state of affairs is produced by neglect or inattention, on the part of the officers of the various Lodges chartered in that State or from some local cause, I am unable to say—but such was the situation of the Order then, that Deputy Grand Sire Stewart after having used his best endeavours to revive the spirit of Odd-Fellowship amongst the mem-

bers, found himself compelled in the exercise of his best judgment to take into his own possession the books and papers belonging to the Encampment at Alton, which had been chartered in that State. From the representations made by that able and efficient officer, I fear it will be necessary that this Grand Lodge should take the Order into its own keeping, by recalling the charter heretofore granted for a Grand Lodge in the State of Illinois—by doing so and placing the Order directly under the care of a D. D. G. Sire, properly qualified and willing to devote such portion of his time and attention to the subject as may be requisite—the causes which have produced this apathy may be discovered and removed. I submit the matter to your judgment.

From Texas I have received letters, in which D. D. G. Sire Cordova represents the Order as still in a depressed state. In the expectation that great benefit would result therefrom, an application had been made to him to remove the Grand Lodge from Austin to Houston, believing that unless so removed the Grand Lodge would cease to exist—and that there was every prospect of benefit by the removal, he had granted his assent to the request, and the Grand Lodge now meets at Houston. From the representation made on the subject to me by the D. D. G. Sire, I have approved of his acts in the matter—and it will be a subject on which this G. Lodge will take final action at this session.

The Grand Lodge at its last session, directed that charters should be granted to various Lodges and Encampments, which during the recess had applied for and received a dispensation from the Grand Sire, by virtue whereof they were then acting. In compliance with this direction charters were prepared and signed in due form—and have been regularly delivered to the Lodges and Encampments authorised by the vote of this G. Lodge to be recognized. This duty has been performed by the D. D. G. Sire within whose jurisdiction said Lodges and Encampments were established, their reports will be laid before you by the Grand Corresponding Secretary.

Diplomas were directed to be given to sundry members of the Order, as an evidence of the rank they held as Representatives or Officers of this G. Lodge, and also to P. C. P. Henry Leffman of Philadelphia, for services rendered the Order, by his translation of the work, &c. into the German Language. These directions have been obeyed and the diplomas delivered to the various persons entitled to receive them.

The Grand Sire, Deputy Grand Sire and Grand Secretary, were by a resolution of the Grand Lodge at its last session, authorised to prepare a form of warrant to be issued in place of the charters now in use, after the approval of the Grand Lodge is obtained, upon the dispensation issued during the recess of this Grand Lodge. By authority of which resolution, a form of warrant has been prepared and will be submitted for your approval by the Grand Secretary.

During the recess of this Grand Lodge, various applications have been made in conformity to the 13th article of the By-Laws of this Grand Lodge for dispensations to open Subordinate Lodges or Subordinate Encampments in different parts of the United States—application has also been made from members of the Order, resident in Canada, for authority to open Lodges to work under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge. Similar applications were made from members of the Order resident in Great Britain,

praying to be authorised to open Lodges, and work under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of the United States. In their application they express their desire to continue the work as it has been heretofore known, and that they do not approve of the course pursued by the Manchester Unity. Acting by virtue of the authority vested in the Grand Officers, I have authorised dispensations to issue which has accordingly been done, and the Lodges or Encampments have been duly opened by the D. D. G. Sire under whose jurisdiction they were located, or by a special deputy appointed for the purpose.

Applications have also been received in the form prescribed by the By-Laws for dispensations to open Grand Lodges or Grand Encampments in States or Territories in which they have not heretofore existed. Believing it would be for the good of the Order, that the dispensation should be granted, I have authorised that the prayer of the petitioners should be granted—dispensations have been accordingly issued and they have been regularly opened by the D. D. G. Sire within whose jurisdiction they are located. Each of the dispensations thus issued authorise the Lodge or Encampment either Grand or Subordinate to act subject to the approval of this Grand Lodge at its present session.

The Grand Secretary will lay before you in his report, a detailed statement of the various Lodges and Encampments both Grand and Subordinate, the authority for opening which have been issued by my direction, together with the date of the petition, the names of the petitioners, the date of the dispensation and the places where each is located, together with the report of the officers to whom was entrusted the duty to deliver dispensation and open the Lodge or Encampment.

In relation to the dispensations which I have authorised to be issued for Lodges or Encampments, there is but one to which it may be necessary that I should draw the attention of the Grand Lodge, and I do it more with a view to obtain the opinion of the members of the Grand Lodge, as to the propriety of granting more than one Encampment in a place where only four Subordinate Lodges are located, than to effect the particular Encampment for the establishment of which the dispensation has been granted.

Early in the present year an application for a dispensation to open an Encampment at the city of Macon, in Georgia, was presented to me. The Grand Lodge at its last session having granted a charter for one Encampment to be located in that city, and being informed that there were but two Subordinate Lodges there, I hesitated as to the propriety of authorising a second Encampment—being urgently solicited on the subject, as well by letter as by personal application from some of the most worthy members of the Order resident in that city, and representation having been made to me by which I was induced to believe that it would tend to the promotion of harmony amongst the members of the Order there, if the prayer of the petitioners was granted, I gave my assent to issue the dispensation, which was done accordingly, and the Encampment has been duly opened. Under the particular circumstances of this case I feel satisfied that benefit will result therefrom, although, I do not think that it will in general, be advantageous to multiply Encampments, in an equal ratio, with Subordinate Lodges.

In November, 1843, an application was received from a number of broth-

ers of the scarlet degree resident at Dresden, Tennessee, praying for a dispensation authorising the D. D. G. Sire to confer on them the Encampment degrees, in order that they might be enabled to apply for a charter for an Encampment to be located there. In the letter enclosing this application, it was stated that the applicants resided at a distance of one hundred and thirty-two miles from the nearest Encampment, at which those degrees could be obtained by them—that the expense attendant on a journey, for that purpose alone, was so great as to prevent the applicants from obtaining these degrees in the usual manner. The applicants were recommended as individuals and members of high character and standing, and that they were desirous to advance in the Order of which they were an ornament. Under these circumstances, I was very desirous to grant the prayer of their petition, but after a most careful examination of the subject I was of opinion that if I was to authorize those degrees to be conferred on the applicants by dispensation, I should infringe on the vested rights of the Encampment already chartered in the State of Tennessee. That this Grand Lodge had, by a resolution passed at the session of 1842, to be found in the printed proceedings of that session on page 81—expressed its opinion on the subject, by resolving “to invest the Grand Sire with power to grant dispensations to confer the Encampment degrees in a place where there existed no Subordinate Encampment.” By this resolution it appeared to me that the Grand Lodge by the use of the word *place*, intended *State*, and that in a *State* in which a Subordinate Encampment existed the authority to confer the degrees, was taken from the Grand Sire and conferred on such Encampment. Acting under this opinion, I felt myself bound reluctantly to refuse the prayer of the petitioners.

This subject was again brought before me by a letter from Deputy Grand Sire Stewart, dated the 18th of March, 1844, enclosing the petition of a number of members of the scarlet degree praying for a dispensation to authorise him to confer on them the Encampment degree, in order to enable them to petition for a charter to open an Encampment at Memphis, in the State of Tennessee. The granting of the prayer of the petitioners was earnestly recommended by D. G. S. Stewart, whose knowledge of the character and standing of the petitioners made him desirous that they should receive the full benefit of the higher degrees of the Order. This recommendation coming as it did from so distinguished a member of the Order, and one who held the second office in this Grand Lodge, induced me to pause and again carefully to investigate the subject. In doing so I called to my aid the experience of distinguished brothers of the Order, and asked the advice of the Grand Corresponding Secretary on the subject—the result of this consultation and the opinion expressed by all, was, that the power to confer those degrees was vested in the Encampments already chartered in the State of Tennessee, and that it might be considered an infringement of their rights if the Grand Sire should grant the prayer of the petitioners. I therefore felt myself bound to refuse the prayer of the petitioners. Of this determination I duly notified them, as I also did by letter to the Deputy Grand Sire in which I stated to him the reasons which had operated on my mind in coming to that judgment. I am happy to state that I have since been informed by the Deputy Grand Sire that he concurs with me on the subject. This subject I have judged proper to bring to your notice, in order that you may take such action, and

make such legislative provision thereon, as you in your wisdom may think proper.

The 18th Article of the By-Laws of this Grand Lodge makes it the duty of the Grand Sire to appoint a District Deputy Grand Sire in each State, District and Territory, &c. In making those appointments the practice has heretofore been to appoint those officers only for States, Districts or Territories in which a Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment had not been chartered and established. In conformity with this practice I made the appointments of D. D. G. Sire at the last session. If I had not felt myself restrained by what appeared to be the construction sanctioned by the G. Lodge of the authority granted to the Grand Sire by the 18th Article of the By-Laws, I should have thought it my duty to have appointed a D. D. G. Sire for each *State, District and Territory* working under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, and that without reference to the fact whether or not there existed a Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment in such District or Territory. Whether the practice heretofore pursued in reference to those appointments is correct or otherwise, it will be for the members of this Grand Lodge to determine, according as they may construe the article of the By-Laws referred to.

The importance of those officers will be apparent to the members of the Grand Lodge, when they consider that it is made the duty of the G. Sire during the recess of the Grand Lodge to have a general superintendence of the interest of the Order, and by himself or some qualified member to visit at least once a year each Subordinate Lodge and Encampment working under a charter granted by this Grand Lodge—and that although each Grand Lodge and Encampment have exclusive jurisdiction within its chartered limits, yet they are amenable to this Grand Lodge for the correctness with which they give instruction in the work of the Order—the general superintendence so far as relates to the work of the Order, could be well and easily performed by the Grand Sire during the time in which the Order was confined within the bounds of a few States on the Atlantic—but since it has extended over the whole bounds of the United States, gone into Canada, Texas and England, it has become a matter almost impossible for the Grand Sire properly to perform that duty.

Complaints are continually made of the difficulties which travelling brothers experience, arising from the different manner in which the language of the Order is taught in different places. Since the last meeting of the Grand Lodge I have been repeatedly applied to for information and instruction in relation to whether this or that was the correct manner of performing the work. In various instances I have ascertained that there exists, particularly in some of the older Grand Lodges, copies of the language of the Order which do not conform exactly to that taught by this Grand Lodge—it follows necessarily that working according to the books they have, their members meet with difficulty in obtaining admission into Lodges of the Order in other States—and thus a want of harmony is produced. I present this subject before you in the hope that in your wisdom you will devise some plan by which a growing evil may be corrected.—To me it has appeared that if the Grand Sire had authority to appoint a D. D. G. Sire in each State, District and Territory under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge to whose care should be entrusted a correct copy of the work and language of the Order, written in the cipher of the Order—and

whose duty it should be to see that no other language was used by the Order within the bounds of his jurisdiction, it would be the means of producing a uniformity which would be beneficial. The same officer without having any authority to interfere with the business transactions of the Lodges or Encampments within the bounds of his jurisdiction, might be made the organ of communication between them and the Grand Lodge.

Since the last meeting of this Grand Lodge, I have visited the Order in New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island and Massachusetts. In each of these States I was received with that respect and attention which the members of the Order are ever ready to pay to the Grand Sire when he visits them in his official character, representing as he then does this Grand Lodge. In each of these States I was gratified to find that the care and attention of the officers to whom was entrusted the management of the business of the Order, had been productive of much good, and had caused not only a great increase in numbers, but had added much to the high character of the Order in public estimation. In the month of June I visited Boston, by invitation of the Grand Officers of the State Grand Lodge, and assisted in celebrating the anniversary of the re-establishment of the Order in the State of Massachusetts. On this occasion the Order assembled in Faneuil Hall, and evidenced both by their number and respectability the exalted character of the Order in that State. To the exertion of P. G. M. Hersey and Bro. A. Guild the Order is indebted for its revival there, but for its great prosperity, the rapid increase of Lodges and members much is due to the zeal, care and attention of the officers who have been selected to preside over its Lodges both Grand and Subordinate—it is now established on a sure foundation, and gives evidence that if not now, it soon will be entitled to rank first amongst those who have associated together for the diffusion of the principles of Benevolence and Charity.

Whilst in Boston I visited the several Lodges located there. I also visited one recently opened at Newburyport. In all of which I was received with respect, and was gratified to perceive an ardent desire for knowledge and zeal in the performance of their duties.

At Providence I attended a meeting of the Encampment established there—gave them instruction in the mode of work and the conduct of the business thereunto belonging, afterwards I met the Grand Officers of the Grand Lodge recently opened by dispensation, assisted them in forming their Constitution, gave them such instruction on matters connected with the Order as will enable them to perform their duties with correctness. From the zeal manifested by the officers, the desire which the members expressed for the attainment of knowledge, and that the work should be correctly performed, I anticipate that the re-establishment of the Order in Rhode Island will be permanent and be productive of much good.

At the last session of the Grand Lodge, the connection heretofore existing between the Order in the United States and the Manchester Unity of England, was finally severed. The Grand Sire has had no correspondence with that body since. Information as directed by this Grand Lodge, was communicated to the various Grand and Subordinate Lodges and Encampments working under our jurisdiction of the separation which had taken place, since that time persons connected with the Manchester Unity have been refused admission to the Lodges in the United States.

The Manchester Unity in performance of the threat of which it had given notice, has during the past year chartered Lodges to work under her jurisdiction in the city of New York and in Philadelphia—as yet but little is known of them. From the best information I have been able to obtain, the Lodges thus chartered have but few members and are composed of Englishmen, who work differently from us, and adopt the ancient customs which the good sense of the members of the Order in this country have long since abandoned.

During the past summer it has pleased the Grand Patriarch of the Universe to call to his great account P. G. Sire James Gettys, a brother who during his connection with the Order, and particularly in his relation thereto as Representative to, and Grand Sire of this Grand Lodge, was held in high esteem, to whom the Order was indebted for much of its prosperity, and whose conduct as a member and in the various offices he filled, entitled him to the approbation of his brothers of the Order, and will cause him to be remembered with sentiments of respect and feelings of brotherly regard. From the experience we have had of his conduct, whilst with us, of his attachment to, and performance of the benevolent principles of the Order, we cherish the hope that he has received his merited reward in the Celestial Lodge.

As authorised by sundry resolutions of this Grand Lodge at its last sessions, I have drawn orders on the Treasurer for the amount of the salaries due to the several officers of this Grand Lodge, and for various bills and expenses which had been incurred for the use of the Grand Lodge, a particular statement whereof will be submitted by the Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer in their reports.

In concluding this report, it only remains for me to acknowledge the great assistance I have received from the ability and experience of the G. Corresponding Secretary—in him I have found a most efficient officer, ever ready by his advice and assistance to aid me in the performance of my duty.

To the Deputy Grand Sire and the various D. D. G. Sires my acknowledgments are also due for the aid I have received from them during the past year—the zeal and judgment they have manifested in the performance of the business committed to their care, merit approbation.

H. HOPKINS,
Grand Sire.

GRAND SECRETARY'S REPORT.

I. O. O. F.—OFFICE COR. & REC. SEC'Y, }
R. W. G. L. U. S. }

To the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States.

IN obedience to the law prescribing the duty, the undersigned begs leave very respectfully to present the Annual Report of this department. The following resolutions comprise the various instructions given at the last session to the Corresponding Secretary.

Resolved, That the Grand Secretaries and Grand Scribes, of the several Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments, be requested under revision of their Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments, to make out accurate lists of the names and dates of the institution of every Lodge and Encampment under their jurisdiction; to report the dates at which they came under the jurisdiction of the State Grand Encampments and Grand Lodges—the date of suspensions, expulsions and re-instatements—and to submit the same to the Grand Corresponding Secretary, at least three months previous to the next Annual Communication.

Resolved, That the Grand Corresponding Secretary be directed to procure two appropriate books, to be kept as Registers—one for the Lodges, and the other for the Encampments, under their jurisdiction. That he cause all the Lodges and Encampments in communion with this Grand Lodge, to be entered and registered in said books—numbering each of them according to seniority, as the same shall appear from the reports above required, and from the documents in his office.

Resolved, That hereafter, in all cases of grant of charter or dispensation, by the Grand Lodges or Grand Encampments—they shall immediately report the same to the Grand Corresponding Secretary, who shall enter the same in the general register, with its proper number, which shall be immediately communicated to the state Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment, to be inserted in the charter, in addition to its State number—as G. R.—. And that as soon as the appropriate numbers of Lodges or Encampments now in existence, shall be declared, they shall in like manner be added to the respective charters.

Resolved, That the Grand Corresponding Secretary, be directed to communicate the above to the several Grand Lodges and Encampments.

Resolved, That all connection between the Manchester Unity and this Grand Lodge, be and hereby is forthwith severed, and that to this Grand Lodge belongs the exclusive authority to erect Lodges and Encampments of Odd-Fellows, upon any part or section of the globe.

Resolved, That the Grand Corresponding Secretary be instructed to forward to each Grand and Subordinate Lodge and Encampment, working under a charter from this Grand Lodge, a copy of the foregoing resolution.

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary be, and he is hereby directed to forward bills to all Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments, and all Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, indebted to this Grand Lodge, with an earnest request, that they immediately forward the amount.

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary be, and he is hereby directed to forward imperative instructions to all Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, reported as having failed to forward reports, to furnish them without delay.

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary be, and he is hereby directed to issue a circular, to all those who have been acting as agents for the sale of Diplomas, to close up their accounts without delay, transfer any remaining on hand, to their respective Grand Lodges or Encampments, taking receipts therefor, and forward a full statement to the Secretary's office.

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary be, and he is hereby directed to furnish this Grand Lodge, in his annual report, with a full and detailed statement of his accounts, showing the amounts due to and by it—and a statement of all Grand and Subordinate Lodges and Encampments, which may not have reported—said report to be made up to within two weeks of the Annual Session of this body.

I have the honor to report that the instructions enjoined in the foregoing resolutions have been complied with. On the 20th December 1843, a printed circular on the subject of the Registry was addressed to each G. Lodge and Encampment under this jurisdiction, a copy of which is herewith annexed. The undersigned has to express his sincere regret that the laudable object of the Grand Lodge in the passage of these resolutions has for a time been defeated by reason of the neglect of the departments whose duty it was made to furnish the information required, to respond to the circular of the undersigned—honorable exception in justice must however be made of the Grand Lodges of Maryland, New York, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Delaware, Missouri, District of Columbia and New Jersey, of the Grand Encampments of New Jersey, Kentucky, Maryland and Ohio, and of Bunker Hill Encampment, Mass.—each of which bodies have made satisfactory reports on this subject.

In consequence of the failure of the Grand Lodges and Encampments generally to comply with the requisition of the resolutions on this subject, it has been impracticable to carry out the views of the Grand Lodge of the United States in providing appropriate books of Registry for numbering these departments according to their respective seniority as contemplated by the law.

As directed by the resolution of the Committee on Finance, the undersigned prepared and transmitted bills to all Grand Lodges and Encampments, from the accounts reported as audited by that committee, together with imperative instructions to Lodges and Encampments failing to report at the last session. Many of these bodies have responded with promptitude to the Order of the Grand Lodge while some have continued as they have heretofore done for many years, to permit their arrearages to remain unliquidated. It is a source however of great pleasure to the undersigned to report that the delay in settling old accounts in many instances arises from inability and not from the want of proper respect to the obligation of the claims.

Most of the Agencies for the sale of Diplomas have been closed, and the same have been transferred to the State Grand Lodges as directed in the resolution of the last session. The edition heretofore printed having been entirely disposed of, it is worthy of consideration whether a further supply may not be profitably authorised—returns have as yet been received but from a few of the new depositories, but it is believed that at the present reduced price all will be readily sold.

Herewith is presented (Doc's A. B. C. D.) in conformity with the resolution requiring the same, being "*a detailed statement of the accounts of this office, shewing the amounts due to and by the Grand Lodge of the United States,*" in so far as it was practicable to obey the Order of the last session. It will be observed that the amounts accruing from Encampments and Lodges immediately subordinate to the Grand Lodge of the United States can only be ascertained at the end of their respective quarters when their reports are due to this department. These bodies are required to report through the D. D. G. Sires, and it not unfrequently happens that the Cor. Secretary remains unadvised of the details of their reports and appropriate credits until the annual reports of those officers are made—again the amounts due from the Lodges in Maine, New Hampshire and Rhode Island, and from the Encampments in Massachusetts, in which State Grand

Lodges and Encampments have been created during the recess, cannot be known to this office until the final reports are received from the same up to the period of ratification of the Grand warrants for these States—hence it has been found impracticable to present even a proximate statement of the amounts due from the immediate subordinates of the Grand Lodge of the United States. It is true the number of quarters for which reports and per centage might be due could be stated, but this information would be of no service to the Representatives in enabling them to arrive at a correct view of the fiscal affairs of the Grand Lodge. The amounts due by the Grand Lodges and Encampments, together with the amount due by the Grand Lodge of the United States, and a statement of all Grand Lodges and Encampments, which have not reported up to within two weeks of the present session will be found comprised in (Doc's A. B. C.) above referred to. Under the existing practice with the State Grand Lodges generally, (notwithstanding the resolution of September Session 1841, which requires the Annual Reports and dues to be forwarded to the Cor. Secretary at least one month previous to the session, and the further enactment of the last session directing the undersigned to report all such bodies which may have failed to report up to within two weeks of the session) the annual reports are seldom made until the first day of the term to which they are returnable, when the Grand Secretary is crowded with the current business of the session—this delay it is believed is attributable to the convenience which is afforded for transmitting these reports and funds by the Representatives elect.

This same difficulty to a very considerable extent exists in the practice of D. D. G. Sires, who are required by their commission to report in the month of July. These officers have by law the prerogative of examining and supervising the reports of the Subordinates and are made the channel of transmission of all dues to the G. L. of the U. S. The Lodges or Encampments within their jurisdiction report at different periods, and the payments made are reserved, not unfrequently awaiting the accession of other reports and funds so as to make a suitable remittance to this department. Any statement of accounts which would make such bodies appear debtors or delinquents in their reports would produce distrust and dissatisfaction.

There should be such regulations adopted as would bring in all the reports whether from G. Lodges, G. Encampments or Subordinates to the Cor. Sec. at least one month previous to the session, and thus afford him the means of presenting a full and detailed statement of all the accounts of the Grand Lodge. To accomplish this desirable object imperative laws should be enacted, and a fiscal year should be designated, having regard in its selection to the period of the session of the Grand Lodge of the United States and terminating at least one month previous thereto.

Again, the general tabular statement detailing the progress and entire operations of the Order during the year cannot be made up under the present practice until the termination of the session and the Representatives have returned to their respective homes. This document which is one of great importance should be made up and presented by the Corresponding Secretary in his annual report, in order that the Representatives whilst in session might be put in possession at the proper time of the true state, strength, resources and disbursements of the Order, and have the opportu-

nity of such legislation thereon as might be found necessary. To enable the undersigned to furnish this statement, it is indispensable that the reports from all quarters should be in his hands, affording him the proper materials at least one month prior to the session.

In compliance with the order requiring the Cor. Secretary to pay over all monies received by him in the vacation for the use of the Grand Lodge, and to report the same, specifying the amount received, from whom received and for what object, and in further obedience to the resolution of 23d of September, 1841, on the same subject, the undersigned respectfully presents the following statement of the receipts during the past year, all of which have been paid over to the Grand Treasurer, vouchers for which accompany this report.

Amount of revenue received by the Cor. Secretary during the recess, from whom received and for what object, reported in obedience to resolution of 23d September, 1841.

	What Object.	State, place and name of Lodge or Encampment.	Amount.
1843.			
Oct. 9,	Dispensations issued,	Georgian Lodge, No. 3, Thomaston, Maine,.....	\$ 30 00
" 13,	" " " "	Ligonian,..... 5, Portland,.... do.....	30 00
" "	" " " "	Michigan,..... 1, Detroit, Michigan,.....	30 00
" 27,	" " " "	Queen's..... 2, Montreal, Canada,.....	30 00
Dec. 18,	" " " "	Sabbatis,..... 6, Augusta, Maine,.....	30 00
1844.			
Jan. 22,	" " " "	Penobscot,..... 7, Bangor, Maine,.....	30 00
Feb. 3,	" " " "	Ivorin,..... 1, } Tredegar, S. Wales, G.	68 50
" "	" " " "	Covenant,..... 2, } Britain.....	
" 14,	" " " "	Burlington,..... 1, Burlington, Iowa,.....	30 00
" 15,	" " " "	Prince Albert,..... 3, St. Johns, Canada, East,....	30 00
" "	" " " "	Relief,..... 8, Thomaston, Maine,.....	30 00
" 19,	" " " "	Natanis,..... 9, Gardiner, do.....	30 00
" 26,	" " " "	Lincoln,..... 10, Bath, do.....	30 00
" 28,	" " " "	Grand Lodge of Maine, Portland,.... do.....	30 00
March 6,	" " " "	Hillsborough Lodge, No. 2, Manchester, N. Ham.	30 00
" "	" " " "	Wechamet,..... 3, Dover, do.....	30 00
" "	" " " "	Washington,..... 4, Sommersworth, do.....	30 00
" "	" " " "	White Mountain,..... 5, Concord, do.....	30 00
" "	" " " "	Grand Encampment of Mass., Boston,.....	30 00
" 21,	" " " "	Hochelaga Encampment, No. 1, Montreal, Canada,	30 00
April 1,	" " " "	Star of the East Encampment, 2, Portland, Maine,...	30 00
" 2,	" " " "	Michigan..... do..... 1, Detroit, Michigan,	30 00
" 5,	" " " "	Frontier..... do..... 2, Weston, Missouri,...	30 00
" "	" " " "	Gayoso..... do..... 3, Memphis, Tenn....	30 00
May 8,	" " " "	Wayne Lodge, No. 2, Detroit, Michigan,.....	30 00
" 22,	" " " "	Rose of the Valley, 3, Potosi, Wisconsin,.....	30 00
" "	" " " "	Roger Williams,.... 3, Providence, R. Island,.....	30 00
" 29,	" " " "	Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, Providence,	30 00
" "	" " " "	Narraganset Encamp., No. 1, Providence, R. I....	30 00
" "	" " " "	Nashoonow,.... do..... 1, Nashua, N. H....	30 00
" "	" " " "	Piscataqua Lodge,..... 6, Portsmouth, N. H....	30 00
July 6,	" " " "	Sangamore Encampment, No. 2, Augusta, Maine,...	30 00
" 24,	" " " "	Pontiac Lodge, No. 3, Pontiac, Michigan,.....	30 00
" "	" " " "	Ancient Brothers,.... 1, Portland, }	50 00
" "	" " " "	Portland Encamp.... 1,.... do.... }	
Aug. 31,	" " " "	Jackson,.... do..... 4, Jackson, Michigan,.....	30 00
" "	" " " "	Peninsula,..... 5, Marshall,.... do.....	30 00
Sept. 1,	" " " "	Katahdia Encamp.... 4, Bangor, Maine,.....	30 00
" 5,	" " " "	G. Lodge of N Hampshire, Concord,.....	30 00
" 12,	" " " "	Grand Lodge of Michigan, Detroit,.....	30 00

1188 50

	What Object.	State, place and name of Lodges or Encampment.	Amount.
1843.			
Sept. 25,	For Dues,	Far West Lodge, No. 1, Arkansas,	\$40 00
"	"	Mt. Arrarat Encp., Natchez, Miss. to 30 June, 1843,	30 00
1844.			
Jan. 20,	"	Ridgely Encamp., Nashville, Tenn., 4 qr. in full,	10 26
Feb. 20,	"	Prince of Wales Lodge, No. 1, Canada, Jan. 1, 1844,	70 30
" 28,	"	Maine Lodge, No. 1, 1st quarter,	122 10
"	"	Saco, 2, do.	19 00
"	"	Ancient Brothers, 4, do.	47 90
"	"	Ligonis, 5, do.	40 70
"	"	Maine, 1, 2d quarter,	51 40
March 6,	"	Massasoit Encampment, Mass.	55 95
"	"	Tremont, do. 2d quarter,	39 62
"	"	Menotomy, do. do.	9 00
"	"	Monamoke, do. do.	26 15
"	"	Bunker Hill, do. do.	20 65
"	"	Friendly Union Lodge, Providence,	52 95
"	"	Eagle Lodge, do. do.	39 44
"	"	Granite Lodge, Nashua,	48 75
April 9,	"	Michigan Lodge, Detroit,	48 31
" 18,	"	Far West Lodge, Arkansas,	7 13
May 22,	"	Washington Lodge, N. Hampshire,	41 50
"	"	Wechamet, do. do.	65 81
"	"	Hillsborough, do. do.	61 48
"	"	White Mountain do. do.	53 28
"	"	Granite, do. do.	27 80
"	"	Friendly Union, No. 1, Providence,	27 32
"	"	Eagle, 2, do.	75 95
July 3,	"	Queen's Lodge, 2, Montreal,	34 15
" 6,	"	Ocmulgee Encampment, Georgia,	13 96
" 10,	"	Michigan Lodge, No. 1, Detroit,	62 17
" 15,	"	Kennedy, do., Black Creek, E. Florida,	2 50
" 22,	"	Michigan Encampment, No. 1, Detroit,	26 42
"	"	Wayne Lodge, 2, do.	11 83
" 30,	"	Franklin Encampment, 3, Georgia,	23 15
Aug. 3,	"	Magnolia, do. Savannah,	20 60
" 12,	"	Willey Encampment, Natchez, Miss.,	21 15
" 14,	"	Catahoochie Encampment, Columbus, Geo.,	19 00
Sept. 2,	"	Willey Encampment, No. 1, St. Louis, Mo.,	22 29
"	"	Frontier, do. 2, Weston, do.	5 08
" 5,	"	Granite Lodge, No. 1, N. H.,	18 39
"	"	Hillsborough, 2, do.	33 43
"	"	Wechamet, 3, do.	23 36
"	"	Washington, 4, do.	16 20
"	"	White Mountain, 5, do.	35 43
"	"	Piscataqua, 6, do.	41 56
"	"	Friendly Union, 1, Rhode Island,	18 69
"	"	Eagle, 2, do.	62 67
"	"	Roger Williams 3, do.	29 50
Sept. 8,	"	Washington Lodge, Iowa,	8 99
"	"	Marley Encampment, Alexandria,	23 47

\$1991 70

Sources not designated—D. D. G. Sire Case

\$275 67

1843.			
Nov. 17,	For Books,	G. Lodge of Virginia,	20 00
Dec. 27,	"	do. New York,	37 50
1844.			
Jan. 12,	"	do. Ohio,	79 00
" 13,	"	do. Delaware,	13 00
"	"	Delaware Encampment, No. 1, Wilmington,	5 00
" 16,	"	G. Lodge of Kentucky,	40 00
Feb. 2,	"	do. New York, old account,	98 39
" 19,	"	do. Connecticut,	5 00
Mar. 16,	"	do. Massachusetts,	119 50
April 1,	"	Grand Encampment of Ohio,	52 00
" 5,	"	G. Lodge of Missouri,	15 00
Feb. 12,	"	do. New Jersey,	25 00

	What Object.	State, place and name of Lodge or Encampment.	Amount.
Aug. 1,	For Books,	Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania,	60 00
" 14,	"	G. Encampment of Pennsylvania,	25 00
" 14,	"	Grand Lodge of Maryland,	9 00
			<u>603 39</u>
1843.			
Sep. 23,	For Diplomas,	J. E. Chamberlain, Maryland,	22 50
1844.			
March 1,	"	Grand Lodge of Ohio,	15 00
Aug. 1,	"	Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania,	37 60
" 12,	"	Grand Lodge of Mississippi,	5 25
Sept. 7,	"	J. E. Chamberlain, Maryland,	8 25
" 12,	"	J. W. Saunders, Ohio,	50 00
			<u>\$128 60</u>
1844.			
Aug. 12,	Representative Tax.	Grand Lodge of Mississippi,	20 00
" 26,	"	Grand Encampment of Kentucky,	20 00
" 28,	"	Grand Lodge of Kentucky,	20 00
" 21,	"	Grand Lodge of Maryland,	40 00
"	"	Grand Encampment of Connecticut,	20 00
Sept. 2,	"	Grand Lodge of Missouri,	20 00
" 12,	"	Grand Lodge of Louisiana,	20 00
"	"	Grand Lodge of Georgia,	20 00
			<u>\$180 00</u>
Total,			<u>\$4102 09</u>

The revenue of the Grand Lodge during the recess it will be perceived has been much increased over that of the corresponding period of the last year, and it is a subject of congratulation that means have thus been placed at the disposal of the Executive Officers to preserve the credit of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

At the last session the Committee of Finance charged the Treasury with the payment of the semi-annual interest on the loan of \$1000 and the sum of \$1133,20, being claims then due but unavoidably deferred, this amount together with the subscription authorised at a former session to 100 copies McGowan and Treadwell's Edition of the Journal of the Grand Lodge of the United States, amounting in all to over \$1400 has been promptly met and all the current expenses of the Grand Lodge including salaries of officers, office rent, &c. have been fully discharged, leaving a surplus in the Treasury to be applied to the outstanding special debt of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

At the close of the last session of the Grand Lodge of the United States the indebtedness of that body amounted to the sum of - \$4,896 33

Composed as follows :—

Special loan of	-	-	-	-	\$1,000 00
Interest,	-	-	-	-	60 00
Deferred claims charged on Treasury,	-	-	-	-	1,133 20
100 copies of Journal,	-	-	-	-	250 00
Printing,	-	-	-	-	350 00
Appropriation to creditors of Official Magazine—					
T. Wildey, Agent for 1841,	-	-	-	-	546 03

R. Neilson, Printer,	-	-	-	-	1,434	60
W. Curtis, Agent for 1842,	-	-	-	-	122	50

Of this sum their now remains unpaid the sum of - \$2,980 63

Composed of Special Loan,	-	-	-	-	1,000	00
T. Wildey, Agent,	-	-	-	-	546	03
R. Neilson, Printer,	-	-	-	-	1,434	60
					2,980	63

To pay which the surplus in the treasury, and the accruing receipts of the session will abundantly provide. This exhibit embraces the fiscal condition of the Grand Lodge of the United States with all pre-existing embarrassments which have been accumulating for a series of years. There remains no other subject of indebtedness known to this department. The affairs of the "Official Magazine" for the current year do not enter into this statement,—the report of the Agent not yet being made, must form the subject of the action of the Finance Committee in making their expose of the fiscal condition of this body.

It is truly gratifying to behold the Grand Lodge free from monetary embarrassment, and thus placed beyond that paralysis in her energies for the welfare of the Order which many of our brethren had fearfully apprehended.

By authority of the resolution of September Session, 1842, the undersigned appointed P. G. M. Charles McGowan and P. G. Secretary John G. Treadwell of New York, to publish a correct journal of the proceedings of the R. W. G. Lodge of the United States from its formation to the end of the last session of that body, and subscribed as directed in said resolution for one hundred copies of the work on the part of the Grand Lodge of the United States. I have the heartfelt pleasure to report that those brethren have with singular ability, executed the trust committed to them and have at the hazard of great individual responsibility, presented to the Order by far the most valuable acquisition which it has received since its establishment in this country—this work is an octavo volume of 600 pages most accurately compiled and elegantly printed, embracing beside the Journal the revised Constitution and By-Laws, together with a copious and admirably correct index to the whole. It is also embellished with engraved likenesses of the P. G. Sires, present Grand Sire and Cor. Secretary. This has been an undertaking of no ordinary magnitude and the service rendered to the Order in its production will be felt and appreciated by our latest posterity. Whilst the work deserves universal patronage wherever Odd-Fellowship obtains, it especially commends the enterprising contractors to the favourable notice of the Grand Lodge of the United States. It only remains that for the future care should be taken to preserve its value to the brotherhood, by a continuous journal of all future sessions in the same style, and after the same system. The copies subscribed for by the Grand Lodge of the United States, have been delivered and paid for according to the contract with the undersigned, bound in law calf and labelled for the Representatives and officers of this body.

Resolutions were adopted at your last session directing the presentation of a Diploma to P. C. P. Henry Leffman, of Philadelphia, "as an evidence of the sense of the Grand Lodge for his kindness in promptly and faithful-

ly translating into the German Language the work of Subordinate Encampments free of charge," also to P. G.'s Frederick Goll, Jr. and James Garey, Jr. of Concord Lodge No. 43, New York, as an evidence of the sense of the Grand Lodge for their valuable services in translating the Lectures into the French Language free of charge—also to P. G. Sire John A. Kennedy "for the able and dignified manner in which he presided over the deliberations of the Grand Lodge of the United States, and for the general promptitude and ability evinced by him in the discharge of the arduous duties entrusted to his care during the recess." This duty has been, with great pleasure, performed by the undersigned and the documents duly transmitted to the respective brethren to whom they were awarded.

It is believed that the above enumeration of duties enjoined upon this office during the recess comprised all that it was the pleasure of the Grand Lodge to direct to be performed.

The undersigned now proceeds to detail such correspondence with this office and the various departments of the Order as may be worthy of your notice.

Foreign Relations.—Since the adjournment of the last session, the resolution proclaiming the severance of the tie between the Grand Lodge of the United States and the Manchester Unity has been officially transmitted to the proper parties in England and throughout this jurisdiction. It is believed that the authorities in Great Britain have taken no measures whatever upon this subject—a correspondence has been had with distinguished individuals of that country which has resulted in the establishment of two Lodges under warrants from this body, and also a Grand Lodge, entitled "the Grand Lodge of the Principality of Wales." The official documents were entrusted to competent hands; the deputation associated an American brother then in Liverpool, with a distinguished P. G. Master of England, as commissioners for the instruction of the applicants in the American work, and the proper organization of the Lodges. I have the high satisfaction of communicating to the Representatives that the important duty confided to this commission has been performed in the most satisfactory manner, as will appear by the report, herewith annexed, bearing date Liverpool, August 16, 1844.

To these brethren, P. G. Thomas Wainwright Colburn of Suffolk Lodge No. 8, Massachusetts, and P. G. M. George Bolsover of Stockport, England, the Grand Lodge is greatly indebted, for valuable aid and the most essential service in enabling her to plant the standard of our Order once more upon its native soil. The Grand Master of the Principality of Wales under this new organization, J. Davis, (Brychan) is personally known to the undersigned, as the oldest, most distinguished and influential Odd-Fellow in Wales—he is now nearly seventy years of age, and is yet, vigorous and energetic—with the animation and fire of youth, he writes, "that he attended in person the whole proceedings from the beginning to the end, and that he is happy to say that it was conducted in such a manner as would make even your heart and that of our ever to be respected benefactors to leap with joy had you and they been present, at our soul-stirring movements." The old members in particular were more than overjoyed at witnessing the ancient work and language of our beloved Order restored to them in their pristine state." There can now no longer remain a shadow of doubt of the spread of the Order in its true and proper language through-

out the kingdom of Great Britain—upon this event the undersigned begs to felicitate the Representatives of the Order.

In addition to the two Lodges heretofore formed in Canada, a third Lodge and an Encampment have been instituted during the past year in this Province, and have commenced their career under the most flattering auspices. The Order in the Republic of Texas does not appear to have advanced. The Grand Master of that jurisdiction very recently visited the seat of government of the Grand Lodge of the United States, from whom assurances have been received that a new impulse had been given to the energies of the brotherhood by the removal of the Grand Lodge from Austin to the city of Houston. It is suggested very respectfully that upon the formation of Grand Lodges in foreign countries, whether the interests of Odd-Fellowship would not be much promoted by recognizing such organization as distinct sovereignties in the Order, exercising independent powers. It will doubtless be apparent that in matters of local regulation and many details of form, that the constituency of our Order in foreign countries are not free from the natural influences of, and predilections for the laws and systems of the government under which they live; this common feeling superadded to the general distrustfulness of associations such as ours, may not so easily be combatted when they are known to preserve a close affiliation with a parent Lodge, established under political institutions so widely different from their own—thus the march of Odd-Fellowship may be essentially advanced and the great aim of the G. Lodge of the United States to spread its blessings throughout the world may not be defeated.

The undersigned presents to the Representatives the assurances that the condition of our Beloved Order throughout the United States is one of unexampled prosperity, and its continued spread in every section of the country is the surest evidence of the great elevation which it has attained in the judgment and favor of the virtuous and the wise. To the ability and industry of the D. D. G. Sires we are mainly indebted for great accession to our numbers and strength in the Eastern sections of the country.

The reports of these officers are herewith submitted; comprising as they do a mass of interesting and useful information, these documents deserve a place upon the Journal of the Grand Lodge of the United States not only as worthy of preservation for their intrinsic value, but as records to operate in all future time as examples of the zeal, energy and talent of their respective authors so clearly evidenced in the discharge of a trust, arduous and responsible, and full of difficulty and delicacy.

It is invidious to discriminate where all have distinguished themselves by an industry which has never tired, and with unabating zeal and devotion for the prosperity of our beloved Order, yet the undersigned feels that as a public officer he should be derelict in duty did he fail to commend especially to the notice of the Grand Lodge, the signally successful exertions of D. D. Grand Sires Guild, Churchill and Yorke AtLee—with these officers the correspondence of the year has been voluminous and interesting, all of which together with their annual reports is herewith submitted.

Annexed will be found a condensed statement of the present aspect of the Order in this jurisdiction, derived from the correspondence of this department.

Maine.—The Grand Lodge will receive the highest pleasure from the report of Bro. P. G. M. Churchill, D. D. G. Sire of this district, to whose energy and industry the Order at large is placed under a weighty obligation for the rapid, healthful and cheering progress of Odd-Fellowship in that meridian—since your adjournment eight new Lodges have been erected in this State under warrants from this department and five under the authority of the Grand Lodge of Maine, which has been instituted recently under the most flattering promise of value to the Order. The constituency of this State, in which Odd-Fellowship has been planted but little over one year, now reaches the constitutional basis, which entitles the Grand Lodge to two Representatives, who have been duly chosen and appear at your present session as integral members of our ever to be cherished confederacy. The Encampments of Patriarchs, four in number, are all in the highest state of prosperity.

New Hampshire.—At your last session but a single Lodge, Granite No. 1, was reported from the State of New Hampshire—I have now the gratification of informing the Representatives that five new Lodges have been instituted under the authority of the Grand Lodge of the United States during the recess, one Subordinate Encampment and a State Grand Lodge. The supervision of the Order in New Hampshire is within the district of D. D. G. Sire Guild of Massachusetts, already so favorably known to the Representatives as an untiring, efficient and successful laborer in the cause of Odd-Fellowship. The undersigned begs to acknowledge the deepest obligations to this distinguished brother for his cheerful, prompt and valuable offices to this department in the many instances in which his services have been asked.

Massachusetts.—Our beloved Order in this commonwealth continues to advance with rapid strides, not only in numbers, but in the good esteem and respect of the community. The administration of the affairs of the State has been conducted with the most signal ability both in the Grand Lodge and Patriarchal departments. There is in no part of our jurisdiction more cause for congratulation than in this ancient State—but a few years ago under the blighting influence of the fell spirit which prevailed against secret Orders, scarcely a single spark remained unextinguished of the original fire which had been kindled by the veteran Wildey in Massachusetts in 1823, and as if to cover up the expiring embers, the Legislature in obedience to the impulse of the day, enacted penalties, contemplating its entire dissolution. Now behold the thousands of Odd-Fellows, all over the State, and almost every village and town of the commonwealth blessed with Lodges of Odd-Fellows. What nobler trophy than this was ever won by the unobtrusive, yet intrinsic merits of principle over persecution and proscription? Nor in this comparative review of Odd-Fellowship in Massachusetts may we as Odd-Fellows only, find cause of gratulation, but also as citizens may we rejoice in the practical exhibition which it affords, of the certain ultimate triumph of the constitutional rights and immunities which belong to the people. A Grand Encampment has been instituted since the last session which is fully organized and highly prosperous.

Connecticut.—Odd-Fellowship advances with steady step in this enlightened State, already entitled by its numerical strength to the highest constitutional representation. A memorial from the Grand Encampment

is herewith presented, praying special legislation upon the subject therein detailed.

New York.—This jurisdiction continues to maintain as it so richly deserves its title, as the "Empire State" in the Order. It is wholly impracticable in the unavoidable brevity necessary in this report to attempt to do justice to the state of our beloved Order in New York—the details of its advance during the past year, its increase in members and Lodges and in extent of jurisdiction is almost unparalleled in the history of any analogous institution—more than one-third of the whole constituency of the Order in the United States it is believed belong to the jurisdiction of the G. Lodge of New York. Every part of this widely extended State is studied over with the temples of our Order, reaching from its mighty lakes to the Atlantic. To the distinguished P. G. Sire, and also to the capable and talented Grand Secretary of this State does the Order continue under many obligations, for valuable aid.

New Jersey. The Grand Lodge of New Jersey has had a season of great prosperity during the past year, and the Grand Encampment of the State continues highly successful—this State has attained by the great industry and energy of the brethren to the highest grade of Representation.

Pennsylvania. This being the residence of the M. W. Grand Sire, the undersigned refers to the report of that officer for details in relation to the state and progress of the Order within its limits. From the annual report of the Grand officers, the affairs of the State Grand Lodge it appears, have never been more prosperous and the general condition of its subordinate departments is strong, healthful and increasing.

Delaware. The undersigned has had no correspondence during the past year with the Grand Officers of this State. The Order is believed to be steadily increasing within its jurisdiction.

Maryland. It is with great pleasure that the Cor. Secretary is enabled to report that Odd-Fellowship continues in vigour and increased strength in this ancient jurisdiction.

District of Columbia. It has been the pleasing duty of the undersigned in his various annual reports to distinguish the administration of the affairs of the Order in the District of Columbia. Truly our brethren of this jurisdiction, working under the immediate observation of our fellow-citizens from all sections of the country, assembled in the national metropolis do honorably represent the character of Odd-Fellowship. The estimable and able Representative of that Grand Lodge, who has so long and so efficiently served the Order in the Grand Lodge of the United States, continues his active and valuable correspondence with this office, and represents the condition of Odd-Fellowship within his district as prosperous in the highest degree. During the past month P. G. Sire James Gettys, the second G. Sire of the Order in the United States, a brother who filled that chair with dignity and elevation of character, and who evidenced in the administration of its duties, the talent, affability and courtesy so eminently befitting its exalted grade, has been called from our midst, to the Grand Lodge above. He was chosen by the Representatives at the session of 1833 by a *unanimous vote* to preside over the destinies of our beloved Order, for a long period anterior to which, he had been honored by the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia with a seat in the Grand Lodge of the United States. In the discharge of his duties as a Representative he endeared

himself to his associates, by the suavity of his manners, the spotless purity of his heart, and the vivacity and sprightliness of his disposition.

In the death of this distinguished brother, the Order at large has cause to mourn—among the few remaining Patriarchs of the Order in the United States a sensible void has been created—by those of his contemporaries on the floor of the Grand Lodge, who yet survive, his ardent attachment for the welfare of our beloved Order, his self-sacrificing unobtrusiveness, his patient toil in the labors of that body will be long remembered—he breathed his last “in the arms of his brethren” and his earthly remains were followed to the grave by the devoted band of his brethren of the District of Columbia and the adjoining States.

Virginia.—The undersigned has had no official correspondence with the authorities of the Order in this State. Its condition as developed in the proceedings of the State Grand Lodge is exceedingly prosperous. Widows Friend and Abrams Encampments in this State, whose accounts by law should have been closed prior to the organization of the Grand Encampment of the State, yet remain unsettled.

North Carolina.—Odd-Fellowship continues to be blessed with a happy increase in this State. The most eminent citizens of the commonwealth have not only united with the Order, but have become active and zealous laborers in the Lodges—again allow the Cor. Secretary to present to the consideration of the Representatives, the constituency of North Carolina, as deserving the highest commendation for their enterprize, perseverance and success in the system of education adopted by them as auxiliary to the great purpose of Odd-Fellowship.

South Carolina.—All that has hitherto been said by the undersigned in his annual reports concerning the position and character of Odd-Fellowship in this State, may be reiterated. Every where within the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge, are her Lodges prosperous and harmonious—enlisting the best citizens and commanding universal respect.

Georgia.—The Grand Lodge of Georgia has been instituted and has had a career of prosperity during the past year—a warrant has been issued for the organization of Franklin Encampment No. 2, at Macon, which has been duly established. The Executive officers of the Order in this grant were united in opinion, although grave and elaborate objections were urged against the measure by some of the Patriarchs of Macon. The application, remonstrance against the same and the opinion of the Grand Sire in the premises are herewith submitted.

Alabama. To P. G. M. Salomon, D. D. G. Sire for this district the Cor. Secretary is indebted for his usual attentive and interesting details of information concerning the Order within this jurisdiction—Odd-Fellowship has advanced during the year in this State.

Mississippi. Grand Secretary Dicks, late Representative in the Grand Lodge of the United States has been a regular and attentive correspondent with this department, and his valuable reports exhibit the Order to be gaining in strength and character in that region. The Grand Lodge has made its annual report, paying with her usual promptitude her annual dues.

Louisiana. It is gratifying to report that the serious difficulties which had unhappily existed between the Grand Lodge of the Masonic Order and of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows have been honorably adjusted, the Grand Lodge of Masons having repealed the obnoxious resolu-

tion formerly passed by that body. All is harmonious and pacific between the two sister institutions, and it is believed that Odd-Fellowship will now advance in character and usefulness in this jurisdiction.

Florida.—The two Lodges in this Territory, Florida No. 1 at Jacksonville, and Kennedy No. 2 at Black Creek continue to prosper. To the especial attention of D. D. G. Sire Case is the Order indebted for the advancement of Odd-Fellowship in this Territory.

Missouri.—The R. W. D. G. Sire having the State of the Order in this region under his immediate observation, has been actively engaged during the past year in promoting its welfare—he has made a tour through a part of the State during the year and represents the condition of Odd-Fellowship to be highly prosperous throughout its borders.

Illinois.—The Order in a part of this State is not in a healthful condition and requires the immediate attention of the Grand Lodge of the U. States. The Report of the D. D. G. Sire, for the southern part of the district, is herewith submitted. From D. D. G. Sire Potts of the Northern part of the State it is gratifying to learn that the Lodges under his supervision are in a prosperous State.

Indiana.—The most gratifying intelligence has been received from D. D. G. Sire Coleman of the improving and healthy progress of the Order in Indiana. The reports of the Grand Lodge and of Wildey Encampment at Madison have been duly received. The Order in the language of the D. D. G. Sire is "gaining and becoming popular as its principles become understood." Four new Lodges have been created during the year.

Ohio.—The report of the Grand Lodge of this State as usual has been made in season—the condition of our beloved Order within the State, is one of unexampled prosperity. To the enlightened administrations of the officers of this State, during a few years past may be mainly attributed the present elevated position of Odd Fellowship within its borders. To those sterling brethren P. G. M.'s Sherlock and Thomas, the undersigned renews the expression of his acknowledgments for their ready and efficient aid at all times to this department when solicited.

Kentucky.—The state of Odd-Fellowship within the limits of Kentucky is in all respects characteristic of the enterprize and energy of her people. In all its details it is in a condition of great success—several new Lodges and Encampments have been created during the recess. The Grand Encampment has made her report and advised the undersigned of the election of a Grand Representative.

Tennessee.—In this State Odd-Fellowship has planted its standard deep and firm in her soil and its banners are destined to float upon every part of its extended domain. The Grand Lodge of the State continues to advance its jurisdiction and her Subordinates enjoy in the highest degree, harmony and brotherly love.

Michigan.—This is a jurisdiction which has been acquired since the adjournment, and in no part of the country has there been a more rapid and healthful increase of constituency and Lodges. To the able report of D. D. G. Sire Samuel Yorke AtLee, who has been indefatigable in his labors during the year, you are respectfully referred for details of the state and progress of the Order in this State. There are now five Lodges and one Encampment in Michigan. An application for a Grand Lodge charter has been received and is herewith presented—together with a memorial

from D. D. G. Sire AtLee, praying special legislation for the benefit of the brother therein designated.

Arkansas.—The reports of Far West Lodge No. 1, Little Rock, has been received, from which it does not appear that the Order has had much increase.

Wisconsin and Iowa.—Washington Lodge at Burlington, Iowa, is doing well, but it is represented by D. D. G. Sire Potts that the other Lodges in these Territories from causes particularly detailed by him in his annual report, herewith annexed, are not in a healthful state. The state of the Order in this region is therefore especially commended to the Representatives.

The frequent applications which are received by the Executive of the Order for explanations, constructions of law, and counsel upon the work of the Order render it certain that the subject of reducing to a code so far as practicable the general regulations of the Order and all such laws as derive their force from "usage" cannot longer be deferred. The State Grand Lodges not unfrequently determine questions of usage and adopt a practice accordingly; hence each State may differ in the essential general discipline of Odd-Fellowship. In the work of the Order also a great want of uniformity exists—this under the present manner of instituting new Lodges and Encampments may be unavoidable, as it is not to be wondered that brethren may not always be at hand at remote points qualified to instruct. It is important that a proper officer should be appointed to visit each Lodge and Encampment for the purpose of correction and instruction in the work; unless this or some other system of preserving the uniformity of our language be adopted, this growing evil will become in a few years almost beyond the reach of legislation.

The Journal of the last session was printed and distributed as directed by law, and it is believed with but one exception was duly received by the proper officers in the different States. Herewith is presented the Constitutions of the Grand Lodges of Kentucky, of Georgia, and of the Grand Encampments of Connecticut and Massachusetts—also the By-Laws of Campbell Encampment, Wilmington, N. C., Granite Lodge, N. H., Bunker Hill Encampment, Mass., Michigan Lodge No. 1, Wayne Lodge No. 2, and Michigan Encampment No. 1, at Detroit, subject to the revision of the Grand Lodge of the United States. The undersigned acknowledges with pleasure the receipt during the year of the proceedings of the Grand Lodges of New York, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky and New Jersey, and of the Grand Encampment of Massachusetts.

The undersigned would respectfully suggest that the existing laws, which prohibits the issuing of dispensations to confer the Encampment degrees upon Scarlet members in States where an Encampment is already established, has retarded the progress of the Patriarchal Order seriously in one of the Western States. It may frequently be more inconvenient for Scarlet members residing at a remote distance from an Encampment in a State to travel to that Encampment to receive the degrees, than it would be to go to a neighbouring State. In such cases it appears proper, that a sound discretion should reside in the Executive of the Order, to authorise the conferring the Encampment degrees upon properly qualified applicants. Two instances have occurred during the past year in which the establishment of Encampments in highly advantageous situations have been thus prevented.

It is proper to advise the Representatives that the edition of Charge Books belonging to the Grand Lodge of the United States has become wholly exhausted—an equal number of each class of books was printed in the last edition, but a large number of the Charge Books as the undersigned is informed were destroyed by the fire of the Hall in Baltimore some ten years ago—a suitable occasion is now afforded to the Representatives to revise that part of the work if deemed advisable.

Dispensations according to law, under the direction of the Grand Sire have been issued from this office upon proper and constitutional applications for the same—

FOR GRAND LODGES.

- To the Principality of Wales, at Tredegar, Great Britain.
- To the State of Maine, at Portland.
- To the State of Rhode Island, at Providence.
- To the State of New Hampshire, at Concord.

FOR GRAND ENCAMPMENTS.

- To the State of Massachusetts, at Boston.

FOR SUBORDINATE LODGES.

- To the State of Maine, Georgian, No. 3, Thomaston.
- “ “ “ Ancient Brothers, No. 4, Portland.
- “ “ “ Ligonias, No. 5, Portland.
- “ “ “ Sabbatis, 6, Augusta.
- “ “ “ Penobscott, 7, Bangor.
- “ “ “ Relief, 8, Thomaston.
- “ “ “ Natans, 9, Gardiner.
- “ “ “ Lincoln, 10, Bath.

- To the State of Rhode Island, Roger Williams, No. 3, Providence.

- To the State of Michigan, Michigan No. 1, Detroit.

- “ “ “ Wayne, 2, do.
- “ “ “ Pontiac, 3, Pontiac.
- “ “ “ Jackson, 4, Jackson.
- “ “ “ Peninsula, 5, Marshall.

- To the Province of Canada, Queens No. 2, Montreal.

- “ “ “ Prince Albert, 3, St. Johns.

- To South Wales, Great Britain, Ivorian, No. 1, Tredegar.

- “ “ “ Covenant, 2, Monmouth.

- To Iowa Territory, Washington, No. 1, Burlington.

- To the State of New Hampshire, Hillsborough, No. 2, Manchester.

- “ “ “ Wechamet, 3, Dover.
- “ “ “ Washington, 4, Sommersworth.
- “ “ “ White Mountain, 5, Concord.
- “ “ “ Piscataqua, 6, Portsmouth.

- To Wisconsin Territory, Rose of the Valley, No. 3, Potosi.

FOR SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENTS.

- To the State of Maine, Machigonne, No. 1, at Portland.

- “ “ “ Star of the East, 2, do.
- “ “ “ Sangamore, 3, Augusta.
- “ “ “ Katahdn, 4, Bangor.

To the State of Michigan, Michigan, No. 1, Detroit.

To the Province of Canada, Hochelagan, No. 1, Montreal.

To the State of Missouri, Frontier, No. 2, Weston.

To the State of Rhode Island, Narragansett, No. 1, Providence.

To the State of New Hampshire, Nashoonow, No. 1, Nashua.

" " " Wonolanset, No. 2, Manchester.

To the State of Georgia, Franklin, No. 3, Macon.

" " " Catahooche, 2, Columbus.

The several applications and returns of the D. D. G. Sires to whom the warrants have been transmitted for the institution of these bodies are herewith presented, and in the event of their confirmation no further act need be done by this department, the warrants being now absolute upon approval by the Grand Lodge of the United States.

The want of Charge Books has produced delay in the establishment of several new Lodges and has also to some extent retarded the creation of Lodges under the State jurisdictions, the attention of the Grand Lodge is therefore invited at an early moment to this subject.

In concluding this report the Corresponding Secretary is enabled once more to congratulate the assembled Representatives of an Order, whose efforts of benefaction to the human race are every where felt and honored, upon the sublime spectacle which we now present to the world of a band of fellow-citizens counting over forty thousand, addressing our concentrated energies to the dissemination of principles, whose benign influences tend so happily to soften the asperities of our nature, and affiliated by a mystic tie, which recognizes in man one universal brotherhood wherever upon the habitable globe his destiny may be cast.

Respectfully submitted,

JAMES L. RIDGELY,
Cor. Secretary.

DOCUMENTS

ACCOMPANYING REPORT OF GRAND CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

(Doc. A.)

Due by State Grand Lodges to G. Lodge of the U. States, Sept. 2, 1844.

Massachusetts,	†\$275 00		Amount forward,	\$1104 17
Rep. tax, 1844,	40 00—	\$315 00	Connecticut,	\$20 00
New York,	129 75		Rep. tax, 1844,	40 00—00 00
Rep. tax, 1844,	40 00—	169 75	Texas,	60 00
Pennsylvania, Rep. tax, 1844,	40 00		Rep. tax, 1844,	20 00—80 00
District of Columbia,	4 00		Tennessee,	133 00
Rep. tax, 1844,	20 00—	24 00	Rep. tax, 1844,	20 00—158 00
Delaware,	7 50		South Carolina,	75 00
Rep. tax, 1844,	20 00—	27 50	Rep. tax, 1844,	40 00—115 00
Louisiana,		4 63	Alabama,	27 50
Ohio,	110 00		Rep. tax, 1844,	20 00—47 50
Rep. tax, 1844,	40 00—	150 00	North Carolina,	
New Jersey,	19 75		Rep. tax, 1844,	20 00
Rep. tax, 1844,	40 00—	58 75	*Maine,	51 00
Kentucky,		58 50	Rep. tax, 1844,	40 00—91 00

Virginia, Rep. tax,	40 00	*New Hampshire,	17 00
Indiana,	56 00	Rep. tax, 1844,	20 00—37 00
Rep. tax, 1844,	20 00—76 00	*Rhode Island,	7 50
Mississippi,	12 00—12 00	Rep. tax, 1844,	20 00—37 50
Missouri,	62 00—62 00		
Illinois,	12 00		
Rep. tax, 1844,	20 00—32 00		
	<u>\$1104 13</u>		<u>\$1740 13</u>

(Doc. B.)

Due by Grand Encampments to G. Lodge of the U. States, Sept. 2, 1844.

Maryland, Rep. tax, 1844,	\$20 00—\$20 00	Amount forward,	\$239 00
New York, dues,	83 00	Pennsylvania, Rep. tax, 1844,	20 00
Rep. tax, 1844,	20 00—103 00	Ohio, do. do.	20 00
Kentucky,	22 00—22 00	South Carolina,	\$54 00
New Jersey,	48 00	Rep. tax, 1844,	20 00—74 00
Rep. tax, 1844,	20 00—68 00	Connecticut,	20 00
Virginia,	6 00	*Massachusetts,	36 00
Rep. tax, 1844,	20 00—26 00	Rep. tax, 1844,	20 00—56 00
Amount forward,	<u>\$239 00</u>		<u>\$429 00</u>
Amount from Grand Lodges,	- - - - -		\$1740 13
do. Grand Encampments,	- - - - -		429 00
†Diplomas are included in the debts against State Grand Lodges pursuant to resolution creating these bodies agents for the same.			<u>\$2169 13</u>
*These States are not debited with per centum due from Lodges and Encampments until ratification of Grand Charters.			

(Doc. C.)

Return of Grand Lodges and Encampments not reported on 2d Sept. 1844.

Grand Lodges.		Grand Encampments.
Massachusetts,	New York,	Maryland,
Pennsylvania,	Delaware,	New York,
Louisiana,	New Jersey,	Massachusetts,
Virginia,	Illinois,	Pennsylvania,
Connecticut,	Tennessee,	Virginia,
Texas,	South Carolina,	South Carolina.
Alabama,	North Carolina,	
Georgia,	Maine,	
New Hampshire,	Rhode Island.	

(Doc. D.)

Amount due by Grand Lodge of the United States, 2d Sept. 1844.

To special loan from Marion Lodge, New York,	- - -	\$1000 00
To Bills payable,		
T. Willey, Sept. 27,—30, '44,	- - - - -	\$546 03
R. Neilson, do. do.	- - - - -	1434 60
Twelve months interest on same,	- - - - -	118 80—2099 43—\$3099 43

GREEN-MOUNT CEMETERY—BALTIMORE.

BY CAROLINE M. SAWYER, OF NEW YORK.

FAIR art thou, City of the Silent! Fair
The paths which lead to thine abodes of peace,
Where the sick heart lays down its load of care,
And all the sorrows of the spirit cease!

Soft are your slumbers, ye inhabitants!
Reposing sweetly in your narrow beds;
Bright are your dwellings where the sunbeam slants
And fragrant winds sweep sighing o'er your heads!

Ye, whose sad footsteps seek some quiet home;
Where strife and discord vex the ear no more,
Here lies the spot—ye need no longer roam—
Come to the City of the Silent!—Come!

Come, though the friend, the dearest to your heart,
At the dim portal coldly turn away,
Leaving you, love, unaided, to depart;
And close your eyes upon the light of day!

Come—though your cheeks by death's cold wind be fann'd,
Nor let your spirit droop its wings in fear—
Angels shall lead you with a loving hand,
And whisper tales of Eden in your ear!

Tales of a land where darkness cometh not—
Where love and beauty light the spirit's home—
Where all that wounds the bosom is forgot—
Come to the City of the Silent!—Come!

September 30, 1844.

ADDRESS.*

BY BRO. I. SHELBY TODD.

FRIENDS AND BRETHREN:

FOR the want of time, and an older and better acquaintance with the principles and operations of Odd-Fellowship, I cannot hope, in the few observations I shall lay before you, to make a sufficient return for your at-

*Delivered at the Celebration of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, on the 6th May, 1844, at Shelbyville, Kentucky.

tention ; or do justice to a subject which the partiality of my brethren has induced them to commit to my poor efforts.

This gathering and procession to-day is not intended to celebrate any important event in the history of our Order ; it is not intended as a gratification of an ostentatious pride on our part, or the excitement of an idle curiosity in others ; it is not to do homage to the memory of any Conqueror or Statesman.—We meet together around our altars, dedicated to the Widow and Orphan, to commune with each other, in a pleasurable interchange of those benevolent sentiments which swell the bosom of every good Odd-Fellow ;—we meet to cultivate a social feeling, to draw closer the bonds of brotherhood ;—we meet as brothers—brothers of the same family, having one feeling, one purpose, one common destiny : and our highest ambition will be gratified, if by our walk and conversation this day, we shall be able to shadow forth the beneficent principles of our Association.

In a survey of man's history, as it is delineated in the course of empire, up to the period of the overthrow of the Roman power, there is something wanting to satisfy the desires of the heart. The object of the ancient Hero, Orator and Statesman, was not to enlarge his own happiness, or to ameliorate the condition of his fellow-man ; but in all his undertakings, there is exhibited a love of self-aggrandizement, a thirst for vain glory, for conquest and power, which corrupted the whole man ; deadening all the nobler emotions of his soul, and rendering the talents, which God had given him for a blessing, a curse to himself and mankind. The result of a want of enlightened public virtue, of the principles of Love and Charity, may be seen in the catalogue of those dark and horrible crimes which fill the history of the old world. How striking is the contrast between the pomp of nobility, in their official capacity, the dazzling splendor and pagantry of victorious Generals, and the suffering, want and misery of the domestic circle ? We find but few pursuing the peaceful avocations of life : Their chief aim was the education of their children for the din of war ; and their highest ambition in its bloody carnage. We find no combined effort to increase the happiness of the many ; but few associations for the purposes of benevolence. In contemplating the grandeur, power and wealth of enlightened ancient nations, the achievements which they made in Architecture, in Eloquence, in Poetry and in Philosophy, we are struck with astonishment ; but, so few and feeble were the efforts which they made to increase the sum of human happiness, or lessen the burden of human sorrow, that they have failed to win our affections. Neglecting the cultivation of moral, social and benevolent principles, they have left no monuments of their goodness and justice. Revolution after revolution ; anarchy succeeding despotism ; misery and crime following want and poverty ; till the whole earth was enveloped in moral and political darkness.

At length a glorious day, whose meridian splendor beams upon us, began to break. All things are now working a change.—The whole man, if I may be allowed the expression, is undergoing a physical, moral and social renovation. Man began to seek out for himself new paths to happiness. He is once more regarded as a social being. His aim no longer seemed to be the conquest of Empires, but that of the heart. The avaricious, selfish, belligerent, jealous principles of his actions are superseded

by all those higher, ennobling and softer emotions, which were originally stamped upon his nature, by his Creator and his God. The principle of "doing good to others," appeared now to break forth, in all its glorious light, upon the world—establishing anew the three great pillars of our Order: FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH.

Here the religion of the Bible had its new birth—dispelling the moral darkness of the soul, whose light and heaven-born principles gave new life and new direction to the efforts of mankind, whose precepts, being inculcated, gave rise to many of those benevolent societies which have contributed so much to lessen the amount of human misery. Among the institutions which had their origin here, we might name our own. Indeed, the antiquity of our Order has been the subject of much curious and learned speculation: No effort has been spared, to trace its origin back to far distant days, for the purpose of investing it with whatever of veneration and awe may belong to age.

As this is the first celebration of our Order, in this place, it may not be amiss for us to notice, very briefly, the proof we have of its antiquity: Its principles are eternal and unchangeable, as all moral principles are.—They were inculcated to Adam in the Garden of Eden; and are essential to the existence of society. Whilst the universal instincts of humanity, which teach us the necessity of mutual dependence, and the duty of mutual aid and comfort, naturally lead men, in all ages of the world, to form themselves into societies for the common weal, we have every reason to believe that institutions for charitable purposes of some sort or other have ever existed.

We are unable to trace the Order regularly down, through the long roll of ages; but do catch occasional glimpses of it at different times. The name of the Order is to be found prior to the sacking of Jerusalem. In Cæsar's Commentaries we meet with this passage:—"And the minds of all our men being intent upon that thing, from another part of the town Adcantuannus, who held the chief authority, made an irruption with five hundred devoted followers, whom they call "*Solduri*," of whom this is the agreement: that in life they shall enjoy every fortune together with those to whose friendship they may have devoted themselves; that, if any thing may happen to them by violence, they will either bear the lot with them, or procure death to themselves; nor yet, in the memory of man, has any one been found, who would refuse to die, he being slain to whose friendship he had devoted himself." From the term "*Solduri*" which denotes a Gallic Order, we may easily derive the name of our society:—it is derived from two words *solus* and *durus*; which, united together, mean "*oddly constant*," which when used plurally we might supply "*companions, or fellows*," and hence the name of *Odd-Fellows*. The ruling principle which seemed to govern this Gallic Order, and which the superstition and ignorance of the times induced the one to offer up his life for the other, is one of our fundamental principles, refined and chastened by the improvements of the age. Again: Plutarch speaks of a society, which Anthony and Cleopatra were connected with, in Alexandria, that was denominated the "*Odd or Inimitable Livers*," which, with full propriety, may be rendered "*Fellows*."—Hence, we have more clearly the name of the Order of *Odd-Fellows*. It has been supposed, by some, that the Order came originally from the land of the Nile, and worked its way

into Gaul. We cannot doubt but that there were many secret societies in Egypt; as her innumerable pyramids, her subterraneous galleries, her hieroglyphics, her mystic rites and sublime ceremonies, testify.

There are other proofs, which might be adduced, to establish the antiquity of our Order, were it important. But, since we cannot hold to the principle, that the long existence of an institution is positive proof of its intrinsic value, or that no institution should be sustained, because it has not stood the test of ages, we pass on, to notice the improvement of our Order, as time rolled on in its mighty course, developing the signal revolutions which have taken place in science, morals, religion and the explosion of antiquated prejudice. *Odd-Fellowship*, which appeared so imperfect in olden times, like the rude marble from the quarry, is now fashioned into shape and beauty; and, aided by the lights of knowledge, and the powerful and heavenly influences of the Christian Religion, its votaries are enabled to present it, so purified, and refined, that it cannot fail to win the admiration, and command the respect, of every intelligent community.

It has progressed most extensively in Europe. Its blessed influences have been felt in the mitigation of the miseries of men in England, France, Russia, Prussia, and Austria; and the Order occupies the most exalted station in the judgment of the most enlightened men of those countries. The Grand Lodge of Great Britain includes in its jurisdiction upwards of 4,000 Lodges, containing 250,000 regular members, appropriating, annually, to the cause of Charity, more than one million of dollars. Here is a strong proof, of the sympathy of those good men for the needy and distressed; as also, a practical exemplification of the benevolence of the Order. Its progress in this country is even more astonishing than in any other. Twenty-five years since, there were but five *Odd-Fellows* to be found in the United States! Now, they number over fifty thousand!—Like the small spark of Liberty, which, at one time, glowed only in the breasts of a few individuals, but quickly caught into a flame that cemented the whole American people, *Odd-Fellowship* need only be planted here, until in a few years, its wide spread branches stretch themselves over this whole continent, whose fruit giveth nourishment and comfort to thousands in want and distress.

There is something in our soil, in our political and religious institutions, peculiarly adapted to an association such as ours. The government of our Order is not unlike that of our country.—Organized with a view to moral cultivation, and the relief of physical evil, it proceeds upon the great principle of *Equality*,—disregarding all the artificial distinctions of society, and placing all its members upon one and the same level.

It is only by means of social communion and equality, that we can hope to bring into healthful exercise sympathy, friendship, and all the finer feelings and affections of the soul.

The uninitiated and uninformed may think, that the rites and ceremony, together with the symbols, emblems and tokens, are all for vain pomp and show; but there is nothing superfluous; nothing that does not teach a valuable moral; and all shadowing forth, so beautifully and clearly, the principles of the Order that they are indelibly fixed upon the mind.

Although much has been written and spoken, concerning the principles and designs of *Odd-Fellowship*, and, notwithstanding the vast amount of good it is daily dispensing, all over the country, there are those who would

have it put down, because some of its proceedings are secret! We answer this objection, by saying, that there are examples of secrecy to be found in every relation of society. Taking the religion of the Bible first, we might instance many passages which inculcate secrecy, and judge thereby it is right. Solomon says: "He that is of a faithful spirit *concealeth secrets*." In another place, we find this saying: "Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty to *perfection*?" "Great is the *mystery of Godliness*!" saith Paul. Here are secrets in the Bible; and, yet, what Christian would refuse the consolations of Religion, because he cannot *see* the workings of that *Holy Spirit*, whose blessed influences comfort his soul, in the season of affliction, and cheer his mind in the hour of death? The church has its secrets.—How often do we find the doors of the Assembly, the Conference, and the Association closed, and none can enter but a member? Our Federal Government acts upon this principle.—In the *first* article of the U. S. Constitution, it is provided, that each House shall keep a Journal of its proceedings; and from time to time publish the same, except such parts, as in their judgment, may require secrecy." It is one of the charms of the domestic circle—and how much are the pleasures of the fire-side heightened by it?—here, where the best affections are brought into full exercise; here, where all is confidence and love;—but, let the eye of the world fix its rude gaze here, and how soon is it stripped of its sweetest pleasures. The principle is virtuous, when considered in these relations; it is equally so when applied to Odd-Fellowship.

It is an established fact, that the applicants for charity will increase, as the means for obtaining that charity are rendered more easy: and, so long as there exists charitable societies, there will spring up a class of men, who, knowing the ease with which they can obtain aid from these institutions, will indulge in idleness, drunkenness and debauchery, bringing want and misery upon themselves; men who are lost to every sense of honor or decency; who go about to feed upon that charity which was intended for the deserving alone. To protect us against the intrusions of this class of men, we have our signs of recognition, which are known to none but the Order—which are all the secrets we have, and which forms an insurmountable barrier to all impostors. Behind this bulwark, like a well disciplined army, have we entrenched ourselves, and none can enter our threshold, but he that hath the watchword. Thus we can go forth, in our labour of love, in security; dispensing our charity to the deserving brother, first; then, to his family, and to the community at large. Here is necessity for secrecy; and we will be fully justified, if the subject is rightfully considered.

Believe me, that we do not enjoin secrecy as a cloak, to hide our sins, or any sinister designs upon society, or government, which the world may charge us with.—We do it to render ourselves the more secure in the practice of those virtues, which adorn the character of every good Odd-Fellow.

Our Order is said to be a relict of feudalism; that it answered the purposes for which it was instituted, in olden times, and may have been the means of doing much good; but that in this day of light and knowledge, in this land of liberty and plenty, there is no necessity for such an association. A learned writer has laid it down, as an incontrovertable fact, "that civilization is the true destiny of man, inasmuch as it is the means of de-

veloping the highest capacities of his nature; and that we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that one of its necessary, and most striking results, is a great inequality in condition; and in proportion as it advances the more gross and glaring does this inequality become." The wants of the savage Indian are but few and simple; and his reliance for their satisfaction is chiefly upon his own efforts. His food is the flesh of wild animals, taken in the chase; his raiment their skins; he slakes his thirst in the nearest running stream, and constructs, with his own hand, the rude shelter which protects him from the storm. Not so in civil society. Where men are congregated together in large masses, artificial wants are created and multiplied. Look at your large and populous cities, where civilization and wealth most abound? See there, the pomp, the refinement, the luxury, the ease, all the comforts which wealth can bring, all the pleasures which knowledge can bestow! See there, also, the poverty, the privation, the suffering, the squalid, wasting want! What inequality exists! an inequality which the Government, nor the laws, cannot correct. Wants which can only be satisfied by charitable societies. Our Order seeks to correct the evils which flow from such a state of things, founded, as we have before stated, upon the broad platform of Equality.

The publication of our Constitution and Laws, the beneficial results to society of our benevolence, and the many good and pious men who are our most prominent members, all testify, that the institution is designed to promote the happiness of mankind.—In becoming an Odd-Fellow we become better men, better citizens, better christians. Carry out the principles of our Order—let them be extended throughout all society, and who can tell the results?—The whole community, formed together in one brotherhood for mutual protection against casualties incident to mortality,—administering to each other in time of sickness and distress—assisting the widow and the orphan!—To bring to pass such a state of things as this, we may well invoke the prayers of Christians, the efforts of the Philanthropist, the songs of the Virgins.

How striking is the contrast of such benevolent associations as ours—feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and teaching obedience to the laws of God and man,—when compared with such societies as the "*Illuminati*" of Germany and France, the "*Carbonari*" of Naples and the "*Rosa Crusians*," or "*Brothers of Exalted Dew*," who directed their efforts and vast resources, not to the promulgation of moral virtue, but to teaching licentiousness, unsheathing the dagger, and subverting Governments? And yet, strange to tell, these societies received the sanction—nay, the support of the Nobility of Europe, whilst our closely allied sister Masonry, by a statute enacted in the reign of Henry 7th, in England, was made *felony*, persecuted century after century in Spain, France, Germany, Russia and Italy: and as late as the year 1825, it was punished by death in Spain!—and, stranger still is the fact, that in our own beloved land, emphatically, "the home of the oppressed,"—secret orders have been considered a national evil; and, as a consequence, many good and great men have been sacrificed upon her political altars.

We have been pained to observe, a few weeks back, in the Boston papers, that a certain Rev. Mr. Colver, of the Baptist Denomination of Christians, has engaged in a *pseudo* crusade against Odd-Fellowship. His prominent objection, seems to be, that Odd-Fellowship is not as comprehen-

sive as it might be ; or, in other words, because it does not make all its members good Christians, and does not do as much good as it might. All this, we admit. It is not as comprehensive as it might be.—Nothing that man can do is perfect. It does not make all its members Christians,—it does not claim to do this ; but we claim that every act of charity it performs is a Christian duty ; and every object it has in view is calculated to advance Christianity : and the man of God, who has the spread of moral principles and the good of his fellow-man at heart, should be the *last* to persecute Odd-Fellowship.

This opposition, we are persuaded, is the result of a depraved public sentiment ; and he who, in this day, with so many results of the benign influences of our Order before his eyes, and without acquainting himself with its principles and designs, would rise up and proclaim it an evil, exhibits a character fit only for the association of bosoms from whence every generous impulse has been removed, and where a wild and furious fanaticism reign alone.

We are bold to assert, that there is not a principle of our Order, which does not tend to the spread of moral, political and social virtue. In the practice of these principles we make no sacrifice of our duty to our God, to our country, or to ourselves. We are fulfilling a Divine injunction, when we visit the sick, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and administer to our neighbor in distress. We are increasing the strength of our political union, when we teach obedience to her laws, when we unite her citizens in the strong bonds of Friendship, Love, and Truth,—ever ready, should civil dissensions threaten our union, to heal, to defend, and to save.

We should like to speak, separately, of the beauties of each of the fundamental principles of our Order ; but we give way to the worthy brother who has also been selected to address you. Permit us, however, to allude to the practice of educating the orphan children. It is truly one of the most beautiful features in our whole system of charity. When we visit the sick brother, administer to his wants, smooth his dying pillow, and conduct his remains to their last resting place, we turn not away, and shew to the world that our affection for him has been buried with his remains ; but, if he has left children, the parting with whom increased the pang of death, we turn to take them by the hand, lead them to the temple of education, store their minds with useful knowledge, and bid them go forth to honor and distinction. There is a fund set apart specially for this purpose ; and the Order can now boast of their Orphan Schools in most of the large cities of the East ; and hundreds are thus taken from obscurity, to whom the lights of knowledge had shined in vain, but for the broad charities of our Order.

LADIES : We cannot close without expressing to you the gratification we feel in having your presence to-day. The prominent part you have taken, in all the benevolent operations of the day, induce us to believe, you have not come hither for idle curiosity ; but to learn of the principles of our Order, and wish us a "God speed." It cannot be otherwise, since the main pillar in our temple is woman's attribute—*Charity ! Charity !*—And, although we have provided no place for you in our inner temple, it is not for the want of respect or gallantry. You have your peculiar field of duty assigned you.—The honors of our Order, the richness of our regalia, nor, even our charity, can add one single charm to your loveliness.

This institution is dedicated to the orphan and widow. You have an interest here—a lasting interest; and we are encouraged by your approbation.

Brethren: A word to you, and we have done; you have a wide field for operation. The rapid increase in your numbers has attracted the attention of the whole community. The cause in which you are engaged is a noble one—worthy your every effort. Worthy the age and nation in which you live. Go on, then, in the good work, which you have begun. The monuments you shall rear, in the grateful recollection of the recipients of your charity, will far outlast any which have been erected to the Monarch or the Conqueror. Live up to the principles of the Order,—your power will be irresistible,—your triumph complete.

ODD-FELLOWS' CELEBRATION—GREAT TURN OUT OF THE LADIES—BOQUETS—WREATHS, &c.

THE celebration of the 5th anniversary of Odd-Fellowship in Connecticut, by Uncas Lodge, No. 11, of this city, took place on Tuesday of last week. The day was pleasant—not a cloud obscured the horizon—and the rain, which fell during the preceding night, settled the dust so that no inconvenience was experienced while on the line of march.

At an early hour, the steamer Angelina arrived from New London, with about one hundred members of the Order belonging to Thames Lodge, No. 9, of that city, and Unity Encampment, No. 4, accompanied by a large number of ladies and citizens generally. A brass band of music also accompanied the members of the Order from New London. The fine appearance of the members of Thames Lodge was a subject of general remark. Dressed in full regalia, which was of the nicest material and finish, the procession, as it passed over the Rail Road bridge from the boat, attracted much attention and admiration. It being the first public exhibition of Odd-Fellows in regalia, ever made in this city, a large concourse of people assembled about the landing place, to catch a first view of the insignial banners, &c. of the Order. The members of Thames Lodge were escorted by the brass band to their quarters, the Franklin House.

At 9 o'clock, the members of Uncas Lodge met at their Hall in She-tucket street, from whence they proceeded, in full regalia, escorted by the Boston Brass Band, to Main street, down Main to the junction of Water street, where the members of Palmyra Encampment joined the procession which then proceeded up Main street to Franklin square, and was joined by the members of Thames Lodge, Unity Encampment, and such members of the Order as were present from various Lodges in and out of the State. The procession then advanced in the following order:—P. M. Judson, P. G., Marshal.

Boston Brass Band.
Marshal and Aids.
O. G. with drawn sword.
Uncas Lodge, No. 11.
Palmyra Encampment.

Norwich Brass Band.

Thames Lodge, No. 9.

Unity Encampment, No. 4.

M. W. G. M. Rev. James Pratt, of Maine, M. W. G. M. John L. Devotion, of Conn., and Rev. C. W. Bradley, P. G. M. of Conn.

Rev. Junius M. Willey, of Mercantile Lodge, No. 8; P. G. Reid, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Invited Guests.

N. G. Jao. T. Wait, President of the Day.

Committee of Arrangements.

It is admitted by all that the procession as it moved from Franklin square, was the most beautiful exhibition ever witnessed in this city.—The banners, (a description of which is given, in part, below,) were of the most elegant material and finish, and the regalia, beautiful at any time, was rendered doubly so by the reflection of the sun, which shone in all its splendor, and seemed to vie with the art of man in adding beauty to the scene. The Encampment regalia was made of black silk velvet, trimmed with gold—and the Lodge regalia of white satin, trimmed with silver lace, fringe, scarlet ribbon, &c. Never did we witness on any previous occasion, such a general turn out of the Ladies. Sidewalks, windows and doors were filled, and the smiles of approval and waving of handkerchiefs, greeted the procession at every step. Little Misses with baskets of flowers were seen tripping along the line of procession distributing beautiful bouquets, while it was passing through Washington street, and sundry other demonstrations of respect occurred, which we may notice hereafter.

The whole number of persons in the procession was between three and four hundred. The banners, of which we have spoken, we will now attempt to describe, in part.

That of Uncus Lodge, No. 11, was of blue silk, trimmed with yellow fringe, hung by heavy silk tassels to the standard, on the ends of which were gilt hands. The device on this Banner was, a female figure covered with a mantle, representing Charity, in the attitude of supplication—appealing with tearful earnestness to the “All seeing Eye” above for protection. Two orphans were at the feet of the female, around whom the arms of Charity were thrown. Motto “In God we Trust.” “Faith, Hope, Charity.” On the reverse, in a rich gilt scroll suspended by three links from the beak of the Eagle, in whose talons were the arrows and olive branch, was represented the figure of Uncas, the Mohegan Chief, in his hand a bow, and emblems of the Order at his feet. “Uncas Lodge, I. O. O. F., Instituted March 10, 1843.” “We visit the sick, we relieve the distressed.”

Palmyra Encampment—This was a very beautiful banner—its embellishments surpassed, perhaps, any other in the procession. It was of black silk, trimmed with gold, and hung by large silk tassels to the standard, on the top of which was a pastoral crook—the ends of the cross pieces terminating in gilt Roman spears. The design was a heavy gilt Tent, in front of which appeared the High Priest in full costume. The Tent was surrounded by a representation of the emblems of the Order in beautiful gilt medallions—on the reverse was represented the ruins of Palmyra, embellished with a heavy gilt scroll on which was encircled the name of Palmyra Encampment, No. 3, Instituted June 15, 1843.

Thames Lodge—This banner was made of blue silk, trimmed with blue fringe and suspended from the standard by heavy blue tassels. Design—representation of a sick brother, his wife receiving from the officers of the Lodge, a benefit—on the reverse was represented, in a rich gilt scroll, a view of the river Thames—the sun rising in the distance, and an Indian in a canoe in the fore ground. At the bottom of the scroll was the national colors of France, England and the United States bound together with three links.

The procession passed through Main street to Washington street, up Washington street to the Monument of Uncas, from thence to Broadway, down Broadway to Union street, through Union street to Church street, down Church street to the Episcopal Church, where opening to the right and left, the procession entered the Church preceded by the Orator of the day, Rev. James Pratt, M. W. G. M. of the Grand Lodge of Maine, N. G. Jno. T. Wait, President of the Day, and Col. J. L. Devotion, M. W. G. M. of the Grand Lodge of Connecticut. The galleries were literally crammed with ladies, and we are sorry to say, hundreds were unable to gain admittance. The body slips and a portion of the side slips were occupied by members of the Order—the officers of the different Lodges represented, were seated within the chancel. The balance of side slips were occupied by the citizens generally. The services commenced with a

GRAND VOLUNTARY,

BY DR. B. P. BARKER.

HYMN.

Come, brothers come! we rear a shrine
 In honor of the mystic Three,
 Whose power shall link with ties divine,
 Our souls in sweet fraternity.
 Come, brothers, come—
 And let the pulse of buoyant youth
 Beat high for Friendship, Love and Truth.

Here Friendship's fire shall ever burn,
 Faith watching by its vestal flame;
 While honor, vigilant and stern,
 Shall keep its altar free from shame.
 Come, brothers, come—
 And let the pulse of buoyant youth
 Beat high for Friendship, Love and Truth.

Here Love a brother's grief shall calm,
 And light with joy his sorrowing hours;
 Here Hope shall minister a balm
 Far sweeter than the breath of flowers.
 Come, brothers, come—
 And let the pulse of buoyant youth
 Beat high for Friendship, Love and Truth.

And Truth shall here unveil her face,
 And spread abroad her radiant wing :
 Her brightest beams shall fill the place,
 And light upon the darkness fling.
 Come, brothers, come—
 And let the pulse of buoyant youth
 Beat high for Friendship, Love and Truth.

Come, brothers, come ! we'll gather round
 With joylit eyes and cheerful song ;
 Now shall the chain, whose links have bound
 Heart unto heart, grow bright and strong.
 Come, brothers, come—
 And let the pulse of buoyant youth
 Beat high for Friendship, Love and Truth.

SERVICE BY REV. JUNIUS M. WILLEY.

HYMN.

We sing of Friendship's blessing
 Life's gloomy way to cheer,
 And with it onward pressing,
 Life's trials will not fear ;
 'Mid evil and temptation,
 Its word shall be our guide,
 While in its inspiration,
 Our trusting souls abide.

Of Love, most high and holy,
 Our joyous voices sing ;
 Although an offering lowly—
 Our fervent praise we bring ;
 All-conquering Love ! O never
 Shall thy great conflict fail,—
 On earth—in heaven—forever—
 Thy mission shall prevail.

Of Truth, all pure and glorious,
 We sing with tuneful voice,
 And in its work victorious,
 Unitedly rejoice :
 Truth, that deception spoileth—
 That darkness scatters wide—
 And as for right it toileth,
 Doth in God's strength abide.

Grant us, all-gracious Spirit,
 Thy council, now, to bless,
 And let our souls inherit
 Effective righteousness :
 Such as forever moveth
 In vigorous age or youth,
 Where thine own eye approveth,
 In Friendship, Love and Truth.

ADDRESS.

BY REV. JAMES PRATT,

Rector of the Episcopal Church, Portland.

At the conclusion of the Address a collection was taken for the benefit of the poor of the parish, amounting to \$32 50.

PARTING HYMN.

Brothers, we thank you all,
For this your friendly call
On us this day ;
Long may you happy be,
In truth and harmony,
Honor and secrecy,
Ever unite.

ORGAN.

After the exercises at the Church were closed, the procession was again formed and proceeded through Main street to the Car building of the Norwich and Worcester Rail Road Company, which had been generously and politely furnished by the officers of that company as a place for providing dinner for the members of the Order. The Car House was tastefully decorated with flags and motto's, pines and ever-greens, which with the beautiful flowers that adorned the tables, three in number, over 200 feet in length, presented a scene truly enchanting. The tables were covered with a bountiful supply of all the delicacies and luxuries which the market afforded. John T. Wait, N. G. of Uncas Lodge, presided as President, assisted by the P. G.'s of Uncas Lodge and the officers of Thames Lodge, as Vice Presidents. The Throne of Grace was addressed by Rev. Mr. Thompson, Chaplain of Thames Lodge, after which the company sat down to dinner.

Dinner being finished, speeches were delivered by P. G. M. Charles W. Bradley, G. M. J. L. Devotion, and many others, accompanied with toasts, and music by the bands in attendance. The following were the

SEVEN REGULAR TOASTS.

1st. The third day of September.—The day we celebrate—May each returning anniversary ever awaken in the hearts of true Odd-Fellows those sentiments of Friendship, Love, and Truth, which gave birth to our noble institution.

2d. Odd-Fellowship.—The great end it aims to attain is—'to lessen the aggregate of human misery, and swell the measure of human happiness.'

3d. Truth, Hope, and Charity—The main pillars of Odd-Fellowship; tear them away, and the beautiful fabric of our Order would crumble into dust.

4th. The great Watch-words and Pass-words of our Order.—Honor, Justice, Truth, Friendship, Temperance, Universal Kindness, Brotherly

Love;—indelibly impressed upon our memories and made our rules of action, they will guide us safely through life, and when the silver cord of life is loosed, and our connection with an earthly Lodge ended, they will gain us admission into the Celestial Lodge above.

5th. The founders of the first Lodge of Odd-Fellows in this Country—The surviving members of that Band still stand out as bright exemplars of the principles of our Order, and the names and deeds of their departed associates live in the memories of more than 200,000 of their brethren.

6th. Our visiting Brothers—May the high honor which this occasion derives from their presence be repaid by those acts of kindness and expressions of esteem, which the members of Uncas Lodge ever delight in according to all honorable brothers of the Order.

7th. The Ladies—although 'ancient usage,' as well as present custom prevents their mingling with us at the table, yet they are not the less kindly remembered by us, or by every one who has a taste to appreciate the most beautiful and finished work of his Maker.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

By P. G. M. Rev. C. W. Bradley. The Rev'd orator of the day,—the able expositor of our principles, the *Maine* stay of the Order.

M. W. Grand Master Pratt, replied to this sentiment in a very happy and felicitous manner.

By Rev. Bro. I. M. Willey.—The head of the Order in Connecticut, who brings to the promotion of our systematic benevolence, a consistent and untiring *Devotion*.

The Grand Master of Conn. briefly responded to the foregoing,—thanking the Bro. for the *service* which he had rendered the Order on that occasion and concluded by offering the following sentiment.

May the sunshine of prosperity visit the dwelling of every true Odd-Fellow.

The following sentiment was received from R. W. H. L. Miller, Deputy Grand Master of Conn., who was unavoidably prevented from being present.

The cardinal principles of our Order,—*Brotherly Love*—not in *opposition* to the Gospel, for that teaches that *if a man love not his Brother whom he hath seen, he cannot love God whom he hath not seen*.

By C. A. Converse, P. G. (addressing) The Ladies—They look like Odd-Fellows already, and I make no doubt they take us as such—*do you not Ladies?*—"yes! yes! yes!"

It is necessary here to state that a large collection of ladies were present to witness the ceremonies.

By John T. Wait, N. G.—The Norwich and Worcester R. R. Co.;—the kindness of its officers, and the excellence of its dining room.

By P. M. Judson, P. G.—Odd-Fellowship—the good Samaritan, which never passes by on the other side.

By Walter Clapp, P. G.—Friendship, Love, and Truth—a chain of three links forged by the author of all good; may Odd-Fellows never wear any other.

The following Volunteer Toasts are from members of Thames Lodge, New London.

By Rev. Bro. W. J. Greenwood, of Thames Lodge, No. 9.—One of the oddest things in all creation, a true Odd-Fellow—in the eyes of ignorance, selfishness and bigotry.

By H. Stayna, N. G.—May the hospitalities of this occasion, the kindness and attention shown us be long remembered.

By A. G. Wightman, P. G.—Our Order in general may its march be onward.

By Rev. Bro. R. A. G. Thompson.—The principles of our Order, when faithfully investigated and fully understood are highly calculated to convince every honest man of its real worth and permanent utility, and that it is adapted fully to benefit Odd-Fellows and be made a blessing to mankind.

By G. W. Brown, V. G.—The Odd-Fellows of Connecticut, with *Devotion* in their cause they are sure of prosperity.

By the same.—Uncas Lodge, No. 11.—An honor to her city; and to the Order, the favorite *offspring* of a fond mother.

After the volunteer toasts were delivered, a beautiful wreath of flowers was received by the President from a Lady, accompanied with a request that it be placed on the head of M. W. G. M. Pratt, Orator of the day, which was very handsomely done by Dr. B. F. Barker, who also made a very neat speech on the occasion. He closed with the following sentiment:

The Ladies—Ever *even* with us in actively carrying out the principles of Odd-Fellowship.

At 4 o'clock the procession again formed, and the members of Thames Lodge and Unity Encampment were escorted to the Boat. The Orator of the day was then escorted to his lodgings, after which, the members of Uncas Lodge proceeded to their Hall and dismissed.

Altogether, the celebration of Uncas Lodge was the prettiest affair that ever came off in this city; and we doubt not that the very able and satisfactory address of Mr. Pratt will have a tendency to destroy much of that prejudice which has heretofore existed against it.

The following lines, written by a brother of the Order, has been handed us for publication.

LINES,

Suggested by the Celebration of Uncas Lodge, No. 11, I. O. of O. F., in this city, Sept. 3d, by a member of Uncas Lodge.

When first our Pilgrim Sires, a hardy few
This then primeval land were scattered through,
When where yon wide stretched Plains now greet our sight,
Bathed in a flood of yellow summer light—
Where many a blooming spot and goodly dome
Points to where wealth and taste have made their home—
When, where our city fair for years has smil'd,
There spread then but an umbrageous wild—
When yonder River, whose now echoing shore
Reverb'rates to the Locomotive's roar—
On whose broad shining bosom gaily borne
The snowy sails of many harbors swarm—
Our noble Thames! remote and nameless then,

Far from the homes and haunts of Christian men,
 No statelier craft its lonely waters knew,
 Than the Red hunter's tiny bark canoe.
 Where now the husbandman rejoicing tills
 In comfort and content, secure from ill,
 His fruitful fields,—where sings the speckled lark,
 The painted savage lurked in forests dark—
 And where bright gardens bloom to the sunny day,
 The gaunt wolf prowled, and glaring—marked his prey.

'Twas when those high soul'd exiles, harrass'd sore
 By savage foes on this inclement shore—
 When by the Indian's midnight torch, there fell
 Full many a cherished home in forest dell—
 And 'neath the bloody Pequot's slaught'ring knife,
 Fell young and old,—fell grandsire, child, and wife—
Mohegan's forest chief their friend became,
 And to their ranks was added his dread name—
 A name—at which the Pequot's dusky cheek
 Paled, with the fear his tongue would never speak;
 The name we cherish and our Father's lov'd,
 Who still to them a faithful ally prov'd;
 The name of *Uncus*, once a name of power,
 We of this modern day now claim as *ours*.

But—changed the scene.—Through these now smiling groves,
 No longer now the Indian warrior roves,
 No more can rival tribes on Sachem's Plain,
 Their scenes of horrid strife enact again.
 But in their stead, we come,—a peaceful band
 Of proven Brothers,—marching hand in hand.
 No bloody trophies are by us displayed,
 No shouts of triumph from our ranks are heard,
 But to the sound of music soft and sweet,
 Behold!—the measured tread of many feet—
 And brightly glist'ning on each breast we see
 The emblems of our lov'd Fraternity.

No warfare wage we with a kindred race,
 But in the foremost rank we take our place—
 Wherever aught of pain or woe we find,
 Or any of the ills of human kind,
 We 'tend the sufferers couch—his pains allay—
 And send the needy joyful on their way.

You sick'ning wretch—exiled from home and friends
 In the hot Lazar house his frame extends
 In Fever's heat,—and rolls his glazing eye
 Once more aloft,—then turns him round to die.
 But no—low bending o'er his couch he sees
 A kindly face,—and hears the word of peace.
 The mystic sign is passed,—his friends are near
 To sooth his fever'd brain,—his heart to cheer—

Once more the sufferer dreams of home and wife,
And Hope fresh springing—calls him back to life.

Or should the fate which all must meet, o'ertake
That pining Brother,—he scarce dreads the blow,
He knows that those dear friends will ne'er forsake
His wife and little ones,—though he lies low ;
That o'er them will be stretch'd a succoring arm,
To guard, provide for, and to shield from harm.
In mourning weeds we slowly then convey
His lov'd remains to meet with kindred clay—
Weep when we hear his virtues called to mind,
And to our hearts his memory enshrine.
These are our principles, these the acts that we
Meet to commemorate on this joyful day,
And while advancing—as advance we must,
Rememb'ring still that 'In God is our Trust !'
As each year brings again the joyful time,
Our Order shall with added lustre shine—
And beaming on our ranks from Heaven above,
Shall shine our motto,—' Friendship, Truth, and Love.'

[*Norwich, (Con.) News, Sept. 12, 1844.*]

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Covenant and Official Magazine.—This work after the present volume ceases to belong to the Grand Lodge of the United States. By a resolution of that body, passed without a dissenting vote, a Committee consisting of the M. W. Grand Sire, Rep's Wilson of New York, and Moore, of the District of Columbia, have been appointed to dispose of the same upon the following terms:

1st. They shall consult and advise with the G. Cor. Secretary.

2d. The Official Magazine shall be published on the sole responsibility of the purchaser.

3d. That all original or selected matter for the Official Magazine shall be submitted to the supervision and control of the G. Cor. Secretary.

It will be perceived that in so far as that distinguished body could express its sanctions of the Official Magazine, and manifest a strong desire for the continuance of its publication, the action of the G. Lodge of the United States has been emphatic. It has declared in the language of its Committee that "an institution of so much importance as that of the I. O. O. F., which is daily increasing in numbers, and whose conduct and doings are closely observed by the community, should have some official medium of extending its moral influences, of defending itself from unjust censure, and of promulgating its acts and principles amongst its members." The Covenant has therefore been recognized as having heretofore responded fully to its design, and as an evidence of the confidence of that body in its entire ability to protect, guard and advance the great interests of Odd-Fellowship, it has been voted with unanimity that the work shall be continued in all respects as heretofore in its official character, changing only its proprietorship.

The Committee appointed to receive proposals for the purchase of the Magazine have caused an advertisement to be placed on the cover of the present number, to which we invite the attention of all who feel an interest in the subject. It may be expected of us that we should say something of the probable value of the work, as we have enjoyed an opportunity from our association, of observing the cause of its difficulties and inability to sustain its publication. It is also our duty to disclose with frankness our opinions on this subject, not only that its present proprietor, whose pecuniary losses have been great in its efforts to sustain it, may have the full benefit of all that we can with propriety

say in its behalf, but also that our brethren who may feel disposed to bid for it may do so understandingly. We shall give our views on this subject with perfect sincerity. In the first place the Official Magazine from its establishment has never had the advantage of an efficient agency, and has been pretty much left to itself to find its way to patronage; every body who has had any experience in the business of periodical publication, knows very well that patronage rarely seeks any work, no matter how ably it may be conducted, but that the very best enterprise requires the active aid of patient and persevering toil to put it in successful motion. Secondly, it has had to contend with divided counsels in the Grand Lodge of the United States, and a spirit of opposition which has never ceased has been directed against its publication under its present proprietorship, for the reason which has been assigned, to wit: that the Grand Lodge of the United States ought not to engage in any pursuit which brought it in collision with private and individual enterprise. The force of this objection we never have been able, we confess, to see, yet it has had its weight in some sections of the country. We might add other reasons, but as they have been sufficiently declared in the official report of the Agent at the last session of the Grand Lodge, it is unnecessary to recur to them again. The experience of every man will not fail to teach him that the want of harmony of opinion, and the existence of distracted counsels in the proprietorship of any enterprise, would of itself enervate the strongest efforts for its success. Union, concentration of mind, and perfect concord, was as indispensable in the action of the Grand Lodge of the United States in reference to the Official Magazine, as it would be in any set of individuals associated to effect any single object, and just as division of feeling, disagreement and the absence of harmony would affect vitally the one, it would with equal certainty overpower the other. Such has unfortunately been the position of the Covenant, and the opposition to its publication under existing auspices by the Grand Lodges of Connecticut, Virginia and Pennsylvania, three among the strongest jurisdictions of our confederacy, could not therefore fail to exert the most injurious influence upon the patronage of the work. The extent of that influence may be readily imagined from the fact, that in the first of these States during the last year, there has been but a single subscriber, and the list in the two last has not reached a half-a-dozen,—yet there is a large constituency in each of enlightened and intelligent brethren, and from the unanimity of the vote in the Grand Lodge of the United States commendatory of the Editorial management of the Magazine, we infer that there has been no fault in those States with the conduct of the work. It is obvious therefore, in view of this state of facts, that the objection to the proprietorship of the Grand Lodge of the United States took a firm and abiding hold against the work in Connecticut, Virginia and Pennsylvania, and necessarily diffused itself to a considerable extent over other sections of the brotherhood. It is true that there was a strong attachment for the work in most of the other States, yet the very facts of the continuing opposition to it, and the uncertainty of its result, had the effect, if not of lessening the efforts of its friends, certainly of checking their endeavors in its behalf; for ourselves, we confess we partook largely of the latter feeling. To say nothing of the entire absence of an efficient agent during the three years of the existence of the Covenant, it

will be apparent from what has been stated, that its failure to succeed under the adverse circumstances in which it was placed is not at all remarkable, and so far from discouraging individual effort, should on the contrary, satisfy every mind that by the removal of the vital objections which have operated against its patronage, it must beyond all controversy, in the hands of a tactful, enterprising, industrious business man, become a general favorite in the Order, and afford a handsome remuneration to its new proprietors. Individual interest is ever watchful and prompting, and under such direction much of the unavoidable expense and outlay incident to a public undertaking may be avoided, a consideration of great moment in all matters of this kind.

All that is necessary, in our opinion, to insure the success of the Official Magazine, is activity and industry on the part of its proprietor, and fitness on the part of its Editor. It must be made a periodical worthy of the Order, and therefore its pages should reflect the opinions and productions of the ablest brethren among us. It is an error to suppose that its mere semi-official connexion with the Grand Lodge of the United States, will bear it up, it must intrinsically command the support of an intelligent community, and as its means augment they should be applied with a liberal hand in the employment of talent in and out of the fraternity, in order that it may take rank among the best periodicals of the day.

September Session, 1844.—In our experience, which now runs through a period of sixteen years in Odd-Fellowship, we have never witnessed a spectacle at once so commanding and so gratifying as that presented by the Grand Lodge of the United States at its late session. Nineteen States of this Union were fully represented, and the District of Columbia, and if possible to add to the interest of the scene, the eldest and youngest P. G. Sire of the Order were present. Among those not represented, Mississippi and Alabama are numbered, both of which had chosen Representatives, neither of whom took their seats, the former on account of the lateness of the period at which he received his credentials and the necessity of his return to Mississippi; the latter in consequence of the failure to receive his credentials, for which he waited during the whole session.

In point of industry, talent, and brotherly bearing that body has never been surpassed if equalled, since the formation of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

We give in this number a summary of the legislation of the session, from which it will be seen that it was emphatically a business session. The most important act passed was the appointment of a Committee to revise the Work of the Order. The necessity of this measure it is believed has been universally allowed, and the subject heretofore has been adjourned from time to time, the rather from an apprehension of the great expense and trouble necessarily incident to such an undertaking than to any considerable objection to the reasonableness and propriety of the measure.

That the Representatives were perfectly in earnest upon this subject, is very clear, from the fact that the proposition was carried by a heavy vote and from the unusual mode adopted of selecting the Committee. The fear is now that so wide a field is open, that the spirit for change may run riot and mischief be done—for ourselves we have no apprehensions on this score, we believe there is sufficient of the old leaven in the conformation of the Committee to retain all that is truly valuable in the existing Work, should such a spirit possibly exist—but we cannot permit ourselves for a moment to believe that there is any disposition to interfere with any principle of the Work, if such an expression may be allowed, and by that term we mean any feature which can be sustained on principle.

The Committee (always excluding of course our humble self) is composed of brethren of intelligence, experience and great judgment, they are emphatically "*picked men*," and will enter upon their laborious office, with an eye single to the welfare of our beloved Order, and with hearts full of love for the institutions of Odd-Fellowship. Let then our friends who have been as it were born with the Order and who have strengthened with its strength, dismiss their fears, that the ancient fabric is to be sacrificed at the shrine of the Moloch spirit of innovation—antiquity never yet could present a mantle broad enough to cover the obliquities of poor human nature, and the productions of mind however consecrated by age, are yet but the creations of fallible beings—above all, the things of one age must be made to accommodate themselves to the march of intellect, to the state of man, his refinement, and his progressive improvement.

General Summary of Laws and Resolutions passed at the late Session of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States.

Resolutions of condolence and sympathy upon the death of P. G. Sire Gettys.

To print the journal of proceedings from day to day.

That a Committee appointed at one session were bound to report at the next, although some of its members ceased to be Representatives.

To confirm the warrants for the Grand Lodge of Maine.

For the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island.

For the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire.

For the Grand Encampment of Massachusetts.

To amend the Constitution as follows:—"No brother shall represent a Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment in this Grand Lodge, unless he resides in the State, District or Territory where the Grand Lodge or Grand Encampment of which he offers himself as a Representative, is located."

That a motion to postpone indefinitely an amendment to the Constitution, was in order.

To confirm the Dispensations granted for Encampments, as follows.—Michigan No. 1, Detroit, Michigan; Hochelagan No. 1, Province of Canada, Montreal; Frontier No. 2, Weston, Missouri; Narragansett No. 1,

Providence, Rhode Island; Nashaonan No. 1, Nashua and Wonalanset No. 2, Manchester, New Hampshire; Franklin No. 3, Macon, and Catahoochie, No. 2, Georgia. For Subordinate Lodges as follows:—To the Province of Canada, Queen's Lodge No. 2, at Montreal; Prince Albert No. 3, St. John's, Canada. To South Wales, Great Britain, Ivorian No. 1, Tredegar; Covenant No. 2, Monmouth. To the Province of Canada, for a Grand Lodge at Montreal.

To amend the 26th Rule of Order by striking out the words "which shall be decided without debate."

To institute a Grand Lodge in Michigan, at Detroit.

To confirm the rank of brother Smith of Michigan, as a P. G.

To authorize the D. D. G. Sire of Indiana to receive the petition of the applicants and institute Bethleem Encampment in said State.

Resolutions of condolence and sympathy upon the death of P. G. M. R. S. Hinman, of Connecticut.

To award a blank Diploma to each Grand Representative.

That McGowan & Treadwell's edition of the Journal is the official version.

That all future publications of the Journal correspond with said version.

To authorise the Grand Secretary to have an edition of 200 diplomas printed, and such further quantity as in his discretion may be requisite.

To restrain improper lectures on the subject of Odd-Fellowship.

To discontinue the Official Magazine after 1st Dec. 1844.

To dispose of the same to individuals upon conditions that all matter published therein shall have the approbation of the G. Cor. Secretary.

A By-Law establishing the usage in relation to A. T. P. W.

To authorize a deputation to confer Patriarchal degrees upon Scarlet brethren at Fayetteville, N. C.

To authorize Subordinate Lodges or Encampments in their discretion, to initiate or confer degrees without charge.

To elect by ballot, a Committee to revise the Lectures and Charges.

To establish the Grand Lodge of the Principality of Wales, at Tredegar.

That a proposition to amend a By-Law was in order.

To provide for the settlement of all claims against the Official Magazine.

To present to P. G. M. James L. Ridgely, a suitable gold medal.

To prefer Bro. Neilson, if his terms are as favorable as any other bidder, for the Official Magazine.

To approve the removal of the G. Lodge of Texas from Austin to Houston.

To regulate and make uniform the mode of examining visiting brethren.

To adopt and make uniform visiting and clearance cards.

To direct the Cor. Secretary to have a plate engraved for the same, and to prohibit the printing of the same from and after 1st January 1845.

To cause the language of the Order to be written in cypher and deposited in the archives of the Grand Lodge.

To establish a fiscal year, beginning 1st July, and terminating 30th June.

To forfeit charters of Lodges and Encampments failing to report for four successive quarters.

To concur in the report of the Committee on Finance.

To dissent from the opinion of the Grand Sire and Cor. Secretary as to the construction of the Resolution 22nd Sept. 1842, in relation to conferring Patriarchal degrees upon Scarlet Brethren in States where Encampments are established.

To authorize Subordinate Lodges to determine for themselves upon the subject of opening and closing with prayer.

To sustain the appeal of Trenton Lodge against the censure of the G. Lodge of that State.

To confirm the Constitution of the Grand Encampment of Massachusetts, of Michigan Lodge and Michigan Encampment of Michigan.

To confirm the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of Georgia, excepting the 12th Article.

To confirm the warrants for the following Lodges and Encampments. Georgian No. 3, Ancient Brothers No. 4, Ligonía No. 5, Sabbatis No. 6, Penobscot No. 7, Relief No. 8, Natanis No. 9, and Lincoln No. 10, of Maine; Roger Williams No. 3, of Rhode Island; Michigan No. 1, Wayne No. 2, Pontiac No. 3, Jackson No. 4, Peninsula No. 5, of Michigan; Washington No. 1, Iowa; Hillsborough No. 2, Wechamet No. 3, Washington No. 4, White Mountain No. 5, Piscataqua, No. 6, of New Hampshire; Rose of the Valley No. 3, of Wisconsin; Maehigonne Encampment No. 1, Eastern Star No. 2, Sangamore No. 3, and Katahdn No. 4, of Maine.

To declare a Representative already admitted from a State G. Lodge, incapable of representing a Grand Encampment at the same time.

To appoint a Committee to contract for public printing.

To abolish the Side Degrees of Encampments.

To discontinue the printing of Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment returns, and to substitute Reports of D. D. G. Sires.

To present to each Representative the 1st, 2nd and 3d volume of the Official Magazine, and to dispose of the balance on hand at \$1 per vol.

To direct the Cor. Secretary to furnish blank reports to Grand Lodges and Encampments and Subordinate Lodges and Encampments under this jurisdiction.

To authorise a commission to examine the State of the Order in Illinois, with general powers.

To confirm the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, except Section 9 of Article 7.

To publish 1000 copies of the Journal.

To print 500 copies of the Constitution and By-Laws in pamphlet form.

To supply each Lodge and Encampment now under and hereafter to be under this jurisdiction, with a copy of McGowan & Treadwell's Journal.

To subscribe for 50 copies of the same for that purpose.

To confirm the Constitution of Washington Encampment, Tennessee.

To authorise the Grand Sire to fill vacancies, if any, on Committee to revise the Work.

Unanimous vote of thanks to M. W. Grand Sire Hopkins.

Names of the Elective Officers of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, I. O. of O. F., for the year 1844.

JOHN PERRY,	-	-	-	M. W. G. Master.
N. B. LEIDY,	-	-	-	R. W. D. G. Master.
W. W. WEEKS,	-	-	-	R. W. G. Warden.
WM. CURTIS,	-	-	-	R. W. G. Secretary.
F. K. MORTON,	-	-	-	R. W. G. Treasurer.
HORN R. KNEASS,	-	-	-	R. W. G. Rep's.
JOSEPH BROWNE,	-	-	-	

SAVANNAH, GA. AUGUST 7, 1844. }
Office of the R. W. G. Lodge, Geo. }

DEAR SIR & BROTHER,—The Annual Communication of this Grand Lodge was held this evening at Odd-Fellow's Hall, M. W. G. Master A. N. Miller in the chair, at which time the following Officers were elected for the ensuing year.

A. N. MILLER,	-	-	-	M. W. G. Master.
ROBERT AUSTIN,	-	-	-	R. W. D. G. Master.
EDWARD J. JONES,	-	-	-	R. W. G. Warden.
RICHARD WAYNE,	-	-	-	R. W. G. Secretary.
ELISHA H. ROGERS,	-	-	-	R. W. G. Treasurer.
JAMES J. MOREL,	-	-	-	R. W. G. Chaplain.
JOHN OLIVER,	-	-	-	W. G. Conductor.
EDWARD S. KEMPTON,	-	-	-	W. G. Guardian.
GEO. W. MILLER,	-	-	-	W. G. Marshall.

P. G. Elisha Parsons, of Live Oak No. 3, was unanimously elected our Grand Representative, and we congratulate the Order in having so firm and devoted a friend to the cause of Odd-Fellowship, who is fully able and competent in every respect to discharge the duties of the high and ennobling station to which he has been called. It gives me great satisfaction to say that the onward march of our Order in this State still continues, and that the coming winter will bring many excellent additions to our Order. Our city remains remarkably healthy, and we have no cause to doubt but what it will remain so throughout the summer.

Respectfully yours, in F. L. and T.

GEO. W. MILLER, *G. Secretary.*

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

Extract of a letter from G. H. P. T. P. Shaffner, dated Boston, August 28th, 1844.

I have been in Boston several days. I have visited a number of Lodges &c., and it affords me much pleasure to inform you that the Or-

der does emphatically prosper more here than in any other part of the Union. I was here two years ago, and then the Order was reviving from its former apineness, as you recollect that the Order was established in this city in 1820, and is therefore next to the oldest State in the Union. Of the veterans of that day a few remain, among which I find old Father Hersey P. G. Master of the State, and also Dr. Guild, the present D. D. Grand Sire, who has labored very hard for the cause, and no one deserves more praise than those two which I have mentioned; they have toiled hard and success has crowned their labors. The Order in Massachusetts, yea! all New England will ever be under obligations to these two for the prosperity of the cause in this region.

I had the pleasure of attending a celebration at Portland, on Friday; the day was very rainy, and it was postponed until the next day; some one or two thousand left for home, as hundreds came from all directions to participate in the festivities of that day.

An address was delivered by the Hon. W. P. Fessenden, who is a full Patriarch. It was eloquent indeed. The Order in Portland is conducted in the best style, and I have never been in any section of country where the Order was conducted with more skill and ability than in New England. There were in the procession about 1,600 and many were not out on account of the streets being so muddy. After marching through the principal streets, the procession moved to the large pavilion, where all partook of a sumptuous dinner, after which toasts were drank with cold water, some speaking, and quite a pleasant hour was spent, though we were hurried off by the time arriving for departure for Boston, where we arrived that evening, delighted with our trip. A daughter of Maryland represented your State, and I had the pleasure of responding for my own State, and also for yours, in her behalf, as she was my travelling companion.

New England indeed deserves all the praise which can be given her. I as a far western member, will give her full praise wherever and whenever I can.

Kentucky—Extract of a letter from Bro. William H. Davison, dated Louisville, August 31, 1844.

I have the pleasure to inform you of the present prosperity of Lorraine Lodge No. 4, I. O. O. F., of this place. We have at present sixty-two brothers in full membership, and are increasing our numbers weekly, and bid fair to be as large as any Lodge in the Western country. Throughout this State the Lodges generally are prosperous; all transactions conducted with peace and harmony. The spirit of our Order appears to be increasing, and respecting the health of this our State, would respectfully refer you to the very small amount of relief granted to sick brothers, as reported by the Grand Lodge of Kentucky.

As Secretary of Lorraine Lodge, it becomes a duty incumbent on me to notify you that at the last meeting of said Lodge P. G. M. J. ELLIS was expelled from the Order for conduct unbecoming an Odd-Fellow, by peculating the funds of the Lodge whilst Treasurer, and involving his securities, by throwing the responsibilities of his indebtedness upon them, who are also brothers of this Lodge.

I. O. O. F.

THE COVENANT

AND OFFICIAL MAGAZINE

OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

VOL. III.

NOVEMBER, 1844.

No. 11,

ODD-FELLOWSHIP:

The attributes and characteristics necessary, both in its essential principles and objects, and in the conduct of its members, to secure its permanent existence and prosperity.

BY REV. BRO. DARIUS FORBES.

It will be observed by every one, who examines the history of human affairs with a tolerable degree of attention, that some institutions which have arisen among men, have been permanent and enduring; while others have had a mere ephemeral existence. Some have arisen, and by slow degrees extended themselves very widely in society, and became permanently established institutions in the community; while others have arisen under the most favorable auspices and spread themselves as if by magic; but in a few years they disappeared from among men, without leaving a trace behind, and are known only as things that were.

With this great fact before us, the question presses home upon our minds—Why this difference of destiny? What great principle or fact gave permanency to the one, and was the cause of the downfall of the other?

In reply to this question, I remark, there are two great facts in the history of the institutions that have arisen among men, which have always determined their fate, and they must determine the fate of every institution now in existence, or that may hereafter arise, in human society, so long as the laws which now prevail in the physical and moral world, and control the destiny of human affairs, maintain their existence.

I. *All institutions that have become permanently established, possess some intrinsic excellence in themselves and are designed to benefit and actually do benefit mankind.*

It has been well said, "Truth never dies—it is immortal." And so it

may be said of institutions which have their foundation in truth, and which are but the embodiment of some great and true idea—they are immortal. At least, they are so, until some institutions are started, which are a more perfect exponent of the ideal truths they were designed to represent. Then they will be superseded by the new, sooner or later, however pertinaciously the friends of the old may adhere to them, or industriously and perseveringly they may labor to sustain them. We see this position abundantly established in the history of Judaism and Christianity. Judaism saw a great many phases in its condition and prospects prior to the introduction of Christianity. Sometimes it was prosperous and flourishing, and all the people were given to its practice. At other times it seemed almost rooted out of the land, and idolatry and heathenism to have usurped and become permanently established in its place. But it would revive and increase until these usurpers were expelled, and it again obtained the control of the public mind. Here is the fact, and the question now arises, Why was it so? Nothing that men could do, sustained its antagonists in public mind. The efforts of the most powerful kings, with all their arts, and devices and power could not sustain idolatry and heathenism. They might at times seem to have gained a perfect triumph, and think they had destroyed Judaism root and branch, so that not a solitary fibre was left to sprout and grow. But even while they were congratulating themselves upon their supposed triumph, it was gathering strength in secret, and in an unexpected moment, came forth in overwhelming power, and cast down and destroyed its antagonist. It was silenced, but not killed.

There is a memorable circumstance related in the Old Testament, in confirmation of this. Elijah supposed all Israel had abandoned Judaism, so complete had become the apparent triumph of idolatry, and that he alone was left to stand up in its defence. Yet he was assured there were "left seven thousand in Israel,"* who had not participated in the general apostacy, caused by the bloody enactments of their vile and wicked rulers. In due time these rallied, and the religion of their fathers again assumed its control among the people. Thus it ever was. Now the question is, Why was it so? I answer, it was because Judaism was the embodiment of a great truth or truths. Had it been rooted out by idolatry, it would have been a permanent triumph of falsehood over truth, which cannot be, because truth is immortal. A temporary triumph may and often has been obtained by falsehood over truth; but in the end, truth invariably comes off conqueror. But when Christianity comes in conflict with Judaism, it achieves a permanent triumph over it. At least, we have the testimony of eighteen hundred years, in proof of this position. And why is it so?—Why has Christianity been more successful in its conflict with Judaism, than idolatry was? It is because it is a more perfect representative of the same great truths, while idolatry was the antagonist of both, not merely in outward form, but in the principles it represented. It was the embodiment of error and falsehood, and therefore could not secure a permanent victory, as Christianity has. The same great truth is sustained by the history of Christianity, first in its conflict with idolatry, and then with infideli-

*1 Kings xix, 18

ty. Idolatry achieved several apparent triumphs over Christianity; but those triumphs were only apparent. Its very defeats were its strength, and only the sure prelude of its more permanent establishment and wider diffusion.

The French Revolution may serve as an illustration of Infidelity's conflict with Christianity. Infidelity and irreligion, in the outset, gained a complete triumph over a corrupt form of this religion; but they could not hold their own against even the feeble representation of its truths, by this corrupted form, although backed up by the greater share of the learning and influence of the country, and all the power and ingenuity of the government, which was wielded to obliterate all traces of it from the face of the land, and the minds of the people. They returned to that very form which had driven them to infidelity; and although the French mind is much liberalized, there is no people, I suppose, in which religion is now seated more firmly, as a principle. The same is true of all institutions which are the representatives of great truths. They may pass through a great many phases, and often-times seem to be the sport of fortune, in their progress to a permanent establishment; but however diverse these may be, they ultimately come off victorious. Such is the testimony borne by the history of the past. Hence we confidently believe, that whatever institution is the embodiment of some great practical truth and its just and full representative, will be permanent. At least, that it will maintain its existence, until something more perfect is introduced to take its place. Longer than this, it is not desirable that it should exist.

II. *All institutions that have become permanently established, have attained this end, by its friends acting, in some good degree, in their intercourse with the world, in conformity with their principles.*

It has already been observed, that even those institutions, that have attained a permanent establishment, have passed through various phases; that alternate defeat and triumph have been their lot; and that although often cast down, never destroyed. They have also experienced widely different fates in different places at the same time. In some places they flourish and are in the ascendancy, while at the same moment, in another place, they are trodden down and apparently destroyed, and in some places so in reality. Now why is it so? It has been mainly owing to the conduct of those who profess to be the friends of these institutions. They have either disregarded their principles in their conduct, neglected their interests, or which has been the case usually, they have done both. The history of the world, I believe, does not furnish an instance, in which a good and holy cause has fallen into disrepute and decay, after once attaining a tolerable degree of influence, except through the neglect or abuse of its professed friends. The history of both Judaism and Christianity furnish numerous illustrations, and defences of this position, to say nothing of those which might be adduced from other sources. Not an instance has secured my attention, in which reverses have attended either of these causes, which has not been produced by the misconduct or neglect of its friends, or those who claimed to be such. This, has been the source of all the mischief that has befallen them. So, on the other hand, wherever any good cause has met with prosperity and success, it has been attained through the fidelity of its friends. They have been true to its principles, in some good degree, in their intercourse with the world, and care-

fully watched and guarded its interests. The history of all good institutions affords abundant evidence of the correctness of this position. Hence however true the maxim may be, "*Magna est veritas, et prevalebit*," it is equally true, that human efforts are the great and indispensable means of attaining this result. Without these in its behalf, this maxim would never be verified.

From what has been said, it is sufficiently manifest, I trust, that in order to secure the permanent establishment of any institution, it is necessary, first of all, that it be founded in, and be the representative of, some great truth or principle, aiming at the promotion of human good; and in the second, that its friends be practically true to those principles in their conduct, and seek to promote the interests of the institution by labors and efforts in its behalf. Further argument to establish these positions, in any reflecting mind, I deem quite unnecessary.

In the remarks already made, I have labored to establish the two positions argued, for the purpose of bringing the institution of Odd-Fellowship to the test, and inquiring into the prospect of its permanent prosperity and success. It is now enjoying a singular degree of prosperity, and extending itself with an almost unparalleled rapidity. Under these circumstances, it becomes its true friends earnestly to inquire into the grounds upon which its continued prosperity and permanent establishment depend; for the day of great prosperity is the day of the greatest danger to the permanency of any institution. More good institutions have been utterly prostrated and their very existence hazarded by unusual prosperity, than by adversity and trial.

It becomes every Odd-Fellow, therefore, diligently to inquire into the nature of the institution, its objects and purposes, and to strive to ascertain what is necessary, on the part of its friends, to secure its continued prosperity and success. Without attention to these things, great as is the prosperity of the institution at the present time, the day of misfortune must come, and adversity as great and disastrous will ensue, as the present prosperity is striking and illustrious.

It has been shewn, I think, to the satisfaction of every intelligent and reflecting mind, that in order to secure the permanency and prosperity of any institution, it is necessary that it possess within itself some intrinsic excellence, and that it be aimed at the promotion of human good and happiness: and also, that its friends conduct, in some good degree, in their intercourse with one another and the world, in conformity with the principles of the institution. Now the question for every true Odd-Fellow to ask in relation to the institution of Odd-Fellowship, is this—Is it characterised by these features? In other words—Does it possess, of itself, any intrinsic worth? Is it calculated to improve individuals, and through them and their efforts and influence, society? And do its members act, in any good degree, in conformity with its principles and designs? These are questions which vitally concern us as Odd-Fellows, both as they relate to the interests of the Order, and those of the community and the world. For if the institution does not possess intrinsic excellence, it is not worth an effort to sustain; and however good it may be of itself, if its members do not, in some good degree, act in conformity with its principles, it cannot be sustained. It will fall to pieces of its own rottenness, however zealously, and industriously, and perseveringly we may labor to sustain it.

I. Does the institution of Odd-Fellowship possess any intrinsic excellence, and is it aimed at the promotion of human good?

To the initiated this question needs no reply; but to the uninitiated explanation is needed, and I answer in the affirmative. And it will be my purpose to show wherein and how.

1. It is founded on three great principles, which are the only true basis of all virtue, morality and religion in human society—Friendship, Love and Truth. Take these away, and virtue, and morality and religion become a mere name, an empty shadow, without either body or soul. And it is the design of the institution, in all its forms, ceremonies and rites, to impress these principles upon its members, and secure their practical observance in their intercourse with one another and the community. This every brother of the Order knows. Indeed, I may say, that a portion of the business of every Lodge meeting is the practical observance of these principles, not only in their intercourse with each other there, but in inquiring after the health and condition of all brothers. If such is the character of the institution, I ask—Has it not intrinsic excellence? This no body will deny. It is then worthy of our most earnest and persevering efforts to sustain and extend it in the community.

2. Not long since a worthy clergyman, in discoursing upon the characteristics of the present age, named as one of its most prominent features, the tendency to combinations. After naming several, all of which were aimed either at pecuniary gain or the promotion of party interests, he remarked, that such was the character of all combinations that now come into existence. They were low in their aims, and soulless in principle; and that a combination which should have for its object the promotion of honesty and integrity in business transactions, would be the wonder of the age. Now I undertake to say, that the institution of Odd-Fellowship is just such a combination. One of its leading aims is to secure honesty and fair dealing among its members. Any member guilty of dishonesty or trickery in trade is subject, upon complaint, either to reprimand, suspension or expulsion, according to the character and aggravation of the offence, and there is no escape. Beside this, no one thing is more diligently inquired into, when a candidate is proposed for initiation, than his character as a business man—his reputation for honesty and integrity in his dealings with his fellow-men. And for no one thing are candidates more frequently rejected, than the discovery of acts of treachery and dishonesty in their dealings. Many are the individuals that have been rejected, and their names had “immorality” written upon them, for this thing alone, when in every other respect, they would be regarded eminently worthy of being initiated into the Order. Thus it will be seen, that Odd-Fellowship not only aims at making its members honest in their dealings, but is calculated to exert an influence upon the community in favor of honesty. And this is done not only by the example and personal, individual influence of the members of the fraternity, but by the whole might of the influence of the institution as an institution, or organized body.—For it says to every man coming upon the stage of active life, if you wish to enjoy the benefits of the Order, and the privileges it confers, you must be a fair and honest man in your dealings with mankind, or you cannot secure them; and if once secured, you cannot retain them except by con-

tinuing such a character. The institution therefore is a combination to promote honesty and integrity among men, in their pecuniary dealings.

3. The institution aims at bringing together men of the most discordant opinions, both political and religious, and uniting them in the bonds of charity and brotherly love. And such is the fact. While the institution is based upon the three fundamental principles of Christianity,—Friendship, Love and Truth, it embraces among its members those of all creeds, standing and professions in society, whose conduct entitles them, in the judgment of the world, to the character of honest and true men. Here is the farmer, the mechanic, the day laborer, the artisan, the merchant, the lawyer, the physician, the man of science, and the clergymen of all sects; the most humble private citizen and the most honored statesman, all are brought together in this institution on one common level as brothers, and bound to regard and treat each other as such. Here differences of religion, politics and stations in society are lost in brother, and are unknown to the initiated. No insidious distinctions are here permitted to exist, and no arrangements are made for the bestowment of our charities, which are calculated to remind the poor brother of his poverty. Benefits are guaranteed alike to rich and poor. Such being the nature and arrangements of the institution, all must see, that it is designed, and that its effect must be, to break down all conventional distinctions in society—all distinctions not founded in merit, and to bring men together on the common level of friends and brothers; to foster a broader charity in society, and secure a degree of union and good feeling which might not otherwise exist in the community. The blessings such a state of things is designed to secure to individuals, society, our common and beloved country, and the world, I need not undertake to point out, had I either time or space allowed me.

So much for the benefits the institution is calculated to confer upon society. To these I might add many others it secures to the individual members. But I must forbear, as I am extending this article much beyond my original design. Suffice it to say, that the institution is eminently charitable, so far as relates to its members especially. Its motto is—"Do good to all men, especially to the brotherhood." Here then, I pause and ask—Has not this institution the first requisite for its perpetuity and prosperity, intrinsic excellence, and the aim at the promotion of human good and happiness? This, I think nobody can deny, with the facts stated before them. And it is on this ground, we think it worthy our efforts to sustain and extend it.

II. Do the members of the fraternity of Odd-Fellows in any good degree conform to the principles of the institution, in their conduct and intercourse with one another and the world?

Good and useful as we regard our institution in its principles and designs, its prosperity and perpetuity must depend mainly upon the fidelity of its friends. But a direct answer to the question before us, might seem somewhat egotistical. I shall, therefore, leave each one to answer it for himself, and confine what few remarks I have to offer to the negative view, remarking by the way, that I suppose Odd-Fellows are very much like other men, and are as true to their principles as Christians are to their professions. The reason why I take this view of the subject, is, that it is more for our interests to know our defects, than to congratulate ourselves or one another upon our excellencies. In one of the exposures of the

Order, which its author and his friends anticipated would afford an opportunity, of which they were desirous, for "thousands of the members" to "come out and acknowledge its truth," the worst thing he has made out by alleged facts, is, that "the religious spirit which seems to flow through their degrees is regarded by few, if any, of the members. Religion is often made a cloak to the vilest hypocrisy." That there should be instances of disregard of the principles inculcated by the institution, and of hypocrisy, is not strange. This is no more than exists in the Christian Church; and if this circumstance is a sufficient ground for denouncing the institution of Odd-Fellowship, the Christian Church must fall by the same weapon. I know there are inconsistencies enough in the conduct of members of the Order. I know there is much profanity in conversation on the part of too many of its members, a thing strictly forbidden by its laws. But I know there is not that general and reckless disregard of the principles of the institution, its enemies would have the world believe. I would not palliate or excuse a single fault of the members; but truth and justice demand thus much should be said, lest it be inferred that we consent, by our silence, to the truth of what is alleged against the fraternity.

I have mentioned these things for the purpose of calling the attention of brothers to the mischief even the few inconsistencies in their conduct that may be seen, are calculated to do the institution. This is especially the case in regard to profanity. No one reproach is so often thrown in my teeth, as that of the profanity of some of the members of the Order.—And I would beg of such brothers to seriously consider the effect such conduct must have upon the prosperity of the institution, in the minds of many, whose good opinion we should not despise. We have seen, that the principles of the institution of Odd-Fellowship, are good, and aimed to benefit and bless mankind, if carried out in practice. This is a firm foundation, and all that is wanting to sustain the institution, and to secure for it the sympathy and aid of all the virtuous and good, is the faithful observance of its principles by the members, in their intercourse with mankind and society. Let every true Odd-Fellow see to this, as he values his own peace and moral good, and the prosperity and success of the institution of Odd-Fellowship.—*Symbol.*

TO THE OHIO.

BY CAROLINE M. SAWYER, OF NEW YORK.

Flow on thou noble river,
 Flow on with rapid tide,
 The mighty Mississippi waits
 To clasp thee as his bride!
 Flow on till thou hast mingled
 In fond and close embrace,
 And ended in his eager arms—
 Thy lonely maiden race!

Ohio! fair Ohio!

A queen of beauty thou,
And many a living jewel decks
Thy proud and regal brow!
Thy gorgeous bridal garments
With forests wide are fringed,
And wild garlands wreath thy head,
With autumn beauty tinged!

Roll on bright stream forever!

O, who shall say when first
Thy waters on the laughing day,
In songs of gladness burst?
What old forgotten races,
In generations past
Grew up and flourished by thy shores
And vanished all at last?

Oh, tell us, if thou knowest,
What giant hands of yore,
Built up the vast, mysterious mounds
That stud thy blooming shore!
For man their deep recesses
Exploresth still in vain,
And science idly wastes her art
The secret to explain!

We know that in them hidden
Lies many a mouldering bone,
And hieroglyphical device
Carved rudely on the stone!
But what far ages gave them birth,
And what the tale may be,
Veiled by those mystic signs, is known
To only God and thee!

And, say, where is the red-man,
Who, in his bark-canoe,
Launched fearlessly upon thy waves
And o'er them swiftly flew?
Alas, he comes no longer,
Where strangely, side by side,
The white-man's belching fire-boats
Shoot flaming down thy tide!

Lo! as I speak, a shape of gloom
Uprises from thy misty breast,
And, like a spirit from the tomb;
Points sadly to the distant West!
Then slowly turning to the sky,
Thrice lifts its hand with withering frowns,
And, with a fixed and threatening eye
Again beneath the wave sinks down!

O, spirit, stern and vengeful,
 I know thee who thou art!
 The *Manitan* has seen in wrath
 His children all depart!
 Before the pale-face driven,
 Like leaves before the blast,
 From all their old familiar haunts
 They have forever passed!

But their names forever with us—
 To their conquerors a stain—
 On many a mountain, stream and sea,
 A memento will remain!
 In the mighty mounds they fashioned
 In their days of strength and pride,
 And in thy broad and sweeping flow,
 Will their spirits long abide!

Flow on thou fair Ohio—
 There 's a cadence in thy song,
 That wakes a feeling in my heart
 I would not now prolong!
 I will hie me where thy murmurs
 On my ear no more may swell,
 Till, to thy bright and hurrying tide,
 I breathe my last farewell!

Ohio River, October 25, 1843.

ADDRESS.*

BY BRO. W. C. DERRY.

TWELVE months have rolled away and are now numbered with the past, since our Order first found a foot-hold in the Capital of our beloved State. Its rapid strides here, have not only astonished the good people of our own city, but they have been the wonder and the delight of brethren of the Order belonging to other Lodges and towns and cities. And let us, brethren of Sylvan Lodge No. 4, remember that our onward career here, depends upon our conduct, upon our adherence to those principles by which we profess to be governed.

Like every order, professing to be, at least in some measure, a secret order, novelty is its (Odd-Fellowship's) *extrinsic support*—the staff upon which it seemingly leans, or rather the wand with which—magician-like—it entices into its folds those who are curious to “find out every new thing,” or to dive into the mysteries of that that claims to come laden with the wonders of antiquity. Three hundred and sixty-five days are quite

*Delivered July 20, 1844, at the Anniversary of “Sylvan Lodge No. 4,” Milledgeville, Geo.

sufficient, as to length of time, to destroy in part the power of this magical wand—to break in twain this staff upon which, apparently, our Order leaned for support. So far as the community in which we live is concerned, its novelty is gone. It no longer gives point and force to the curiosity of those around us, as it hitherto did when scores of our fellow-men were nightly at the outer door, inquiring of our ever-watchful sentinel, “may we know what this new doctrine whereof thou speakest, is.”—Nor can the charm with which age invests it, be to it a rock which will safely shield it from the evil effects of the lethargy of those who should ever have at heart its honor and its maintenance, or against the apparent satiety of that prying inquisitiveness of which every citizen, good or bad, of any community, is more or less possessed.

It matters not now to what early age we may be able to trace its existence. Coming to us, as it did, venerable for its age and for its piety, thousands of our countrymen united beneath its banner. Throughout the length and breadth of our land Lodges of Odd-Fellows have sprung up, numbering their tens of thousands. Lookers-on—those of our fellow-citizens who yet remain without the pale of our Order—say, hold, enough; let us see whether this institution, claiming for itself such antiquity, such purity, such an exalted character, is all that it professes to be. What if it claims to have its origin in the city of the Cæsars—ay, and to have ranked among its admirers the Cæsars themselves? What if it boasts of having flourished among those ancients honored of all men for their learning and wisdom? What if it stood erect and breasted successfully the murky waves of the dark ages that rolled over the whole face of this beautiful earth, well-nigh engulfing in one common ruin all that was good, noble or great, and, standing erect, came out of this ordeal brighter and purer than ever? What of all this—if its power is diminished, and its followers maintain not its purity? The time has passed when any association can so commend itself to the hearts of the people by the boast of antiquity, as to insure stability or success. It must prove itself—good must result from it. The day in which superstition ruled the world is no more. Its iron dominion is overthrown—thought, education and reason have taken its place; and every thing, whether tracing its origin back to times immemorial or the offspring of the present age, that demands the respect and affection of mankind must have within itself *WORTH*—power to speak as one having authority, commending itself by its aims, its influences, its works.

Now that the novelty of our Order has in a great degree passed away, and the boast of antiquity lost its charm, are we to hang our harps upon the willows?—are the songs that so often greet the ear and gladden the heart of the Odd-Fellow within the walls of his own revered temple to be sung no more? Are the lessons so pure, so exalted, which he has so often received from those he delights to honor, no more to be read in his hearing, and to be impressed on his heart? God forbid. Odd-Fellowship in our beloved country has attained to the age, the beauty and the vigor of the strong young man, who, being just cast loose from every power that hitherto guarded his steps and is thrown upon his own resources, bids fair to buffet manfully and successfully with the cares and oppositions of life, and to fulfil with honor to himself the end of his creation. Its sole dependence now is its *intrinsic worth*—every other prop is thrown from under it. Its intrinsic worth! go compute the pain, the mental labor, the

hours and days and years of toil endured by the great and good men of all ages who wrote and toiled for the good of man, and ye have not, ye cannot arrive at a fractional part of its value. Can ye compute the worth of the Word of Life? On that rock is our house built, and the winds and the storms and the waves may beat against it: it shall never fall. The intrinsic worth of Odd-Fellowship! let it be our constant boast, and let us be "its witnesses." If we are true to ourselves and to the spirit of our Order, Sylvan Lodge will ever be prosperous. Ye know where the foundation stone of our Order was laid! This may strike the newly initiated as far-fetched, but in the spirit and the letter it is true. Who is the Odd-Fellow? He who can give you the grip, the signs and the tokens? He who on an anniversary, in the procession, goes beyond the first in gaudy apparel and tinsel show? "'Tis not all gold that shines." He, who being a "head and shoulder" taller in wealth, pride or station, than his fellow, taps (condescendingly as he supposes,) at our door for admission, and becomes one of us by paying the pitiful sum of the fees and the dues? These are not Odd-Fellows. Behold the snow-capped Alps! see their glaziers, their rugged sides, their fearful heights! With what awe do ye gaze upon their unequalled sublimity! Far off, nearly up the ascent of one of these ice-bound mountains is a group of travellers—perhaps there from curiosity, perhaps from necessity. Their progress is slow and heavy—night approaches—the heavens forbode a storm—already they begin to discharge themselves with pitiless rage upon the weary group, who, overcome with fatigue and cold sink down to die. Morning dawns—on yonder height the smoke of an habitation mounts up through the cold clear air—it's from the Hospicé of St. Bernard. The forms of its benevolent inmates may be seen issuing from it, commencing their God-like but arduous and dangerous task of descending the mountain sides in search of those who may have lost their way. Hark! the well-known bark of the faithful mastiff! Through danger and difficulty they reach the spot, and with hearts of compassion behold the unfortunate helpless at their feet. Their hospitable mansion is thrown open to receive them and their precious burden. With care and tenderness the way-worn travellers are restored to health and vigor, and on departing leave with the blessings of pious hearts and sinless hands resting on their heads. These are Odd-Fellows; and those who in all ages have done likewise, and those who in this age do likewise. These are they who maintain the purity of the Order; who, regardless of difficulty and danger, go about doing good—whose motto is, "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" and would, rather than have an earthly diadem, be among those who shall receive the divine approval: "I was an hungered and ye gave me meat, thirsty and ye gave me drink, naked and ye clothed me, sick and in prison and ye visited me." Brethren, I feel assured that ye of Sylvan Lodge will falsify the charge that has gone out against us, that we are a selfish people. As a Lodge we will abide by our rules and our laws, but as men, forming not only that Lodge but a portion of mankind, we will show to the world that the lessons imbibed from our nursing mother warm the breast and elevate the character—teaching us to be lovers of our fellow-beings, lovers of good order and lovers of country.

Every association, no matter what its pretensions, is liable to the hatred and envy of restless and troublesome men. A kindred institution, and

one too for which we entertain the warmest regard—deserving the veneration of all as it does—the cry of the orphan and the moan of the widow having never reached it in vain, has had to encounter, through all ages, the bitterest animosity. Every charge that prejudice could invent has been arrayed against it. Yet it stands—and clothed in its native purity, bids defiance to the shock of time and to the malice of bigotry and of ignorance. We need not think to escape—already we are a shining mark. Envy has hurled at us, even at this early day, some of her most poisoned darts. An attempt has been made to excite the fears of our countrymen. As an association we have been declared dangerous to free institutions!—Shall we descend to notice such a charge? Are we called on to compromise the duty we owe to our families, our country or to our God? The love of country is not only indirectly but directly taught by the principles of our Order. Dangerous to free institutions! Impossible. Dr. DURBIN, in his remarks on England, says, that while he was in Manchester, the operatives, compelled by want, rose *en masse* and demanded higher wages. The Chartists, desiring a change in the government, were very active in endeavoring to win them over to their political creed, and as a means of exciting them, placed in the public parts of the city, placards calling upon every association to run upon the Bank for gold. Among others the Odd-Fellows were called upon, but we read not of their noticing the call. As an association they had nothing in view but the good of the Order, and the protection of their widows and orphans. They, as a body could bear without a murmur the yoke of tyranny; but as men, who could blame them if they looked upon the purse-proud aristocracy of their country with hatred—ay, with that hatred that calls for war to the knife. This same aristocracy of England, are of all men the most heartless and the worst enemies of mankind. Thousands annually, at their very doors, having asked in vain for the crumbs that fall from their tables, drop into premature graves, leaving their wives and children houseless beggars, exposed to all manner of evil both moral and physical. Had the Odd-Fellows obeyed the calls of the Chartist, and rising with their oppressed countrymen, made Victoria tremble on her throne, who would not have bidden them God-speed? But as an Order they had but one work to perform, that was—to maintain its purity. Are we less pure than our brethren on the other side of the great deep? Less patriotic than they? Even oppression could not move them from their straight forward course; and shall we dare to meditate in secret conclave ought against our free and happy country? The curse of God would be upon us. No, no, the land of our birth and our liberty is too dear to us; no man can move us from the path of duty; no party, however designing, talented or powerful, can shake our patriotism. To a man the sentiment of one of Israel's prophets towards his own loved country would be adopted by us towards our more than loved country, when in the ardor of his patriotism he exclaims:—“If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.”—But why notice the groundless charges made against us. Let envy and hatred do their worst, we will regard them not, but move on in the even tenor of our way.

* * * * *

Every thing demands at our hand care and watchfulness. We know

not how soon a brother or brothers may be laid upon beds of sickness to linger there and then to die ; we know not how soon we may be called upon to answer the knock of a brother's orphan at the Treasury door demanding that protection due to him as the child of an Odd-Fellow. I would not pretend to intrude upon you, advice, for there are among you wiser heads ; but permit me to suggest the propriety of repealing all compulsory laws in regard to public and private regalia. Let these alone to the option of the members of the Lodge. There are but few, I can assure you, who will not supply themselves when necessary—no man will be outdone by his fellow-man if in his power to prevent it. And if the Grand Lodge of the State or of the United States so far forget the end of the Order as to put upon the Subordinate Lodges "burdens too grievous to be borne," such as the purchasing of silver stars and other useless ornaments, let us affectionately and forcibly remonstrate, declaring that we cannot consent to "spend our substance in riotous living."

We have, brethren, great cause of gratitude to that superintending Providence who overruleth all things for good. Not one of our number has been cut down by the hand of death ! Few if any of the Lodges can from any one year's beginning to its end, say that they have thus escaped.—Some of our brethren have been called to mourn the loss of near and dear friends, and who of us, so dead, so lost to every brotherly feeling that did not mourn with them. Death directly has not been among us. Long may we escape his fatal notice.

In thinking of the past, may we not ask ourselves whether our meeting together from week to week has been to us beneficial ? Has it added to sociability ? While assembled here have we felt we were one great family ? When we met in the world how were our salutations ? Were the "how d'ys" that fell from our lips cold and senseless, or did they come from hearts big with kind regard ? These are questions worthy of our consideration. Let us improve upon them and upon the past. As a Lodge may it not be said of us that we had a mushroom existence ; that as soon as care, toils or difficulties sent athwart our pathway their scorching heat we gave up the ghost ; rather let us, by clinging close to the letter and spirit of the principles of Odd-Fellowship gain for ourselves a name as lasting as time. As Mont Blanc raises his head proudly and sublimely above his Alpine brothers, so may we, bidding defiance to all opposition, tower not only far above our enemies—but in the spirit of generous rivalry raise our heads proudly and sublimely above our brother associations, whose aim, like ours, is to reach the very Heavens.

O D E,

TO BE SUNG AT THE OPENING OF A LODGE.

AIR—AULD LANG SYNE.

HAIL ! Brothers, who have met again,
With Love's fraternal band ;
Joined by the mystic three link'd chain,
In Lodge once more we stand.

United let us firmly be,
 And by our actions prove
 That we most cordially agree,
 In Friendship, Truth, and Love.

While here together we are bound
 By Friendship's hallow'd chain;
 Let there be no discordant sound,
 A brother's heart to pain :
 May union, harmony, and peace,
 Like that which reigns above,
 Dwell here ; and we shall thus increase
 Our Friendship, Truth, and Love.

H.

Charleston, S. C.

What principles tend to duration and happiness—are men governed by these principles—how may they become subject to them ?

BY BRO. LUCIUS BELL, OF NEW YORK.

It is well occasionally to remove the thick and beautiful garments of words and theories with which truth is clothed and accustom our perception to its naked surface—to withdraw our attention from its particular features and extremities and look at it as a body, and admire its symmetry. *Duty* is the offspring of *truth* and by familiarity with one we shall not fail to recognize the other.

Amid details we are apt to forget the sum which they make up. Gliding over the ocean's surface we neither fathom its depth nor taste of the purity of its fountains. "Plying at the loom of life" we perceive not the motive power which propels its vast machinery. Whence emanate all the streams of organization and labour that give variety or beauty to the scene which you behold on looking over the surface of society? We scarce know *why* we do half what we do.

It is well for the man who pursues diligently his daily labour to perceive that he is obeying higher commands than those of hunger, cold or pride, and that if he fail to amass sufficient to make his neighbour envious he may yet rejoice ; and if he be denied the luxury of imparting beneficently it is well for him to know that he is still co-operating in that which is great. Let the benevolent man know that he does more than relieve a brother's wants and that he receives more than a brother's gratitude.—Let the just man know that he avoids more than prisons and scorn, and that he obeys law to which written laws are but annotations.

All substantiated theories and reasonable discussions—all just actions, lawful associations and all labour, are but a reiteration of axioms—a representation—a re-echoing of truth, though the echo is sometimes so distant and indistinct as scarcely to be recognized. If we may occasionally draw near to the voice we shall be less liable to mistake its tones when we hear them suppressed, remote, or mingled with error.

Under these considerations it may not be amiss for us now or at any time to attend to the reply that truth shall give to the following inquiries, viz :—

What *Principles* tend to *Duration* and *Happiness*?

Are men *Governed* by these *Principles*?

How may they become *subject* to them?

These are questions to which we cannot too often recur. They bear the same relation to all other questions that the heart and the lungs, bear to the other organs of the body. Thence must their wasted energies be recruited—their impurities and morbid action be corrected; thence must go out life and vigour to the innumerable capacities and perceptions of the system. From these questions issue all questions, religious, political or social—of banking, merchandize, law or humanity; all are subservient to these, and all learning that does not tend to elucidate these is futile or evil. They may be approached from innumerable points and expatiated upon interminably and perhaps you may already begin to wish that a dogma might take the place of a dissertation and think that in this place which is the customary arena of wit and business, the repulsiveness of the one would be as appropriate as the soporifick influence of the other; but if in the elucidation of our subject we trace the intimate relation that subsists between the high principles to which we have alluded and the exercise of “benevolence and charity,” it may invigorate us as Odd-Fellows.

As all language regarding the mind is figurative or was originally borrowed from that which properly belongs to and is used concerning material objects, it will not be worth while to separate distinctly the ideas of duration and happiness, for the same names must be given to all the principles and the details that tend to promote the one or the other. They both and all their causes are comprehended in the term good.

By duration we do not mean merely the opposite to annihilation but we mean continuance in the form and nature which appears to have been given by the Creator.

The principles that tend to duration and happiness we will name progressiveness, affinity and equality.

Progressiveness is essential to duration. Progressiveness is implied in activity or motion; *they* are essential to duration.

In proving principles which are of universal effect we may introduce illustrations which are subject to universal observation.

Notice the stars, they move. The earth moves. The waters leave their bed, array themselves in fleecy or prismatic garnitures and play awhile, they kiss the earth and return to their mother ocean. The trees and the grass work in their laboratory and when they cease to work they begin not to be. Man is active.

The philosopher who lured the lightning to perch upon his hand, and who acquired both his skill and fame by industry, once wrote “man is naturally indolent,” but in his next sentence he proved that indolence was a violation of his *whole nature*. Perhaps we need not impugn so respectable authority, but may admit that he was consistent, if we adopt as truth, that which at first seems paradoxical, namely—that man is naturally a violater of nature’s laws. (Let the lexicographer or theologian furnish better language.)

We do not perceive that activity does not tend to his duration—we can-

not believe that his health and happiness consist in idleness and stolidity. We cannot conceive of *mind inert*.

We inquire not why it was made necessary for all to move—why the sun might not have forever parched one side of the earth and left the other in eternal night and ice, and thus have saved the use of almanacks and lamps; or why man might not have been rooted to the earth, thus dispensing with chains and walls, and laws and lawyers, or have been satisfied through life with the intellect of the infant, dispensing with books and printers, and editors and orators; but we think at once that it is well that man should stir, and that the earth should turn around, and we know that if Saturn should stop in his course there would be trouble. Whatever we can observe appears to obey the law of progressiveness or to decay from the violation of it; hence just as we arrive at all conclusions of natural law, from observation or facts of natural history, we conclude of this that it is a necessary and universal law.

Do you believe that motion-progressiveness, is essential to duration and that whatever ceases to act begins to decay or become merged in something else. Then Odd-Fellows, as Odd-Fellows be active!

But in their movements what zigzag courses or what rushing beyond space might all the heavens make if it were not for *affinity*.

Affinity is that by which each particular atom of a body is brought and kept in contact with other atoms. By virtue of this force they form a body, sustaining individuality or existence. This is the first office of affinity and another is like unto it;—It tends to bring separate and distinct bodies into contact, and were it not for counteracting force, affinity would bring one body into another. This principle pervading every thing unrestrained would render every thing one and the same, and we should be deprived of such things as *here* and *there* in space, and *past* and *present* in time, and have no use for the words *this* and *that*, *I* and *thou*.

As our organs of speech, whether the speech of deed, of gesture, of the face or of the tongue are material, we can convey an idea of the mind only so far as we can trace its analogy with and say that it is analogous to matter. That the principle in matter which tends to keep in contact all of the particles of a body and render them subservient and protective to each other—to itself as an individual existence, is the same by which that body imparts a force to others and attracts them unto it; is beautifully illustrative of these two qualities of the mind, namely, proper self-regard and benevolence; which two are not opposed but are as one equally and altogether tending to promote the happiness and excellence of men, individually and collectively.

In man obedience to the law of affinity will lead him to make the most of himself that is in his power—to perfect himself; and in doing this, not opposed to the doing of this, he will also impart to and draw from others, assimilate himself to them and attract them unto him, as far as possible become merged in them and identified with them. This is the exercise of that which is called *love* or *friendship*.

Withered be the hand that shall pollute your banner, for your motto* is the principle that prevents the earth and the heavens from disbanding!

But what are progressiveness and affinity without equality?

*Friendship, Love and Truth.

When the moon shall wander deserted, and the earth shall bound away from its orbit by collision with Jupiter, or shall be broken in pieces and carried as an excrescence and deformity upon the surface of the great planet, and the system shall crash and shriek for the rebel principle; look you to progressiveness and affinity and ask if neither of them hath ambitiously overacted or sluggishly neglected its part, and if equality—trueness, hath not deserted them and rendered their forces unequal.

By equality we do not mean that the great be small or the small great—the powerful weak—the distant near and the near distant—that sound be as silence and that silence be loud—that foolishness be wisdom and the wise be as the foolish. But we mean by equality that each principle, each force, each mind, each body sustain its relative, its appropriate, its natural position; neither claiming too much or imparting too much. That power be equal with authority,—that rank and merit be equal, that the individuality of a body be proportioned to its affinity for other bodies, that the centripetal and centrifugal forces do neither overweigh or outstrip the other—that the night be not too long for the day; that this year yield not too much lest it impoverish the next, and not too little lest there be none to receive the bounties of the next—that one man keep not more than is needful for him lest another suffer from want; that the wise instruct and govern, the foolish learn and be submissive; that acquisitiveness detract not from benevolence; that self-esteem consume not veneration; that the reflective faculties steal not away cheerfulness; that neither cautiousness nor combativeness predominate. That hunger become not gluttony; that thirst become not intemperance; that the sensitive faculties of taste become not maelstroms of luxury; that these all harmonize, co-operate and progress together. For such equality—for such agrarianism we will ever pray! Without these is not duration!

This equality by which one body, or principle, or propensity, or mind, sustains its proportion—its proper relation to all others, exacting not too much or too little, that is, more nor less than is due, is what we call *justice*; it implies that no principle, or body, or mind, or force should seem to be what it is not or where it is not. This is the exercise of what we call *truth*.

Is then equality,—*truth*; the principle without which all other principles tend to destruction, decay, misery: then Odd-Fellows let not the adoption of its name* be a violation of its laws!

Are men governed by *progressiveness, affinity, and equality*? Or do they violate the laws of *industry, friendship and truth*?

"Surely" you will affirm "a man living in this century, in these United States will not say that idleness predominates; that men do not act enough, and that their want of progressiveness is likely to bring destruction and decay upon the physical, social or moral system."

But is it the requirement of industry that men are obeying even in their activity? Nay! It needs not argument to prove that the motive power is not lawful, social, truthful industriousness, but it is the hope of the haven of indolence that even makes men active. Were it not so, what would be the charm in the name of a labour-saving machine, of a compe-

*Friendship, Love and Truth.

tenacy or of a steam horse? Ah! who does not know that it is the promise—the lying promise of indolence that entices men to toil?

And were indolence not at all the desire of men, the excessive activity, the excitement of the present age at least were as truly a violation of the principles of progressiveness or industry as connected with friendship and truth, as indolence itself would be; for activity is exacting too much, is detracting from friendship and they are not proportioned,—truthful.

False motives and overaction are not all that do violence to progressiveness. We have seen men, who, although they could not in childhood suppress the tendency of a principle that is implanted in all creatures, have at length discarded industry and by what process we cannot explain, have consented to sink into the embrace of the harlot indolence.

Do men *obey* the law of *affinity*?

As physical beings they violate it, even as a self-preserving principle in all intemperance and excess—in gluttony, drunkenness and debauchery. In most that is called by the gentle name of luxury is a tendency to weaken, to alienate, dissolve and destroy the various parts of the body.

And as to the mind, does man in obedience to the self-preserving and perfect principle of affinity, duly, sacredly, regard his moral nature; does he continually draw wisdom and strength from those who are superior, and from *Him most* who is most superior? Ah! what then mean profaneness and mammonism, whose monster-heads protrude into legislative halls and almost into your Lodges and sanctuaries?

And in his relation to others either as a physical or moral being, what are pride, contention, maliciousness, envy, slander and assassination; intrigue, war and sorrow; competition, theft and slavery; British oppression, French revolution and Philadelphia riots, but names of the effects of a principle that is *not* affinity!

And all this must be because equality, justice, truthfulness has been driven away by some usurper. We perceive the suggestions of the palate disproportioned, unequal, unjust to the wants of the stomach; the cravings of the stomach misrepresenting the necessities of the system; labour of the body disproportioned to that of the mind; our individuality disproportioned to the bond that unites us to our Maker and to all that he has made; the desire of acquiring disproportioned to that of imparting; the means of the rich and the learned disproportioned to their will to benefit others; the claim of the creditor disproportioned to the will or ability of the debtor; the semblance of men disproportioned to their substance; the heart of a man unequal to his words; the principles of a man unequal to his professions; the aims of a man unequal to his prayers. All these tend not to duration and happiness but to destruction and unhappiness! All this is not of the principle of "*Good*" but of the principle of evil—"D'evil"!—All this is not truthfulness, verily some usurper has driven out equality—truth; and has *dominion* here. Is he not the "*further of lies*?"

Is he our king? Then let us revolt, revolt! revolt!

Talk not of ameliorating the effect of his laws. If he ever laugh he will laugh at the success of his lies when he hears you talk of ameliorating the condition of man, by rail-roads, banks, tariffs, treasuries, acquisitions, commerce, liberty, literature, or prisons or poor-houses, unless your watchwords be *revolution* and the *government of Good*.

We will have a revolution!

But no revolution can be sudden, instantaneous; only the end of it is sudden. The end of the blow and not its gathering force and impetus is heard. There will be many in the State disaffected; they will cherish their aching and impatience long in their hearts; one will not trust to utter a whisper lest he be branded rebel and traitor, and death to him and his thoughts ensue. At length he shall see in another's face the marks of sorrow and thoughtfulness; the heart of brother meets brother and they unite, O with what joy!—joy that they may be sorrowful together. Then comes the pledge; then the free and full expression of complaint that all is not well—that government is not right, must not be submitted to, must not last. Their numbers increase, they form a creed, they have their nightly meetings, and their principles and deliberations are not the less perfect or right because they are under strict bonds of secrecy.

Other bands will germinate and grow by a similar process. They will have different locations, different names and creeds; perhaps will be cautious of one another, but with one great wish they will enlarge, diffuse, agitate, until all is ripe and one comprehensive motto shall waive over all their heads—and—*the blow is finished.*

Numerous are the vicegerents whom the king of evil hath sent to tyrannize over us with indolence, hatred and injustice—ambition, sophistry, gold, strife, atheism and penury; and men have been, long suffering until forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. Already we perceive manifold bands whispering their disaffection, proposing different plans, having different names, and sometimes rivalling one another; but all tending to one great end.

Only one voice has yet been heard on the earth, to speak unequivocally. It was accompanied with the trumpet, the thunder, the quaking of the mountain; the thick cloud, the lightning and the smoke as of a furnace. We may hear its tones from the lips of our elder brother. It directs us to the strongholds of our tyrant and instructs us to demolish them. Study the plan proposed for the campaign as it is detailed in the scriptures.—Therein ye have the promise of victory from the voice of the spirit of truth. Above the outcries of "bigotry," "imposture," "oppression," "treason" which have been raised to drown it, that voice has sounded melody to the ear that would hear. It has gathered a large band and under its radical motto, its followers have triumphed over treachery and assault. Joyfully we perceive there are now with some distinctness responding to its call, other bands,—your temperance societies, asylums, penitentiaries, forrier associations, trades unions, common schools and your republican institutions; all hastening to demand the total dethronement and overthrow of evil. Will it be claiming too much, if among these bands we class as one of the most perfect in organization, most clear in principles, most rapid in progress and efficient in labours, the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows.

*Here is a Lodge which within the three years of its existence has admitted 238 members; within the past year 56 of these. Its benefits to the living have amounted to \$567; its appropriations to funerals \$114. Its benefits to brethren for the past year have amounted to \$503. It professes an ample fund for the relief of its members and for the widows and orphans

*Gencssee Lodge No. 5, Rochester, New York.

of its deceased. Its benevolence has expanded the heart, and bound together those who had been strangers; its sympathies have made labour cheerful; its meetings have elicited emulation in good order and affability and in various departments of taste. Its moral precepts, example and deliberations may be supposed to have restrained some from vicious associations. Long may it prosper!*

Great men's thoughts have been sown—buried in men's miseries, but they were a seed from which have sprung up many beautiful scions. Here is one; cultivate it and let it bear ornaments for the new Eden. Odd-Fellowship is of no age; it is from among the treasures of the past, an inheritance; be faithful to the trust and transmit it in purity to the future. It is of no country; it brings no good that is not good to all, and it is brought forth by no evil that is peculiar to any people; it is a birth from the pangs of a world.

Brethren do not make the habiliments of your Order a mere amusement—a plaything; but perceive through them, and venerate the beauty and dignity of its principles. Listen to its instructions and let not profaneness, intemperance, dishonesty or anything dishonorable be known among you. Consider him your worst enemy who under the professions of Odd-Fellowship shall indulge in indolence, selfishness and vice, and so pervert and misrepresent the tendency of your associations.

Stimulate others by the example of your noble deeds; banish from your minds the idea that self good and the good of others are opposed; try the experiment of working benevolence and see if it bring you any pain or evil; lend the flame of your love to all mankind: Give an open hand and an open heart and give justice to all. "We are Odd-Fellows only when we speak and act like honest men." Diffuse the principles of justice until that assertion shall cease to contain a sarcastic pun—until honesty shall not be an eccentricity.

Cherish your institution as one of those which are struggling for the great revolution which must be achieved—the moral revolution of a world. Cherish its principles not as the principles of a party or a sect, but as universal. Under whatever name men are banded for benevolent purposes, greet them as brothers; quarrel not with them about names or measures; bid them associate, organize, agitate and work. Divert them not except by pointing to "Friendship, Love and Truth;" and when ye shall all understand that it is one end ye wish—the overthrow of indolence, selfishness and falsehood, and the support of progressiveness, union and justice; then ye may avow and unite in fealty to this constitution (the bible) and we shall be subject to the principles that tend to duration and happiness—this colony of the dominion of the prince of evil shall be free and we shall be under the *government of Good—God*.

*For a full exhibition of the efficiency of Odd-Fellowship please see the statistics in the valuable journal of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the United States recently published.

 INVOCATION.

GENIUS of ODD-FELLOWSHIP descend,
And with thee bring thy spotless train;
Constant our sacred rites attend,
While we adore thy peaceful reign :

Bring with thee Virtue, brightest maid,
Bring *Friendship*, *Truth* and *Love*, sincere;
While social Mirth shall lend her aid,
To smooth the wrinkled brow of care.

Come Charity, with goodness crown'd,
Encircled in thy heav'nly robe,
Diffuse thy blessings all around
To ev'ry corner of the globe.

 ADDRESS.*

 BY JOHN S. PRESTON.

Certainly it is Heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in Charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of Truth.—*Lord Bacon—Essay on Truth.*

WE are convened, brothers, in accordance with an ancient and most honorable usage. All people, from the beginning of history, have been accustomed to celebrate, by festivals or otherwise, the annual recurrence of days on which remarkable events have transpired. We meet to-day to commemorate our part in the establishment of one of the most singular moral phenomena of this latter age. The rapid spread of Odd-Fellowship to its present wide diffusion, is nothing less than a very strange phenomenon. Originated in organized form at the moment when man is considered to have attained the climax of refinement—to have advanced from his primeval state as far as civilization will carry him—this institution, based upon the purest principles implanted in our hearts direct by the hand of God, and constructed in the spirit of primitive virtue, has risen and overspread the world, as if to show, that however we may wear out the good nature has given us, she will not be wholly uprooted from her dominion. Man may become so intense in his struggles with his fellow, as to forget, seemingly, his nature and his God; but the abiding and divine instincts still dwell latent in his soul, ready to be struck forth by associations like ours, in which, doffing the armor of selfishness, unmailed, we clasp each other's hands, bound by the sublime force of human sympathy,

* Delivered before Palmetto Lodge, No. 5, I. O. O. F., Columbia, S. C., May 18th, 1844.

pregnant of all good, and join in fervent and humble vows of fellowship before this altar of Truth, Friendship and Charity.

Of these, we consider the fundamental bond of our union to be Charity, in its most comprehensive application ; not alone that charity which feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, consoles the sorrowing, and strengthens the weak hearted. These noble tasks are but the beginning—the elements—the alphabet of our duties. Themselves a part of man's community with his God, they are not all of that common duty. It may be asked, what more can human power effect ? What higher purpose can the mind of man aim at ? I shall attempt briefly, and with a full sense of my incapacity, to answer in part this momentous inquiry, so far as we, men, Americans and Odd-Fellows, are concerned in its solution.

Practical philosophy teaches us that *knowledge is power* ; and he who reads the history of his species, with a mind apt to comprehend its moral, will soon learn that the terms of this wise maxim may be changed, leaving its force and truth unimpaired. Knowledge is power, and beyond and above that—*knowledge is virtue*. Read aright the lesson of man's acclivity upon the scale of morality, from the Cimmerian darkness of his primitive barbarism, through all his grades, up to the light of Christian revelation, and you will find his release from vice—his legislation against crime—his positive virtue, advancing with equal pace, hand in hand with his knowledge, and his intellectual culture. Wherever and whenever the sunlight of civilization has scattered the mists of savage ignorance, it has evenly driven before its purifying beams, the horrid forms of barbaric crime. It was in early, but refined and learned Greece, that there lived a Pericles, who never caused a tear to an Athenian ; a Solon, with an inspiration little short of his who, on Sinai, received Israel's law direct from God—a Socrates, himself almost a god. Truth, virtue, and happiness, were the ends at which they aimed—the goal to which their wisdom tended. In searching and smoothing the difficult path, they brought to their aid not only the immutable principles which guide and direct the heart, but the experience, the learning, the tradition, the knowledge of their fellow-men, tested and fixed by Time, the great Alchymist of Truth. Plato, in pursuit of this high principle, invaded the mysteries of divine existence ; Aristotle pierced the forms of nature, and bent them, and the analysis of men's minds, to his aid in its investigation. Demosthenes inculcated the mighty principle in man's duty as an associated being ; Sophocles, and the rest, taught it to their countrymen by pictures addressed to the heart and the affections ; and glory, and greatness, and a renown that will perish but with this firm base of earth, has hallowed the Grecian name. Could the Eternal Mind that gave glory and virtue to Greece have been obliterated, it would have expired with her civil existence, beneath the brutal force of the Roman battle-axe. Rome for centuries bound the human soul in chains of adamant. It is true that Cicero and Seneca taught much wisdom ; their teachings were however but the voice of Plato and Aristotle, echoed in Roman halls. It is true, Virgil, and Ovid, and Horace, have sung in sweetest and loftiest strains, yet it is but the dying spirit of Homer and Anacreon, falling upon Roman genius.—The feeble light that shone for a moment from the palace windows of the Bosphorus, and flickered under the first Christian Emperors, seemed extinguished forever by the double Apostasy, the forerunner of ferocious

superstition and brutal ignorance. The imbecile descendants of the first Constantine, were scattered like chaff before the countless hordes of Gothic barbarians, and superstition, like a funeral pall, hung over the benighted world. The Alexandrian library sunk to ashes, and crime, with bloody step, stalked unchecked over the earth; but the Mind of Greece, the repository of knowledge and of truth, was not extinct. When man was crushed lowest into the dust, the remaining spark, kindled at the pure flame of Christian revelation, fell upon awakening Europe.

Pythagoras sighed to write his thoughts upon a planet's disc. Galileo and Copernicus imprinted their's upon the sun himself. Bacon taught what Aristotle aimed at. Monkish chemistry raised the peasant to a level with his mailed master. German mechanics gave an art that strikes a chord of sympathy through the world, and vibrates forever; and an humble Neapolitan taught the mariner to track the pathless ocean, and mark his progress on its ever-changing surface; and when learning and religion seemed to be forever buried beneath the accumulated woes of more than ten centuries, a feeble voice was first heard afar off in the recesses of a German convent; but it was the voice of Truth and of the Time. It was the first note of that Power which was to arouse lethargized man from his dark sleep of ages. It gathered force, and its echoes were heard upon the mountains of Helvetia and in the vallies of the Rhine. Upon the highest Alps it rose like a storm-cloud, and rushing down the plains of Italy, burst in words of thunder at the portals of the Vatican. It was the voice of Luther, proclaiming freedom to the soul. It was the voice of Religion upspringing from the foul embrace of Superstition, and announcing to an awakened world her purity and her power. Man's heart and man's mind, with conjoined strength, snapped asunder the shackles of ignorance and crime, and sweet Religion, upon the seraph wings of Knowledge, was borne aloft above the slime of earth. At her altar the mighty spirit of Truth had kindled her torch anew, and its hallowed beams glanced widely over the earth. It gleamed upon the haggard features of down-trodden man, and the battlements of Superstition crumbled beneath it; "the thrones of tyrants rocked, and their brows become ashes before its scorching flame." But alas, for our fallen nature!—stubborn in crime, her triumph was not yet. Mitred craft and imperial power seemed again to quench her beams in the tears and blood of her martyrs. The immediate hand of God was required to save our sinking race, and it was present to deliver us. Almost co-incident with this great event to the present and eternal good of man, to which I have alluded, the Almighty, as if to aid his creatures in their regenerating struggles, directed the bold Genoese across the waste of waters, to a new world, and opened to the ken of civilized man this land of our's, fresh from the forming hand of its Creator. Worn out, struggling, staggering Europe, turned to it with an enchanted gaze. Want, fear, sorrow, the curse of misused power, drove her myriads to the margin of that ocean beyond which was deliverance, refuge, a home, liberty—far away, beneath the setting sun. With outstretched arms and strained eyes, they sighed for that shore on which they could love their fellow, and worship without fear the God of Truth. The divine problem of man's regeneration seemed almost solved. The free of soul, the proselyte of virtue from every European land, flocked to this new-found Eden. England sent to us her Puritans, and those soldier saints, who fought with

Sidney, and Hampden, and Milton, and Cromwell, the noblest fight that ever engaged the mind and hands of men—those stern and lofty men who sat as peers in judgment on kings. France, too—brave, beautiful France, gave to us the “bleeding remnant of her heroic Henry’s brethren,” those loyal citizens, those soldiers without fear or reproach, those humble Christians of a stainless faith, whose rich blood still warms the heart of many a Carolinian.

This was the land and these the instruments chosen by God, to uphold knowledge, virtue, religion, and liberty, among his people forever. With this mission in their hearts, freed from the rottenness of the old world, our ancestors struggled on for more than a century, contending with nature, with savages, and worse than either, with the tyrants who drove and pursued them hither. With the power of truth, and the hand of God to aid them, they triumphed; and the result is the sublime spectacle spread before us over the face of this favored land. Man in the loftiness of his soul’s freedom. The human mind released from the tyranny of false power and blind superstition, attaining the “deathless majesty of right.” All that the great and good in all ages have dreamed of, prayed for, died for. Liberty, knowledge, virtue, are ours by inheritance. Our lot is cast in chosen times. As men and as Americans, we will vow to preserve these blessed heritages, and transmit them onward, unpolluted, to the countless generations who are to trace their good to the days in which we and our fathers lived.

Thus, brothers, imperfectly, with a rapid and feeble hand, I have attempted to sketch merely, or rather to dot down, the coincident existence and concurrent advance of Truth, which is knowledge; and Virtue, which is wisdom. We have seen these sister seraphs in their bright career, leave the dark and bloodstained ways of the old world, wing their flight across the broad Atlantic, and find a dwelling place and an enduring temple on our soil. If there be a lesson in all this, let us apply it to ourselves.

The best talent of our Order has been exercised in explaining and elaborating the pure and holy principles upon which its hopes of good and success are founded. Genius has performed its most pleasing task and highest duty, in expounding them to our intelligence, and transfusing them into our hearts.—Here, in our own hall, we have often heard them commented on in strains of loftiest eloquence, emanating from hearts devoted to the cause. The world knows by this time full well what we are, what are our purposes, and the means we use to effect them. Our sacred principles are known, and our good deeds are no mystery. They are *felt* in this community, and it is here known that our only mystic tie is the chord of human sympathy. In the world’s eye we have smoothed the pillow of death, dried the orphan’s tear, and solaced the widow’s mourning.—We need no longer vaunt ourselves before men, but our task now is to teach ourselves, and by our example, our fellow-man, the holiest lesson the human heart can receive—to love one another. We profess to love all human kind, to love them for the good we can do them—to

“Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life and sense,
In one close system of benevolence.”

The practice, Brothers, of this “height of charity,” consists mainly in contributing to the permanent good and eternal happiness of each other.

These objects, involving every other purpose of life, are only to be attained by the diffusion among us of that true knowledge, which not only elevates and purifies the heart, but enlightens and informs the mind. To make men happy, enlighten them; to make men virtuous, increase their knowledge. There is no form so hateful to the bleared eyes of vice as the angel Virtue, clothed in the radiant robes of knowledge. If religion be the necessity of man's soul, knowledge is its food, its fuel, without which it lapses into dark idolatry, and perishes away forever. The very constitution of the human mind in its progressive nature, needs this aliment to sustain it. The Intellectual Spirit of man is ever moving forward, heaving with an eternal motion, onward and upward; and

—————like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current, and compulsive course,
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont—

even so the human mind knows no retrogression, but forward,—forward, beyond the narrow continent of finite existence, it claims its immortality, even in this world of Matter and of Time. Thus impressed by its Creator with this aptitude for knowledge, how easy is the task of improvement. How easy, when every soul is athirst, to allure it along the pleasant paths of divine philosophy to the sweet fountains of science. How easy, when the glories of nature are shining around, and every eye is drawn upward to gaze upon her lights,

—————to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions, hold
The immortal mind.

How light the task, when we find the perfume of the flower, and its brilliant hue, awakening soft pleasure in the senses, to show that nature's good doth dwell in all this. How noble the task, when we see the immortal soul seeking a God in all that is good, and beautiful, and grand, to carry it up by the light of divine truth to the one living God. Thus Nature herself, with "her voice of gladness and her eloquence of beauty," invites us with gentle appeals to learn our lesson from her. She woos us with her azure skies, and "chaste cold moon," her flowers and placid streams; or she drives us, in terror, to learn her wisdom, when she makes the earth to reel and stagger with her raging tempest and wild tornado, or lashes her dread ocean to a fury that tops the heavens with his waves. It is by the language of nature that God himself doth teach us, holding through her communion with our spirits, and imparting to our finite visions the mystical relations between the visible and the infinite.

This, then, Brothers, is the true benevolence, the comprehensive charity, to pour into the ready mind the knowledge and the virtue we may draw from nature's volume, and the rich treasure of man's wisdom, aggregated and refined by the lapse of ages. It is to this noblest work of charity I would urge you. Educate the mind and the heart, by devoting every moment of freedom from the stern necessities of life to the acquisition of true knowledge. Every page you read, every hour you devote to reflection, is a gain to yourself, and an addition to your power of usefulness. Make this hall the Academy in which you display your acquisitions for our common use and benefit. Impart knowledge to each other;

a single fact, or a single idea, bestowed upon us, is so much gained; a good deed never dies, nor does a truth told ever lose itself. Make us wise, make us enlightened, and we cannot fail to be virtuous.

Thus much, Brothers, I have attempted to urge upon your consideration on matters directly cognate to two of our cardinal principles. Knowledge is the handmaiden of Truth and universal Charity, giving to them much of their power and beauty in their influence upon the minds and actions of men. But our motto is blazoned with other words, our vows embrace other duties. There is another link in that emblematic chain. Truth and charity are among the main pillars of our Order, but the beautiful temple rests not alone upon these. There is another, carved from the necessity which dwells in every man's heart, that pre-requisite of his nature which drives him not only to associate with, but love his fellow-man, in some form or other, either by the ties of kindred blood, or as we profess, by the powerful affinities of a friendship which we mark in name as fraternal. Nature, in implanting this necessity of friendship in our hearts, has with her usual prodigality of beneficence rendered it the source of much, if not all, our highest and most exquisite enjoyments. All the happiness we derive from the various relations of life, are referable directly to this innate emotion described in the magic word of our motto. It is the sunshine that lights us along life's path—"solem a mundo tollere videntur, qui Amicitiam e vita tollunt." It is in Friendship's domain on earth that sweet spot is found, the abode of almost celestial happiness—

"Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft."

But if to Friendship belongs the dearest enjoyments of life, from Friendship also spring life's highest and holiest duties. Love is the parent of pleasure, Friendship of duty. She is not that blind divinity that Love is represented; nor should she be so. Her votaries do not rush with bandaged eyes and naked forms to her altars; but prudent and modest, clear-sighted and cautious, she scrutinizes with penetrating gaze all whom she admits to the mysteries of her chaste worship; we, her priesthood, canvass thoroughly the fitness of him who seeks to be admitted to a participation of our sacred rights, and to our hearts as a brother. We do not at once fling ourselves into his arms, and blindly give him all our confidence. Step by step, as we prove him worthy, do we reveal ourselves to the initiate. We test his truth, we test his virtue, his courage, his fortitude; we appeal to his heart and his senses; we instruct, encourage and support him; and when by time, and severest trials, we have proved and prepared him, then, and not till then, we give him the mystical sign that binds him to us and the sacred offices of our brotherhood, by the highest attributes of his nature. All our emblems, all our symbols, all our mysteries, are but to make this sacrament more solemn and binding. When we have done this, and shown him all these, we give him our heart's profoundest faith; he is our brother, not imposed on as such by nature, but begotten by our own choice; and we are bound to him exclusively by the services and offices of love. Forgetting these for a moment, we are guilty of a breach of the duty we have assumed to perform. The instant we admit into our hearts a feeling opposed to these, that instant the foundations of our temple begin to moulder away. While we adhere to these duties, Time, the destroyer of all man claims as his own, will

pass harmless to us, for our bond is coeval and co-existent with time. But that which will resist the waves of Time, yields a ready victim to the evil passions of man; admit these within your walls, and your temple sinks at once into the earth. But, Brothers, we are *sworn* to sustain it. To Love, Friendship, Truth and Charity, we are pledged by the very word which gives us entrance here; to these we are bound by the acknowledgment we ever humbly make before we open our lips here; to these we are sworn by oaths written in words of fire, and by the most sacred and solemn emblems of life and death. Dare any one of you fail in these? Dare you hate your brother, and remember the scenes you have witnessed in this hall, and the awful words you hear nightly from this desk?—Dare you, before God and man, scoffing at your obligations, come here with envy, malice, and strife in your heart, and burn the living lie into your souls? If there be here that atrocious and perjured man—that traitor to himself, his fellow, and his God—who comes to sway our pure principles to the foul purposes of self-aggrandizement, or the mean malice of revenge, drive him hence, the curse of God is upon him. However comprehensive our charity may be, it cannot embrace him. His moral leprosy leaves him no resting place within the confines of our abode.—Brothers, I know none such in our little band. If I did, here from this sacred stand would I call him forth by name, and denounce him to you and the world, as a foul and polluted traitor, a base and perjured liar. I am sure there are none such here, but that all who enter strive at least to leave at the outer door all evil passions, all falsehood and malice, and come in with their humble obeisance to the all-seeing goodness of God, having but one feeling—one object—love for the brothers, and the advancement of the holy Order. Those who have once felt that happy sensation which springs from a joyous confidence in the friendship he finds here must be hardened indeed, if he is willing to exchange it for aught else this life affords.

Brothers of the Encampment, may I address a word to you? You assume, Brothers, to have advanced to a higher order in the mysteries of Odd-Fellowship—to have riveted closer still the mysterious link which unites us. In doing so, you have but taken on yourselves the higher and more binding responsibilities which pertain to our duties. You have added, if possible, to the profound and weighty obligations of your profession. Brothers, you have exalted yourselves only that you may extend the horizon of your usefulness; and remember that your very name implies, and its preservation requires, a purer and more exalted benevolence. You term yourselves Patriarchs—remember that the Patriarchs of Holy History were the friends of the Eternal God.

Brothers, we have dwelt together two years in peace and harmony.—The unholy strifes that tear the hearts of men when they yield dominion to their baser nature, have not entered here; here the rich and the poor—the learned and the ignorant—the lofty and the lowly—have met on the broad platform of virtuous equality. Except in the practice of good, degrees and quality—the fictitious and arbitrary distinctions among men have not been recognised amongst us. We are not here disturbed by the “proud man’s contumely” or the poor man’s envy. The dignity of human virtue constitutes the only distinction in our Order. We come here with the same sensation we enter the circle of our kindred—the

same settled reliance upon the love of others, resulting from a consciousness of feeling it for them. If you desire to maintain your pledges, you can come to this hall with no other feeling. With no other purpose but this steadily in view, can you hope to preserve this Order from the fate that has followed all its predecessors which have swerved from the practice of those duties we profess to inculcate. Let but the strifes—the heart-burnings—the jealousies which move men continually in their ordinary associations enter here and ere long we shall have—perhaps not the dagger of the Carbonari, or the poison of the Borgian feasts—but that which is equally fatal to the existence of virtue, truth, and friendship—we shall have this sacred hall, with all its holy emblems, converted into an arena where, instead of each striving to be most active in the diffusion of knowledge, or most swift upon the wings of blessed charity, to succor the wretched and relieve the suffering, pigmy politicians, frantic with the smallest ambition, measure their puny strength in rivalry for your offices. It is with ourselves to prevent this foul pollution.

The vestal flame burns still, and burns on forever, pure and undimmed on this holy altar. Let us bow ourselves in humble reverence, that it may shine into our hearts, and register there our vows renewed this day, to purge ourselves of all reproach, and before men to justify our Order in the practice of that righteousness which alone exalteth either individuals or nations. Let us strive who can be strongest in spreading through this community, and over this wide land, the principles and the blessings of Odd-Fellowship. Let us go on through life in the performance of all the holy offices of the Order, and transmit them to our children, and looking down the course of Time—

“Far as futurity’s untravell’d waste
Lies open to conjecture’s dubious ken,”

we shall see the temple reared by our hands safe from his destroying touch; its pillars of Faith, Hope, and Charity—Friendship Love, and Truth—rising from the earth and piercing the abode of the spirits of just men made perfect.

AN OLD SIGN—AN INTERESTING BOOK.

BABCOCK & Co. Booksellers, corner of King and Wentworth streets, Charleston, S. C., have the oldest Franklin’s Head for a sign that adorns any Bookstore in this country. It was carved by Hezekiah Augur, Esq. of New Haven, Conn., (the American Canova,) and has been in its present position twenty-two years. It has been regilt, two or three times and now appears as well as when new.

On a recent visit to that store, we were shewn by the gentlemanly proprietors a very interesting book with the following title—

*“Historical and Literary Curiosities:
Consisting of Fac-Similies of Original Documents,
By Charles John Smith, F. S. A.
London Edition, 1840;*

Among the documents that most attracted our attention were one by the noble and benevolent John Howard, and two by Benjamin Franklin. The first is as follows:—

“God grant that I may not be ashamed of, or a shame to my profession; but may I be faithful unto death, holding fast the profession of my faith without wavering.

With esteem,
I am, sir, your obliged friend,”

“JOHN HOWARD.”

Connected with this is a plate, representing his birth place, Clapton, Middlesex—and another view of his residence at Cardington—Bedfordshire.

The first by Franklin was the following *Epitaph written in 1728.*

“The Body of
B. Franklin, Printer,
(Like the Cover of an old Book,
Its contents torn out
And stript of its Lettering and Gilding)
Lies here, food for worms.
But the work shall not be lost;
For it will, (as he believ'd) appear once more,
In a new and more elegant edition
Revised and corrected
By the Author.”

The second, is one we had not previously seen, and presume it will be new to most of our readers. That it is Franklin's no one will doubt, and possibly it may have been in the hands of some of his admirers on this side the Atlantic, previous to its publication in London; but it is rather singular that it was not published in this country, previous to its appearing in the book of *Historical and Literary Curiosities*. Here it is—and so excellent—no one but Franklin could have written it.

“If Life's compared to a Feast,
Near Fourscore Years, I've been a Guest,
I've been regaled with the best,
And feel quite satisfy'd.
'Tis time that I retire to Rest;
Landlord, I thank ye!—Friends, Good Night.”

April 22, 1784.

This last was the breathing of the spirit of calm philosophy—of heartfelt gratitude; and shows the heavenly composure of the mind, of this great and good man. When about to

“Wrap the drapery of his couch around him
And lay down to pleasant dreams.”

SOUVENIRS OF AN ODD-FELLOW.

When are we happiest, then? Oh, when resigned
 To whatsoever our cup of life may bring;
 When we can know ourselves but weak and blind
 Creatures of earth! And trust alone in Him
 Who giveth, in his mercy, joy or pain:

Oh, we are happiest then.

MISS BROWN.

HAPPINESS has been a phantom of human pursuit from the hour of the first sin through all succeeding time. As the wants of society multiplied, objects of pursuit became more numerous, and humanity for uncounted centuries has been running through life, pursuing shadows in various directions, like school-boys dispersing at play-time to chase butterflies as they gayly flutter from flower to flower over the whole extent of the enameled plain. Happiness! what a delusive word when applied to earth, its associations and pursuits. Who has ever found it? Can wealth, or fame, or any possession bring it to our hearts? Deluded by hope, we gaze upon bright pictures in perspective, but one by one they fade away, like the scenes of the *dissolving tableaux*, ere the eye or heart has enjoyed them. Go ask the broken-hearted youth, who weeps over the cold grave of his young heart's love, why he lingers about that spot? He will tell you all his bright dreams of happiness lie buried there. Go ask the gray bearded sire, and he will tell you that earth and its dreams are all vanity, vanity and vexation of spirit. Oh! if we could cause to pass in review before us the countless dreams of the young, as they have arisen and faded in disappointment and sorrow, what a sad phantasmagoria would be exhibited; how false and fleeting would earthly happiness appear.—Happiness, true happiness, is an exotic; it is transplanted from heavenly climes, and nurtured in the human heart by faith in the Son of God!—This is the happiness of patience and humility in life, and triumph and majesty in death, that clothes a worm of dust in the garments of triumph and victory, and seals his title-deed to an inheritance incorruptible in the heavens.

This was the character of my reflections as I stood in the church-yard beside *two graves!* and in the softened media of memory looked back to the young day-dreams of the sleepers. Purer dreams of happiness never cheered the heart of humanity than those in which they once indulged; but ere their sun had reached its meridian the picture was surcharged with disappointment and death, and their cold graves are but two other beacons lighted along the highway of life to guard others from similar folly.

Henry Smith I knew from childhood; a nobler hearted boy never laughed and shouted in gay and thoughtless innocence than he; his manhood fulfilled the promise of his youth. He had one fault—he looked to earth for happiness. Among his first acts on attaining his majority, was to become an Odd-Fellow, and well and nobly did he discharge his vocation as such. One of the graves was his!

Whoin ***** does not remember Ann Elmore, a laughing, blue eyed Hebe. Wherever she went she diffused her own sweet spirit. There was a gay warm heart beating in her bosom; the poor called her an angel, and many a dying eye has rested in its last look upon her sweet face as

she wiped the death-drops from the brow of suffering. Her sweet tones still linger in my ear, as she whispered comfort to the sick, or in the hour of joy sent out her innocent ringing laugh upon the heart. Hers was the other grave!

Henry and Ann loved from childhood; they were destined for each other; their parents smiled upon their mutual love, and amid prayers and blessings they plighted their nuptial vows, and never did wedded bliss seem to be more perfect and complete. Henry was a rising man—his profession engaged largely his time, yet was he punctual to the duties of Odd-Fellowship. Often, while Noble Grand of his Lodge, have I seen him and his wife visiting together the sick brethren, or if their families were ill, Ann was certain to be with them, ministering by a thousand attentions to their wants and sufferings. This pair were Odd-Fellows indeed, and often have I heard the remark made, that the conduct of Henry and Ann did more to remove unjust prejudices from the Order, than every thing else beside. Noble, generous and high-minded as he was, Henry had one fault—he was a slave to that corrupt and barbarous opinion, that deep insult, implicating his honor, could alone be washed out with blood. His profession (law) naturally led him to take part in party politics, and in this, as in every thing else, what his hand found to do he did with all his might. During the excitements of an animating canvass, he had in a political speech reflected severely upon the course pursued by the opposite party. This led to an altercation between him and the candidate of that party, who attributed his defeat to Smith's speech; an apology was demanded and refused, and a challenge passed. Fearful of the interference of friends, the preliminaries were soon settled; the parties met; Henry fell mortally wounded. He survived some eight or ten hours—long enough deeply to repent his folly, and breathe his life out in the arms of his distracted wife. Poor Ann! how were all her dreams of happiness crushed. Oh, how full of the eloquence of despair her tearless eye and frenzied look, as she took the last kiss from the cold lips of him she had so fondly loved: and when amid the tears of those who prized him so highly, he was borne to his last resting place, she insisted on following him there; what heart but beat with sympathy for that suffering one, as when the first clod fell upon his coffin she gave one long scream of agony, and was borne fainting from the grave by her friends.

This occurred in the spring, and ere the leaves fell, Ann slept beside him. I stood in her chamber beside her dying pillow; I never saw her look more lovely. Her parents, Henry's too, were there, and to their grief she sought to administer consolation by pointing them to that blessed home where she expected to meet the husband of her love. "Earth," said she, "has no joy for your poor Ann; I loved Henry too fondly—too well; God has taken him from me to teach me the vanity of fixing my affections upon things here; I had many sweet dreams—many sweet hopes, but how soon they faded one by one. 'There is nothing true but Heaven.' Oh! my dear parents, let us part to meet where we shall never know sorrow or parting." The clergyman approached to administer the "last supper;" she smiled sweetly as she said to her weeping friends, "with desire have I desired to eat this passover with you; henceforth I drink no more of the fruit of the vine until I drink the wine new in my Father's kingdom." Turning to the Noble Grand of our Lodge, (a rela-

tive of the family,) she requested him to bring the family Bible and to present it to the Lodge as her dying gift. "Henry," said she, "loved the Order; I know it is good and useful; keep this as a memorial of our love; you will find our marriage recorded by his hand; I leave it to your friendship to record our early deaths."

Her exit was soft and gentle as the departure of the summer zephyr; like the dying swan, her last song was the sweetest. We laid her beside her husband. "They were lovely in their lives and in their deaths they were not divided." A plain marble monuments their graves, and the tear of affection waters the rose tree planted at their head! Their memories live in the hearts of their friends. See you yon portrait robed in crape, immediately behind the Past Grand's chair in ——— Lodge hall—that was Henry Smith.

But my reader may ask where is he who lured poor Smith on to death by taking advantage of his false notions of honor. Where is he? Lounging about the lowest tippling houses—a miserable, hopeless drunkard.—There is a retributive Providence! In vain may the murderer hope to escape. Whether he takes his brother's life in the midnight brawl—by assassination, premeditated—or in the cold-blooded barbarism of the field of honor—he will suffer, and suffer here, in anticipation of a heavier doom hereafter.

Here is but a brief picture of the evanescence of earthly happiness; it is fleeting as the morning cloud or early dew. How important to act justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God, making his law the rule of our practice, that we may live usefully, die happily, and be at last admitted to the Grand Lodge above, to the company of the just made perfect, around the throne of the Supreme Creator of all things. ALFRED.

[From the Ind. Odd-Fellow.

THE MIRROR AND THE ECHO.

FROM MISS NOISE'S SKETCH BOOK.

A SMART Venetian Mirror of mercurial disposition
Went to Erin at midsummer on a curious expedition;
He sought a *cara sposa*, and he thought the most congenial,
Was a celebrated echo to unite in bonds hymenial.
Said he to the reverberator—here I fix my choice,
Thou needest but a *visage* dear, and I lack but a *voice*.
To look and listen all the day shall be our mutual cares,
While I *reflect* sweet images, thou shalt *repeat* soft airs.
If thou'rt at all ambitious love, thy suitor is a *peer*,
Of pedigree as noble as yon lustrous chandelier.
I ask no dower, for I bring no splendid patrimony,
Then say at once if thou'lt be mine in holy *matrimony*.
Oh! who would dream of sordid aims in nature's simple child?
But in this mercenary age, the purest are defiled.
The smart Venetian Mirror found his fondest hopes defeated,
For money was the only word the echo had repeated.

ANCIENT RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS.

A BRIEF account of the religious establishments kept up in this country before the Reformation, and of the officers which belonged to some of the largest of them, as well as of their different buildings and apartments, it is presumed, will not be uninteresting.

Under the general name of religious houses, are comprehended cathedral and collegiate churches, abbeys, priories, colleges, hospitals, preceptories, and friaries.

In *Conventual Cathedrals* the bishop was in the place of an abbot, and had the principal stall on the right hand of the entrance into the choir. Collegiate churches and colleges consisted of a number of secular canons, living together under the government of a dean, warden, provost, or master; and having for the more solemn performance of divine service, chaplains, singing men, and choristers belong to them.

An *Abbey* was a society of religious people, having an abbot or abess to preside over them. Some of these were so considerable that their abbots were called to Parliament, and had seats and votes in the House of Lords. They had the power and the authority of bishops within the limits of their several houses, gave the solemn benediction, conferred the lesser orders, wore mitres, sandals, &c., and carried crosses or pastorals in their hands; and some of their houses were exempted from the jurisdiction of the archbishop and bishop, and subject to the pope only. Their mitres differed a little from those of the bishops, who carried their crosiers in their left hands; but the abbots carried them in their right hands.

A *Priory* was a society of religious, where the chief person was termed a prior or prioress, and of these there were two sorts. First, when the prior was chief governor, as fully as any abbot in his abbey, and was chosen by the convent. Secondly, where the priory was a cell (or, as we would now call it, a chapel of ease,) subordinate to some great abbey, and the prior was placed and displaced at the will of the abbot. But there was a considerable difference between some of these cells; for some were altogether subject to their respective abbeys, who sent them what officers and monks they pleased, and took their revenues into the common stock of the abbeys. But others consisted of a stated number of monks, who had a prior sent them from the abbey, and paid a pension yearly as an acknowledgment of their subjection, but acted in other matters as an independent body, and had the rest of their revenues for their own use.—These priories or cells were always of the same order with the abbeys on whom they depended, though sometimes of a different sex. Some great abbeys built nunneries in some of their manors, which should be priories to them, and subject to their visitation.

Priories Alien were cells to foreign monasteries; for when manors or tithes were given to foreign monasteries, the monks, either to increase their own rule, or perhaps rather to have faithful stewards of their revenues, built convenient houses for the reception of a small convent, and then sent over such a number as they thought proper, constituting priors over them. And there was the same difference in these cells as in the former; for some of them were conventual, and had priors of their own choosing; these were entire societies within themselves, and received the

revenues belonging to their several houses for their own use and benefit, paying only the ancient apport, or what was at first the surplusage, to the foreign house. But others depended wholly upon the foreign houses; their priors were set over them; their monks were often foreigners, and removable at pleasure; and they returned all their revenues to the foreign head houses. These alien priories were most of them made by such as had foreign abbeys of their own, or some of their family's foundations.

Preceptories were manors or estates of the knights templars, where, erecting churches for the service of God, and convenient houses, they placed some of their fraternity under the government of one of those more eminent templars, who had been by the grand master created "*preceptores templi*," to take care of the lands and rents in that place and neighborhood, and so were only cell to the principal house at London.

Commandries were the same among the knights hospitalers, as preceptories were among the templars, viz: societies of those knights placed upon some of their estates in the country, under the government of a commander, who were allowed proper maintenance out of the revenues under their care, and accounted for the remainder to the grand prior at London. Hospitals were such houses for the relief of poor and impotent people as were incorporated by royal patents, and made capable of gifts and grants in succession. In these there were generally two or three religious—one to be master or prior, and one or two to be chaplains and confessors. Hospitals were originally designed, in a great measure, for the relief and entertainment of travellers, and particularly of pilgrims.

In every abbey the chief officer was the abbot or abbess, who presided in great pomp; was generally called lord abbot or lady abbess; and had a kitchen and other offices distinct from the common ones of the society. In every priory the chief officer was the prior or prioress, who had the same power in priories as abbots and abbesses had in abbeys, but lived in a less splendid and expensive manner, though in some of the greater houses they were called lord prior and lady prioress. Next under the abbot in every abbey, was the prior, who in the abbot's absence had the chief care of the house; and under him was the sub-prior, and in great abbeys, the third, fourth, and even fifth prior, who had their respective shares in the government of the monks, &c., and were removable at the will of the abbot, as all the other officers were. In every priory, next under the prior, was the sub-prior, who assisted the prior whilst present, and acted in his stead when absent.

In rich monasteries there were a variety of officers whose respective duties were most exactly defined. 1. *Magister operis*, or master of the fabric, who probably looked after the buildings, and took care to keep them in good repair. 2. *Eleemosynarius*, or the almoner, who superintended the alms of the house (which were every day distributed at the gate to the poor,) who divided the alms upon the founder's day, and at other obits and anniversaries, and in some places provided for the maintenance and education of the choristers. 3. *Pitantiarius*, who had the care of the pittances, which were allowances upon particular occasion over and above the common provisions. 4. *Sacrista*, or the sexton, who took care of the vessels, books, and vestments belonging to the church, looked after and accounted for the oblations at the great altar, and other altars and images in the church, and such legacies as were given either to the fabric or for

utensils: he likewise provided bread and wine for the sacrament, and superintended the funerals. 5. *Camerarius*, or the chamberlain, who had the chief care of the dormitory, and provided beds, bedding, and clothing for the monks. 6. *Cellarius*, or the cellarer, who procured provisions for the monks, and for strangers resorting to the convent, viz: all sorts of flesh, fish, fowl, wine, bread-corn, malt for their ale and beer, oatmeal, salt, &c., as likewise wood for firing, and all utensils for the kitchen. 7. The *Saurarius*, or the treasurer or bursar, who received all the common rents and revenues of the monastery, and paid all the common expenses. 8. *Precentor*, or the chanter, who had the chief care of the choir service, and not only presided over the singing men, organist, and choristers, but provided books for them, paid them their salaries, and repaired the organs: he had also the custody of the seal, and kept the *Liber Diurnalis*, or Chapter Book, and provided parchment and ink for the writers, and colours for the limners of books for the library. 9. *Hostiliarius*, or *hospitarius*, whose business it was to see strangers well entertained, and to provide firing, napkins, towels, and such like necessities for them. 10. *Infirmarius*, who had the care of the infirmary, and of the sick monks who were carried thither. 11. *Refectionarius*, who looked after the hall, provided table-cloths, napkins, towels, dishes, plates, spoons, and all other necessities for it, even servants to wait there: he likewise kept the cups, salts, ewers, and all the other silver utensils belonging to the house, except the church plate.

These were the principal officers who were monks. There were others of inferior note, beside lay officers and servants.

Among the different buildings and apartments may be reckoned, 1. The gate-house, where the porter resided. 2. The refectory, or common hall, where the monks dined together, and where, on great solemnities, the abbot honoured them with his presence. 3. The locutory, or parlour. The *orilium*, or the *oriel*, so called from its bay or projecting window.

"The use hereof," says Fuller, "is known for monks, who are in latitudine morbi, rather distempered than diseased, to dine therein, it being cruelty to thrust such into the infirmary, where they might have died with the conceit of the sickness of others." 5. The dormitory, or dormitory, in which were placed their beds. 6. The lavatorium, or laundry, where their clothes were washed, and where they washed at the conduit. 7. In every great abbey there was a large room called the scriptorium, where several writers made it their whole business to transcribe books for the use of the library. They sometimes, indeed, wrote the legier books of the house, and the missals, and other books used in divine service; but they were generally employed on other works, viz: the *Fathers*, *Classics*, *Histories*, &c. John Whethamstead, abbot of St. Alban's caused above eighty books to be transcribed during his abbacy. Fifty-eight were transcribed by the care of one abbot of Glastonbury; and so zealous were the monks in general for this work, that they often got lands given, and churches appropriated for carrying it on. 8. The library, which in most of the great monasteries was furnished with a variety of choice manuscripts. 9. "All is marred," says Fuller, "if the kitchen be omitted, so essential a requisite, with the larder and pantry, the necessary suburbs thereof."

In a conventual, or abbey church, we find, 1. The cloisters, or the

place for burial, and in which the monks walked and studied. 2. *Navis ecclesiæ*, the nave or body of the church, 3. The rood-loof, which contained the crucifix and the music. 4. *Gradatorium*, a space containing the ascent out of the nave into the choir. 5. *Presbyterium*, or the choir, on the right side of which was the abbot's stall and that of the prior on the left: the monks were on each side, and chanted the service alternately. 6. *Vestiarium*, the vestry, where their copes, &c., were deposited, 7. *Vaulta*, or vault, being an arched room over part of the church, which in some abbeys was used to enlarge their dormitory, where the monks, had beds for their repose. 8. *Concameratio*, being an arched room between the east end of the church and the high altar.

The remaining rooms of a monastery stood at a distance from the main structure. Such as, 1. The *eleemosynaria*, or almonry, where they maintained the poor. 2. The sanctuary, where debtors and malefactors obtained refuge. 3. The infirmary, in which the sick were attended. 4. At a distance from these stood the stables, over which the *stallarius*, or the master of the horse, presided: and under him the *provendarius*, who, as his name imports, provided provender for the horses. These were divided into four ranks.—1. *Manni*, being geldings for the saddle of the larger size. 2. *Runcini*, runts, small padnags. 3. *Summarii*, sumpter-horses. *Averii*, cart or plough-horses. Besides the fore-mentioned buildings, there was a prison for incorrigible monks. The abbot had *tetrum et fortem carcerem*, a strong and hideous prison, where their obstinacy was corrected into reformation.

They were obliged to attend service in the church, or chapel, seven times within the four-and-twenty hours. The services were arranged in the following manner:—1. At cock-crowing, or the *nocturnal*: this service was performed at two o'clock in the morning. 2. The *matins*: these were at the first hour, or, according to our computation, at six o'clock. 3. The *tierce*, at nine o'clock. 4. The *sext*, at twelve o'clock at noon. 5. The *none*, at three in the afternoon. 6. The *vespers*, at six in the afternoon. 7. The *compline*, soon after seven. The monks were always to walk two together; this was to guard their conduct, and furnish them with a witness to defend their behaviour. From Easter to Whitsuntide, they dined at twelve, and supped at six. In this interval they observed no fasts. At other times they were bound to fast till three o'clock, on Wednesdays and Fridays. The twelve days in Christmas were excepted in this canon. Every day in Lent they were enjoined to fast till six in the evening. They were not allowed to talk in the refectory at meals; they were likewise to attend to the Scriptures read to them at that time. The *septimarians* were to dine by themselves after the rest: these *septimarians* were so called because their office continued but a week, such as the reader, waiters, cooks, &c. The superior was never to dine alone: when there were no strangers, he was to invite some of the brothers to his table.—*Chamb. Ed. Journal.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Work of the Order.—This phrase is we are satisfied not generally understood among our brethren. By some it is meant to signify the usage, practice, general discipline, charges and lectures of Odd-Fellowship—by others it is distinguished from what is termed the *language* of the Order, and is understood to embrace all the laws, usages, forms, ceremonies, emblems, devices and general ordinances concerning office and officers and their obligations and duties—the *language* of the Order according to this class of constructionists being the unwritten and unspoken means of inter-communication peculiar to Odd-Fellowship. We profess to know no such distinction between the work and language of the Order, nor do we believe any definition can be given of the term “work of the Order,” short of one which will comprehend within its terms the entire system of Odd-Fellowship in all its details, whether written or unwritten, be it usage, law, form or ceremony. Regarding therefore in this enlarged sense the subject which has been referred for revision to a committee of the Grand Lodge of the United States, we propose to offer some suggestions touching this question. In the first place the form of Government of State Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments should in *principle* be the same throughout the jurisdiction. The laws, commonly termed “General Laws,” which regulate the Lodges in the different States should be strictly uniform, except so far as relates to their monetary concerns, which of right belong exclusively to themselves—there should be one uniform code of general law emanating from the highest department of the Order, so that the manner of application and admission, the duties of brethren, their responsibilities to their Lodge, their privileges, their rights, suspension and its proper cause, expulsion and its proper cause, should be every where the same, designated by prescribed rules which should differ in no essential in any of the States or Districts—thus and thus only can we hope for harmony, unity in our system—otherwise each jurisdiction may differ in the grade of offence, the forms of trial, the rights of the accused, the degrees of punishment and its duty to other jurisdictions in affording them proper protection against imposition. It may be said that these matters belong to the States, that they are tenacious of their own particular codes and forms of General Laws, and would resist such legislation as an encroachment upon their vested rights. It is too late now—a-days to set up such an argument, the Grand Lodge of the United States have over

and again decided against the doctrine of vested rights in State Grand Lodges, when the interest of the Order is brought into conflict with any institution of Odd Fellowship, and has ever maintained her supreme authority in all respects to control its work and general character. We do not however believe that to any extent such a feeling would obtain—on the contrary the desire for uniformity in the Order, in all that tends to constitute it one and the same throughout the globe, we believe to be universal—besides, if we are right in our conceptions of the meaning of the term *work of the Order*, the power to enact a code of General Laws is not only inherent in the Grand Lodge of the United States, but forms a part of its organic law. It is true that in the discussions on the question of reform in the work, reference has generally been had to the charges and lectures, and no allusion has been made to that subject in the comprehensive sense in which we understand it; and it may be, that some of the Representatives who voted for the appointment of the committee at the late session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, acted under the impression that the labors of that body were to be confined simply to a revision of this branch of the work, nevertheless we believe the power designed to be confided to that committee was general and plenary, embracing a thorough examination of the whole system of Odd-Fellowship, in order to its improvement, if practicable, in any of its features.

There never has been a more propitious season to make such a revision not only in obedience to the wish so clearly expressed at home, but especially in view of our relations with foreign countries—the position of Odd-Fellowship in this jurisdiction now, is one of isolation—it stands disconnected with England and all other countries and no conventional obstacles can interpose to any modification of the general system. We commend this to the committee as a perfectly legitimate subject for their consideration and we trust that they may agree with us upon the utility and practicability of adopting a code of General Laws for the government of the Order at large. In the second place as a part of the work of the Order *ancient usage* has constituted to a considerable extent its discipline and practice. This feature of the work has been held as a sort of consecrated tradition, to be preserved and transmitted unaltered, with pious regard and affection. It is allowed to possess the full authority of written law, and in truth is not unfrequently held to be beyond the reach of legislation. Whatever difference of opinion there may be, as to the propriety of abrogating clearly defined and well ascertained usage, there cannot for a moment be a doubt as to the power on this subject—upon this point however we have nothing to offer, we wish to direct the attention of the committee to the vagueness, the ambiguity, the uncertainty of what is called ancient usage. Now it does appear to us that ordinances unwritten, and in no way tangible except in so far as the faint and doubting recollection of brethren may present them, believed by some to possess inherently the supremacy of organic law, and by all admitted to have operated through a series of years past, with overruling and controlling force, should at least be plain, intelligible and perfectly free from ambiguity—but what is the fact in relation to ancient usage? We venture the opinion that there is no one thing under the sun more vague than this law called ancient usage. We need only in support of this declaration refer to the statute book of the Grand Lodge of the United States for the last few years, which

will be found almost literally covered over by reports and resolutions from the able committee on the Work of the Order, defining and reducing to written law questions arising out of differences of opinion upon the usages of the Order. In Maryland that good, old, venerated and long cherished usage, known as the salutation given to the Grand Master, upon his entrance into a Lodge, "*The honors of the Order*" has been generally preserved, while in New York and other jurisdictions it has been consigned to the tomb of the Capulets. In Virginia by a recent decision of the G. Lodge the usage in relation to the proper recipients of the T. P. W. has been made to yield to a law regulating the subject for that particular jurisdiction only, and in view of the impropriety of local legislation upon subjects general in their nature, the Grand Lodge of the United States at the late session found it necessary to embody this ancient usage into the form of a written law. So also as regards visitation and the manner of conducting examinations on such occasions—these matters and many others which might be enumerated have formed a part of the discipline of the Order as derived from usage, and from the difficulty of preserving any thing like uniformity in the practice in all parts of the jurisdiction, are from time to time becoming the subjects of special legislation.

Is it not the part of wisdom now, we ask, that we are about to enter upon a revision of the general system of work, to correct this evil and to reduce to a code all usages of Odd-Fellowship. In addition let it be recollected that the founders of the Institution who alone can be reliable authority on the subject of usage, will have been all gathered to the Fathers in a little while, and be no longer here to instruct and enlighten that posterity in Odd-Fellowship which is destined to exist from generation to generation, under the guardianship of Him who has already vouchsafed to it such signal evidences of his care and protection. We are sure the propriety and necessity of this suggestion will be apparent.

We pass to consider the work of the Order as ordinarily understood—all will concede we believe that the initiation charges and lectures, however in some respects obnoxious to serious objection, possess taken as a whole much intrinsic excellence, and if it be not rash in us to loosen our tongue upon a subject which has long had a place in our mind, we would say of it, if original in the elements, our ancestors in the Order have manifested much wisdom in the structure—let the advocates of reform in the work not misjudge us from this remark, nor hastily associate us with Ephraim—although of the old school we are not wedded to the idol.—We know that much of the detail of the work was engrafted upon the system by men of humble minds and limited education, that there is error as a consequence and much misapplication of maxims, analogy and example derived from historic sources as well sacred as profane, yet we cannot shut our eyes to the many beautiful truths which it illustrates and exemplifies, to the choice gems which sparkle like brilliants despite their inapt and strange association, to be found diffused throughout the work, and to the elevated counsels and admonitions with which it abounds concerning man's duty to his Creator and to his brother. We know of no system which has yet been devised by the human mind, which presents so broad a platform for the harmonious and united energies of universal man in the great cause of benefaction to the human race, which, rising above all its minor, subordinate and collateral agencies of good, it is the chief and pe-

culiar office of Odd-Fellowship to promote. Constituted upon certain abstract general truths, which are equally axioms among all the nations of whatever tongue or creed, its comprehensive and tolerant principles present an attractive nucleus, which gathers within its orbit by its gentle influences, Jew and Gentile and every nature however antagonist, stilling in its ministrings all elements of discord, and directing in singular harmony their united energies in extending the dominion of man's brotherhood to man. Under its broad folds the divided families of the earth may reunite, without violence to social, moral, national, religious or political creeds, linked hand in hand, with hearts full of love for their kind, however they may be tossed upon the tumultuous sea of self or party, without its happy sphere. This is the great first principle of the work of Odd-Fellowship—a precious heritage which its projectors have transmitted to us. It is written in the fundamental work of the Order that every free white male citizen of lawful age, of good moral character who acknowledges a great Supreme Architect, the Creator and preserver of the Universe, is admissible within the family of Odd-Fellows. For this, well devised and wisely considered principle, we are indebted, profoundly indebted, to the discriminating and well judging foresight of our ancestors in the Order.—The sacred, unchanged, and unchangeable fixedness of this element of our work, is in point of fact the secure, solid and steadfast corner stone of the structure, the secret of its strength, the mystery of its rule, and dominion, and power over enlightened man, while it is the stumbling block to the bigot and the fanatic. Let it not be turned to the right nor to the left, move it not in the slightest degree from its deep imbedment, for just as certainly as the day succeeds the night, if this principle be disturbed will the great superstructure totter from its very base and fall into irreclaimable ruin. Does any brother ask an illustration of this truth? let him seek it in the universal proclivity of man to fasten down as with chains, bolts and bars the mind of his fellow to his own peculiar sect, morals or party.

This most excellent groundwork of Odd-Fellowship is coeval with the existence of the Order and to our mind is pre-eminently creditable to those who devised the system—as it is now, and has been from the inception of the institution may it stand unchanged. It may be dangerous to interfere with this fixed principle even in the employment of other language to define its meaning. We might go on did our space allow us and designate other equally valuable and distinguishing parts of our work which as they are founded in good morals and sound philosophy are worthy the principles of the Order, but we have already extended our remarks beyond our usual limits, and must close this article by the reiteration of the opinion heretofore expressed, that the work of the Order taken as a whole possesses much intrinsic excellence. There are forms, ceremonies, lectures, charges, and language, which require essential modification and perhaps entire abolition. A distinguished brother has expressed our idea of what should be the character of the work in a letter, which now lies before us. "Let it," he remarks, "be intelligible, chaste, beautiful, abounding in morality and philanthropy, interspersed with forcible and perspicuous illustrations—introduce whatever will elucidate the great principles and truths which we desire to hold up for the guidance of man in all his intercourse with his brother—not overlooking admonition concerning his duty to God, to his family and himself. Let the different

parts have a visible connexion, let it be a uniform, progressive work, proceeding step by step, throwing light upon the path of the novitiate as he pursues his onward journey." We cordially respond to these sentiments and while the fountains of truthful history lie open to us, let us draw freely from their refreshing waters; let the riches of classic lore be availed of, the elegance of literature, the counsels of pure philosophy, the eloquence and sublimity of nature—go to the oracles, beautify, elevate, exalt the forms, ceremonies and language as eminently as you please, but preserve the great principles of Odd-Fellowship from all manner of assault.

Independent Odd-Fellow.—We with pleasure gratify the wish expressed in the subjoined editorial of the Independent Odd-Fellow, by giving it a place in the "Official." Upon reading the article we had intended to review the whole subject of our difference with that Magazine by looking up the proofs and authorities relied upon to make out the *case* charged against the Covenant, but upon more mature reflexion we have concluded that at this time of day our readers feel but little interest in the matter of controversy, and for ourselves the honorable disclaimer made of personal reference is entirely satisfactory. It is true the Grand Lodge of the United States has lost some thousands in the publication of the "Official Magazine" *ostensibly*, but who shall say that the rapid and healthy progress of Odd-Fellowship in the North and Eastern section of the jurisdiction where we have a subscription list of nearly six hundred has been unaided by our labours? Who shall say that the great accession to the Treasury from that distinguished constituency nearly quadrupelling the receipts from all other sources has been in no measure assisted by the influence and efforts of the Covenant?

We have something to say, a parting word to our brethren at large in closing our editorial labors, and in this connexion something also to say to our brethren of the Independent Odd-Fellow, but we shall defer these remarks until our next and last number. Meanwhile we assure them that their fraternal regard always expressed towards us personally, have been fully appreciated and have our grateful acknowledgments.

The Covenant and Official Magazine.—We had intended to say nothing more of this periodical after our reply to the challenge of the Editor, unless in commendation of its appearance and general reading matter. The allusion to ourselves in the Editor's article on the "*Grand Lodge of Virginia*" compels us to a passing reply. Of course, we have nothing to do with the Report of the Virginia Committee, but we think the action of the late Grand Lodge of the United States fully sustains all the committee have declared and more besides, for it is notorious that the Grand Lodge of the United States have lost between five and six thousand dollars by the publication. Now, we appeal to the Editor of the Official to read over all we have ever said in the premises, and we feel assured that he will frankly acknowledge that we have been right from the beginning, and that our principal allegations have been fully sustained by the action of the Grand Lodge of the United States. The figures of Bro. Ridgely are not borne out by the facts, and with the exception of a smaller edition than that estimated by the committee, (Grand Lodge of the United States,) of which no one knew anything save Brother Ridgely and the Printer, the figures of the Virginia Committee are sustained by the reports and documents of the Grand Lodge of the United States. But to ourselves. The Official states: "We also believe, have for two years past believed, that the overthrow of the 'Official Magazine' was a favorite project in a certain quarter—*cui bono*?—we shall not con-

lecture. 'Already,' say this committee, 'have the pages of the Official been disfigured with doctrines of official monopoly and threats to bring the power of the Grand Lodge of the United States to crush the periodicals conducted by brethren, who in the pursuit of a lawful vocation are devoting their talents to the exposition and defence of our principles.'

"We have seen in the pages of the Independent Odd-Fellow time and again, such allegations, have not only denied the truth of the averment, but have challenged its editor to the proof. In reply we have been furnished with garbled extracts from articles written by our Junior Editor grossly misrepresenting his, and comments upon resolutions adopted by State Grand Lodges and opinions of our correspondents adverse to individual publications for which the poor 'Official' has been held responsible.

"We have studiously avoided the controversy from the fact that it is always unpleasant to discuss a question with an adversary, who lacks candor, is ever mistating facts, and begging the question. We again emphatically deny the truth of the imputation, and we refer to our editorial articles from the commencement of this work, to bear us out in this denial; on the contrary we have ever been upon the most friendly relations with all the periodicals devoted to the cause of Odd-Fellowship excepting the 'Independent Odd-Fellow,' of the value of which to the Order we have dared to express a fearless opinion, and have as the penalty for our rashness provoked its displeasure. Be it so.—It shall not disturb the peace of our mind, affect the tranquillity of our conscience, nor discompose the gravity of our muscles."

Will any one who has paid attention to the controversy believe that this charge was actually written by the Senior Editor? Our only reply is, Look at the documents!—Look at the documents!

Now, we appeal to our readers, if in the whole controversy from the commencement, we have not studiously avoided personality, and opposed the Covenant in its official character only,—never for one moment impugning the honor or truth of the Senior Editor or any one else, until the personal attack made upon us by the Junior Editor?—We were called upon to show the evidences of the policy we charged upon the friends of the Official. We did this by giving fair and honorable extracts from various papers published in the official and approved by that journal. In doing this we were careful to give the extracts as full as a fair showing of the question required without encumbering our reply with irrelevant matter—and we defy the Senior Editor to show one extract "garbled" or torn from its proper connexion. We gave the Junior Editor's words, and showed their connexion with what went before, in order to clear ourselves from the charge of misrepresenting his views. Would it not have been enough to have assured us that we had misunderstood him, instead of charging us with "misrepresentation" and "falsehood?" We challenge the Senior Editor to show the "garbled extracts" or "begging the question." But enough of this. The Grand Lodge of the United States have found it absolutely necessary to discontinue the "*Official*," because of its sponge-like propensity when coming in contact with the funds. After the first of December next it will cease to be published as the property of the Grand Lodge of the United States. All cause of opposition has ceased as far as we are concerned, and we will say that we have never felt other than brotherly feelings for its able, distinguished and talented Senior Editor. We know that he has had often to go in opposition to his own views of expediency in conducting the Official. It was his duty to do the best he could for it, and he has most laboriously rendered that service for a very inadequate and meagre compensation. We offer, then, if Brother Ridgely considers us ever personal to himself as a gentlemen or an Odd-Fellow, or in any other way than as an *Official Editor*, to assure him that he has mistaken us. We esteem James L. Ridgely too highly to have been betrayed into any such thing.

Will Brother Ridgely do us the justice to publish this statement in the Official?—We are at all times prepared to do in this thing as we would be done by.

Extra Session of R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States.—We observe that a report is going the round, that there is to be an Extra Session of the Grand Lodge of the United States in April next. There has been no such order passed. A committee has been appointed to revise the Work of the Order, with power to cause an Extra Session to be called by the Grand Sire if deemed by them advisable after the completion of their labours.

We trust such a course may be found advisable, in which event full notice will be given to every State Grand Lodge and Encampment and setting aside all excuses each of these bodies should be represented at that extra session. Some Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments by reason of their distance from the seat of Government may be unable to bear the expense of sending a Representative—if such there be, we do hope that the Subordinates will promptly supply the means by donation—for this session, if called will be by far the most important assemblage of the Grand Lodge of the United States, which has ever been convened since Odd-Fellowship was introduced into this country. Let none, not one of the Grand Lodges or Encampments be absent on such a deeply interesting occasion.

The Symbol.—The October number of this valuable periodical has been received—we copy an admirable article and commend its salutary truths to our patrons.

The Gavel.—This work improves and deservedly addresses itself to the patronage of the brotherhood—the last number is filled with good articles.

The Golden Rule.—We have a word to say to our friends of the Golden Rule. If it can be explained to us, upon what principle the constitution can be modified so as to limit seats in the Grand Lodge of the United States to Representatives and present P. G. Sires, we will go earnestly for such a modification of that instrument. We regard that feature as an anomalous one in a Representative body—a few years ago a proposition was made in the Grand Lodge of the United States to accomplish that object—a strong appeal was made to the gratitude of members for services rendered by the fathers of the Order, and succeeded in rejecting the proposed amendment to the constitution by an overwhelming vote. This was a triumph however over the feeling, not over the judgment and reason of that body, we are sure—it did not change our opinion—we had no voice, but approved the amendment provided, the change could be attained without affecting the rights of existing P. G. Sires.

We thought then, we think now that where officers have served faithfully and industriously under a constitutional guarantee, that they shall, after their period of service shall have expired be entitled to certain rights, that those rights vest in them at the moment of taking the office and cannot with any sort of propriety be taken from them—but we think very differently of prospective legislation, by which future Grand Sires may possess no such claim.

The Independent Odd-Fellow.—We have received the October number and have great pleasure in adding our mite to the general good report in its behalf.

The Ark.—In our experience one of the most fatal objections to the success of a periodical, is the irregularity of its publication. We receive this pamphlet generally late. We like it, wish it to succeed, it has done much good, and will be of great service in the West. Now that we have a western Grand Sire, it will be its peculiar office to aid him in pushing the fortunes of Odd-Fellowship in that region. Will our brethren of the Ark look to this brotherly hint?

Fraternal Hints.—The Odd-Fellow who forms his opinions of the expediency or in expediency of measures to be adopted by the Lodge on party grounds—to promote his individual or party interests may prove an excellent partizan, but he will most likely be to the Lodge an unprofitable member.

Those who are perplexed with a very aspiring disposition and are anxious to gratify it—or to promote particular friends regardless of their qualifications, like enthusiasts in religion, are likely to go to fatal extremes, and in aiming to promote self, or party, to lose sight of the true interests of the whole Lodge. While such a course is to be avoided, apathy and indifference in regard to matters of moment to the Order should not be encouraged nor allowed.

We should aim therefore, to recommend a faithful examination of the characters and qualifications of those we would elevate to posts of duty and honour; judge from the zeal they have displayed, whether they will be faithful to higher duties, and from their devotion to the Order whether or not they will continue to regard its interests, after they have received the honours of the Lodge and passed the chairs. "Some are all eagerness for a day, or until they have filled the chair of the N. G. and then their zeal for Odd-Fellowship is gone—they show that they care but little for it—that all they desired was the honour of office. This satisfied, and the initials N. G. means, further they will Not Go, to promote the interests of the Order.

Generally speaking, the man that has not a sufficient developement of the organ of acquisitiveness to induce him to labor and provide for his own, will lack that energy which is necessary in an officer of the Lodge. Indolence will prevent the exercise of those powers with which he is endowed, and which is so necessary to the success of an officer, and his usefulness in the station to which he may be elevated. True, there are some who cannot labor for themselves, that will be very active in the employment of others, and such *may* do well for high stations; but while we enjoy their services we should endeavor to arouse their dormant powers and aid them in the cultivation of habits of industry, that they may attend to their own concerns, as well as to those of a more public nature. If it be not necessary that they "go to the ant," we may remind them of its industry—its labors for self-preservation, and by encouraging them to "learn" from it, the lesson they need, we shall show our fraternal regard for them. Let us therefore, regard the interests of individual brethren, as well as of the whole fraternity, for in so far as we improve them, the whole is benefitted.

c.

MAGNA EST VERITAS ET PREVALEBIT.

NOTWITHSTANDING all we have said and done to acquaint the public mind with the object and aim of our beloved institution;—notwithstanding the numerous blessings of a moral and benevolent nature it has conferred in every town and State throughout our country, there are those who professing to be teachers of the people, speak evil of our Order, and labor to show that it is unworthy the sanction of the wise and good. But

in most cases, they labor as the mountain labored, yet without its success. They seldom bring forth any thing that will compare with a living mouse. They have toiled evening after evening, and caught nothing but the pity of their hearers, or an unenviable fame.

These subjects of madness and folly, have seen the sick and disabled brother—protected—watched over—his family fed and clothed, by those with whom he fraternized, in days of health and plenty. They have seen the dead buried, the widow's tear wiped and her wants relieved; and they have seen the orphan nourished and educated by the hands, and with the means of Odd-Fellows. They witnessed the moral growth of the young man, after he was instructed by the peculiar lessons of the Lodge; and if all this, which they *have seen*, and *do know* is not sufficient to silence their opposition and convince them that Odd-Fellowship is a generous and praiseworthy institution, we must despair of their early conversion. The fact is, there can be but few, who are not convinced of the great influence of our Order to make men moral, benevolent and humane. Some, doubtless are convinced 'against their will,' and from such we may expect constant reviling. But we know, that as in time past,—so it shall be in the future,—their *wrath shall praise* the institution. The man who resists such arguments as Odd-Fellows are constantly furnishing in favor of the institution, must be callous to every good principle, and lost to all sense of honor.

We say to all not yet acquainted with it,—that ours is an institution, not as the wicked reviler haughtily pretends; founded on unmeaning mystery, for the encouragement of bacchanalian festivity, the practice of vice, or the support of mere good fellowship; but an institution founded in reason and truth, whose deep basis is the welfare of mankind, and whose great glory is to have the constant support of the mighty pillars,—Faith, Hope and Charity, and the strength of the three indissoluble links—Friendship, Love and Truth. With such principles and such *ties* we will go forward, faithful, and fearless,—and cause the *elder* opposition to hide its deformed head. *Truth* and correct *principle*, cherished and applied, will remove every obstacle, and triumph at the last, and with this confidence in our glorious institution we can '*never say—fail!!*' c.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THOMAS SHERLOCK, ESQ., M. W. G. SIRE ELECT.

Dear Sir and Brother:—

ALLOW me to congratulate you, upon your elevation to the highest office within the gift of your brethren, and let me add, that this event, presents to you perhaps, one of the most pleasing incidents of your life—not that the place, however exalted, of itself, affords this gratification, but, regarding the circumstances of your election, that election furnishes the material for just gratification on the part of the Grand Sire elect. You have been by the free and uninfluenced suffrages of your brethren, called as it were from retirement, to administer the chief affairs of an institution, which is now by its inherent excellence commanding the attention of our

fellow-citizens throughout the Republic. It is a high trust, and has been well reposed. This signal mark of the regard of the Representatives has been tendered to you under circumstances, well calculated to draw, if possible still closer and nearer to your affections the beautiful truths and sublime teachings of Odd-Fellowship. No brother will be more fully impressed with the responsibilities of the office than yourself, and none could have been selected who has cherished with more devotion its fame, character and value to man. Much has been done by your immediate predecessors in advancing the cause of the Order, as well in its physical augmentation, its elevation of character, its general capabilities for good, and its internal improvement as a system—but much remains yet to be done.

The system of D. D. Grand Sires has happily accomplished much general good, yet it is to be regretted that there are parts of the jurisdiction which have not responded to the labours of these officers. These particular sections, will require your fostering care in reviving if practicable their drooping energies, a work, in which you may rely with assurance upon the hearty co-operation of the Representatives. An official visit to each of these delinquent points, will in all human probability enable you to restore their fallen fortunes, and thus be the means of conferring pre-eminent service upon the brotherhood. Without presuming to dictate measures worthy of your attention, it is with great deference suggested that the harmony and union of the Order would be essentially promoted by moveable sittings of the Grand Lodge of the United States—not that the metropolis should be changed, but simply to authorise at one session, by resolution that the ensuing session should be held at some other point.—The Moveable Committee of Great Britain is an example of the success of this policy. Wherever the Order is in the wane, there the Moveable Committee assembles without regard to place or distance, and the general fund is ever open to sustain the drooping Lodges. The truth is, there is still much prejudice in the public mind against Odd-Fellowship, the fruitful source of which, is to be found in ignorance of its principles. In no way may this kind of prejudice be dispelled so readily as by practical treatment. You may argue upon the truths of reason, until your tongue refuses longer to perform its office; you may appeal to the character, honor, virtue of your constituency in vain to overthrow the power of ignorance, its obstinacy and perverseness is unmoved by such weapons—but let the subjects of such prejudices, “*see and feel* and they will believe”—exhibit to them the assembled Representatives of the Order—let them see them to be men of intelligence, reputable, virtuous, temperate, exemplary citizens, respectable in numbers, distinguished in their private relations, coming up from the North and the South, the East and the West, acting with concentrated energies as one strong man, in the cause which they espouse, and the light thus let in upon their delusion will dispel the counsels of evil, and in all human probability convert their very opposition into active elements of moral force.

In estimating the labors, which lie before you, a broad field is presented at home. Ohio, great Ohio in all its relations, the third State in our political Union, should attain that rank, if not a higher one, in the confederacy of Odd-Fellows. The materials are at hand, in a discreet, enlightened and well judging people, distinguished all over the Republic, for their enterprise, energy and industry—among the new States in point of age, she has

in wealth, population, commerce, agriculture, refinement, in the cultivation of the arts and sciences, in religion and morals, pushed her heathful vigour, far in advance of all of the elder sister States, excepting New York and Pennsylvania. Why may not this spectacle be exhibited in her relation with Odd-Fellowship? No institution has yet been framed so conducive to moral and social enjoyment—no principles of association, no practical fruits are presented by any affiliation in any country more in consonance with the character of such a people. If this estimate of the material in that great State be a just one, what a triumph awaits you in Ohio? Bid the ball to roll from her majestic river to her beautiful lakes, gathering in the transit through her fertile valleys, hundreds, nay thousands of her yet uninitiated yeomanry—plant the standard of Odd-Fellowship deep in her soil; fling to the breeze the fluttering message of "*Friendship, Love and Truth—Peace and good will to men on Earth,*" in the midst of the busy towns and villages, which are dotted all over her surface, like the stars of the firmament, and you will have erected for yourself a monument, which will endure while man recognizes in man the endearing relations of brother. It is only necessary to begin the work with energy, and it will be accomplished—your past labors afford the guarantee, that you require no prompting in the future. The sacred influences of Odd-Fellowship, by their own intrinsic excellence will work their own way, if properly put in motion. Witness their progress in the East, and in the North (Michigan) where they have followed the pioneer as far as civilization has pushed her conquest. I am no enthusiast in Odd-Fellowship, although in a long active connexion with its career, I may frequently have counselled unwisely and perhaps set on foot injudicious measures for the advancement of its dominion. Whatever may have been my errors, if any, in this particular they have been largely overbalanced by the prudent plans of the brethren with whom I have been associated, and whose suggestions have generally had my hearty co-operation. Timid, reserved and over cautious counsels have had no agency in our present glorious prosperity, we have resolved upon the universality of Odd-Fellowship and thus far have cause to rejoice that the resolution has been manfully sustained.

Odd-Fellowship is an institution which is not fully appreciated by its most devoted advocates. It is often regarded only as a great moral lever, by the agency of which much human misery is averted and elevation of character is produced—this estimate of its worth and efficiency is usually taken by the more intelligent members of our family—the less informed and enlightened seldom esteem it in any other light, than as a simple mutual aid or benefit association—both classes do it injustice; the former lack enlargement and comprehensiveness in their views, and the latter take from it, its highest merit. Odd-Fellowship is destined to exert upon mankind the most happy general influences for good. Whatever enlightenment tends to assimilate man closely to his Creator; whatever teachings tend to inculcate and impress forcibly upon his mind his duties and obligations as a creature: whatever counsels expostulate and reason successfully with his perverse nature; whatever moral exemplifies and illustrates his common origin and common end, and whatever practical influences happily tighten the cords of affection among human kind, are weapons of incalculable power, far more effective than human laws, systems of philosophy, or abstract theories, in restraining vice, and

directing public opinion. In Odd-Fellowship all these truths are to be found embodied and practically carried out—looking to it therefore in this view of its adaptation for value upon society at large, every community in which Odd-Fellowship exists, is destined to derive from its influences, benefits that may not be easily estimated. Nor is this all, these fruits must be co-extensive with the dissemination of its principles, and as a certain consequence the more general and numerous its Lodges, the greater is the amount of public service rendered. If it be conceded that an association which labours assiduously and singly to spread the blessings of Temperance among the people, be a public benefaction, how much more to be commended is an Order which not only requires its members to exemplify that virtue in their walk and conversation, but also to cherish and venerate *all* the virtues. Odd-Fellowship should therefore be more frequently vindicated as a great public benefit, operating as well by example as by precept, in the work of reform for which this enlightened age is eminently distinguished.

It is upon a fair representation of the true character of the Order, that its hopes for prosperity mainly depend, and to the Grand Sire it belongs legitimately to exercise a watchful care, that its principles may not be misunderstood. In you, respected brother our unwavering confidence is reposed, and that your administration may be signalized by rewards, commensurate with the zeal which you will bring to the discharge of your duty, is the sanguine hope of your friend and Brother,

Antiquity of Signs.—Mr. Wilkinson, in his “manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians,” says that—“the sign adopted by the Egyptians to indicate silence, is evidently shown from the sculptures on their monuments to have been given by *placing the hand over the mouth*, not as generally supposed, (Plut. de Isid. 68,) by approaching the fore-finger to the lips:—and the Greeks erroneously concluded that the youthful Harpocrates was the deity of silence, from his appearing in this attitude; which, however humiliating to the character of a Deity, was only illustrative of his extreme youth, and of a habit common to children in every country, whether of ancient or modern times.”

PROGRESS OF THE ORDER.

Penacook Encampment No. 3, Concord, N. H.
 Coheco Encampment, No. 4, Dover, N. H.
 Pine Encampment, No. 3, Fayetteville, N. C.
 ——— No. 5, Saco, Maine.
 Mount Pisgah, No. 3, Georgetown, D. C.

L. O. O. F.

THE COVENANT

AND OFFICIAL MAGAZINE

OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

VOL. III.

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No. 12,

PASSAGES FROM THE UNPUBLISHED AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF AN UNAPPRECI-
ATED LITERARY CHARACTER OF THE PRESENT CENTURY :

*Now first collated and arranged from sundry scraps of whitey-brown paper
found in his vacated garret, and so much thereof here published in advance
of the proof sheets, under the direction of his editor*

JULIAN CRAMER,

Author of "The Lonely Auld Wife" and other Songs, Sonnets, and Simplicities.

[A word by way of Preface. The above copy of the Title-page of the forthcoming volume speaks for itself, and sufficiently explains the history and character of the following *passages*. The reader therefore has but to peruse them, and, if pleased with them, it only remains for him to buy the book when it appears. The accompanying specimens are not careful selections, but are taken indiscriminately from different portions of the volume.]

There are days—and this has been one—when I revel in the memory of the Past. Scenes that have long vanished—hopes long buried—and youthful dreams never yet realised—all crowd into the limits of a single hour, and I live over again my whole life, or, rather, the happiest portions of it. I forget the Present—think not of the Future—I exist only in the Past. Soon the vision passes, and I wake to aggravated wretchedness.—Why are such things allowed? Am I not tormented enough already, without being compelled to realize so vividly how happy I *have been*?

I like a good anecdote—miserable dog as I am !—and this is too good to lose.

On a certain occasion, after much debate at a church meeting, in a little village on the Hudson river, respecting the erection of a lightning-rod

over the church, a choleric old Dutchman remarked as follows :—" We've been to great *droubles*, and great deal 'spence, to build a house for God *Almitis*; and now, if he's a mind to *dunder* on His own house, and burn him up, let Him *dunder* away den! I sha'n't vote for *de dunder-rod*!"

Years ago, one beautiful autumn day, I stood on Table Rock and gazed down upon the thundering waters and the awful abyss of the eternal Niagara. I was stunned—stupified—and seemed to lose all consciousness and all individuality—so much so that I came away disappointed and regretful, fancying that I was of a nature not to be moved by this sublimest of all the Creator's handiwork. And yet, the memory of that scene has never left me. Even now, at times, I hear that wild roar of waters, and see that terrific gulph, as plainly as when I stood above them. "The excess of feeling constituteth *senselessness*." I wrote this line the next day while attempting to describe the sensations of that hour, and it is one of the truest I ever wrote.

If I were to be asked what principle I thought it were best for a young man to fix pre-eminently in his mind, in order to be prepared for his intercourse with the world at large, I think I should reply—(setting aside honesty, &c.)—*Confide in no one—distrust every body!* Those frank, unsuspecting mortals, who believe no one can do wrong, are perhaps the happiest, *internally*—but then, *externally*, they are forever in hot water.

Speaking of hot water (as my beloved Ollapod—peace to his manes!—would have said) reminds me of a story of a coffee-pot. I can vouch for its truth, as I know intimately the actors, and it also possesses the uncommon feature of never-having-been-told-before. It occurred in the family of a somewhat celebrated clergyman in Gotham, where of course the service of morning devotion was rigidly abhered to. My friend, the son, on one occasion overslept himself, and came down to breakfast while his mother was reading the chapter. He had risen in rather ill humour, and, regardless of what was going on, snatched up the coffee-pot from before the fire. In so doing, he spilled some of its contents on the brightly burnished fender, which his mother—a pattern of neatness—perceiving on the instant, read as follows :—" And the Lord said unto Moses—*put down that coffee pot!*" It is needless to add that when the father attempted soon after to address the Throne of Grace, his first sentence terminated in an explosion of uncontrollable laughter.

The truly generous man belongs to the class *nondescript*. He is a perfect paradox in himself, and is treated by the world paradoxically. He loves every body and hates himself, for doth he not oftentimes relieve the distresses of others at the certain expense of his own comfort and ease? At the same time, and for the same cause, he is both loved and despised :—*loved*, until his heart has melted at the suffering which his kind impulses compel him to relieve, and then *despised*, because he was weak enough to sacrifice his own ease to secure that of the objects of his benevolence.—Surely, this is a strange world, when one cannot do a kind action without

being called hard names for it, or acquire the reputation of generosity, without having appended to it the disqualifying adjectives—"extravagant" and "reckless." I begin to admire the look-out-for-number-one notions of that man of this stamp, who, after enduring a case of unparalleled ingratitude, vowed that he would not do another kind action so long as he lived. I am led into these remarks by what has occurred to myself to-day. Meeting a superlatively dirty and ragged urchin in the Park, he besought me with the most piteous earnestness to assist him in raising the necessary amount for the purchase of a pair of shoes for his defenceless feet. Unable (from reasons unnecessary to mention) to contribute to his small collection any of the coin of the realm, I unhesitatingly pulled off my own gaiters, and having seen them snugly tied on his pedal extremities, without waiting to receive his thanks, I marched homeward in my stockings. As I was closing the Park gate, I unconsciously looked behind me, and detected my now whole-soled young gentleman in the act of performing a certain circumgyratory process, in which his thumb, finger, and nasal organ were most active, the movement evidently intended for my especial benefit. But, after all, it was probably "a way he had" of evincing his gratitude.

I am going down in the world. Insult upon insult am I compelled to submit to. Shall I endure it longer? When the buttons of this old coat were new I never lacked companionship. I met a party of old friends to-day and they invited me to dine with them. But I dine no more at Delmonico's—and declined. They saw my reason, and an hour ago, while they were still over their cups, I received from one of them a somewhat bulky sealed package. Detaining the messenger, I hastily opened it, little doubting that I should find within some testimonial of their regard—some generous *douceur*, perhaps, delicately urged upon my acceptance.—Conceive my surprise, my horror, on finding only a *pig's head*,* bereft of every hair, muscle, and brain! I read the whole plot in a moment, and suppressing my indignation, with the utmost coolness I sat down to my table, and in five minutes sent their messenger back with a note to my quondam friend containing only the following lines:—

I thought you were playing me one of your pranks;
 Forgive me—and take for your portrait my thanks!
The likeness is perfect: the artist took pains
 To show that the head is quite guiltless of brains!

I should have been born in Italy! There is not an emotion or a passion in my whole nature that is not out of place in this staid and sober latitude. It seems to me that under the skies of the "sunny south" I should *live*, while here I but exist. Oh how my spirit hath revelled amid even the most formal descriptions of that beautiful land! How my heart hath throbbed, as if its eager pulses would batter down the walls of its frail tenelement, while I have been lost amid the delightful creations with which that land is peopled!

Italy is the country of love! There no "strong man armed" stands as

*It was found among the relics of the deceased, labelled "*Portrait of T— W— Esq., Presented by Himself.*"—EDITOR.

a sentinel over the ever wayward heart. There no prying eye seeks to discover, no mildewed lip to criticise, the half delirious exhibitions of heaven-born passion. There, no over-grown monster, in the shape of Public Opinion, loosens its thousand tongues, to sting to death those whose words and actions are not weighed in a balance and measured with a line. There, Love is revealed fearlessly—there, it exists unmolested and uncontrolled. There it is borne, like the perfume of flowers, on the wings of every zephyr—inhaled with every breath—and becoming the very element of existence.

It is no crime there to love, or to be loved. There, the laws of the human heart—implanted in it by the Being who made it, and whose own very nature is Love—are supreme. The magnates of the land cannot legislate them away, nor contract their exercise—nor can Public Opinion—that most senseless and most dastardly of all tribunals—ever destroy or weaken their innate powers. There one need not surround himself with a body-guard of Fears, lest eye, or lip, or tongue, or gesture betray admiration where miserable Public Opinion hath placed its cross of warning.

Yes, I should have been born in Italy! And there, dear one, thou shouldst have been my idol—my beautiful *improvisatrice*—the bright Divinity at whose shrine I might offer up all the passionate worship of my soul!

Again have I seen her—but she heeded not the gaze of devotion with which I regarded her. The rich, the titled, the elegant were around her and she had no eyes for me. In the solitude of my poor chamber let me adore her in secret. Perhaps when I am dead she may read my writings. Perhaps she may think of me when her eye rests on the address of

THE HUMBLE POET TO HIS LADY-LOVE.

I.

Beloved! if this world were mine,
I'd use it for a gift to thee:
The golden stars that o'er us shine
The jewels of thy dower should be,
The elements I would command
As slaves to do thy simplest will—
And only for reward demand
Permission to adore thee still!

II.

No cloisteress ever robed her saint
With half the glories thou shouldst wear:
An angel's pen should fail to paint
The splendours of thy regal chair.
And oh! if thou wouldst grant to me
A humble footstool at thy feet,
'Twere all I'd ask—'t were bliss to be
The lowliest guardian of thy seat!

III.

But shouldst thou lift thy royal hand
And raise me from my lowly state,
The loftiest monarchs of the land
Should envy such a glorious fate.
Ah dearest! 't is not mine to dare
Possession of so blest a boon:—
For thee shall rise my latest prayer—
For me Death cannot come too soon!

I am on my "last legs." I inhabit an attic and go out only when absolute necessity compels me. I wear a coat that is not only thread-bare, but that is past the skill of a tailor to re-juvenate. Poverty is my bosom friend, and Starvation and I meet as equals. Yet I cannot see that I am ashamed of my habiliments or my lodging. The Spirit, as the time draws nigh when she is to cast her shell, is glad to find rents and holes in her outer garments through which she may get glimpses of the world into which she is to emerge.

It amuses me to watch, as I pass through the streets, the effect of my approach upon such of my former friends whom I chance to meet. I sometimes laugh myself into hysterics while witnessing the various expedients made use of to avoid me, and though it certainly is not particularly agreeable to be shunned as were the headsmen of old, yet the ludicrous often prevails over the painful, and I burst out into a regular *guffaw*, which must have a peculiarly unique effect upon the individual whose actions have occasioned such an explosion. Some of them, to be sure, walk stiffly and stately up, and, as they pass me without the semblance of recognition, look as innocently into my face, as a cat *might* do into the face of her mistress had she *not* just regaled herself with a dish of her freshest cream. This seems to be the *cut direct*. In some who pass me without a recognition, but more demurely than the first, I think I can perceive the hand brought suddenly down over the pocket nearest me, as though they fancied that I meditated an immediate descent into that interesting locality. Others increase their pace on arriving within a few yards of me, and, seeming to perceive some one in the distance whom they particularly wish to overtake, or else fearing that they shall be too late for the cars, pass me almost on a run. Others are suddenly smitten with a desire to consult their watches, and frequently tear their pockets in their efforts to get them out soon enough. Others discover most wonderful curiosities in the windows of a Baker's shop or a coffin-warehouse, or peer with the intensest earnestness over the heterogeneous mass on a market-stand or the mouldy volumes of a Book-stall. All these, of course, do not perceive me at all. "They have eyes, but they see not." Others again, more modest, recognise me from a distance, as we approach from opposite directions, and then comes the "tug of war" to see which shall soonest reach the corner. If my friend wins the race, he darts with energy down the cross street, or, if he is too late for that, the open door of an oyster-cellar affords a hope of safety, and he dives down the steep stairs at the imminent risk of his neck. Others, again, who are in a too dangerous proximity, suddenly clap their hands into their pockets, and, with the air of one who has forgotten some-

thing, wheel right about and retrace their steps with desperate rapidity.— But what care I for their cuts *direct* or *indirect*! Will I regard them in my *six by two* cell?

I have not left my room for a week. With the little life there is left let me make a desperate struggle, and let the last words my pen shall trace, be as a warning to those who may find them. I die of starvation. I need food, medicine, attendance—I have neither. I might have had all. Why rejected I the friendly counsel? Why joined I not the glorious Or——?

New York, Oct. 28, 1844.

LINES TO A YOUNG WIDOW.

BY CAROLINE M. SAWYER, OF NEW YORK.

Sorrowing wife of our departed—
 Widow, in thy youthful years—
 Woman, soft and gentle-hearted—
 Mourner, oft subdued by tears;
 In thy loneliness forsaken,
 Pensive as a widowed dove,
 Thou dost in my heart awaken
 Deepest sympathy and love!

I, 'tis true, a passing stranger,
 Ne'er have seen thy face before,
 And I go, a weary ranger,
 Ne'er to look upon it more!
 Yet in many a scene of gladness,
 Though unmet by other eyes,
 Thy sweet face in all its sadness
 Will before mine own arise!

To my distant home I bid me--
 Joys long miss'd will soon be mine,
 There, with all my loved-ones by me,
 I shall think of thee and thine!
 I shall see thy children gather
 Weeping by around thy knee,
 Asking why their absent father
 Comes not back to them and thee!

I shall see thee sadly fold them
 To thy young and anguished breast,

*The reader will easily supply the *Astus*. The writing ended thus abruptly on the scrap containing the last words of the poor defunct.—[EDITOR.]

Telling, what thou oft hast told them,
That in death he is at rest !
That his dust in silence sleepeth,
But his spirit dwelleth where
Tears no more, the fond eye weepeth,
And that they shall meet him there !

Blessed lesson ! Oh, young mother,
Teach it oft and teach it well !
It to them, beyond all other,
Will become a holy spell !
When temptations steal before them,
Seeking to beguile their hearts,
They will feel his eye is o'er them
And from every sin depart !

May they be a light to cheer thee
In the path thou tread'st alone ;
May they solace, love, reverse thee,—
Him replacing who is gone !
So may'st thou, thy griefs forgetting,
Loved and loving, onward move,
Till with him thou art regretting,
Thou shalt meet in realms above !

Steamer Cavalr—Ohio River, Oct. 23, 1843.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Soon after the beginning of the French Revolution, a peasant named Pierre Henriot lived in a little hamlet about thirty miles from Paris, and worked in an olive ground hard by. This man had a son and daughter, whose mother died when they were very young. Pierre's wife was a good woman, and, had she lived, would have trained her children in the paths of virtue ; but they were most unfortunate, as will be seen, in being left entirely to the care of their father. This man had been long in the service of a nobleman, whose chateau was situated in the neighbourhood of the hamlet, who had incurred his most malignant hatred from having required his services less liberally than he fancied they deserved, and from having taken a fancy to educate a nephew of Pierre's wife, while he took no notice of his son. This orphan nephew had shared with her own children in the care and affection of his aunt ; but at her death, poor Jaques was so shamefully neglected, that he became the talk of the neighbourhood, which induced the old housekeeper at the chateau, who had been the friend of his aunt, to take him under her protection. Here the owner of the mansion, attracted by the handsome appearance of the boy, and discovering, in an accidental manner, that he had a genius for learning, had him instructed, and, thinking that he would perform a meritorious action in making him a priest, sent him a few years afterwards to a monastery at Paris, to prepare him for that office. This proved a most unpardonable offence in the eyes of Pierre, who possessed a malignant, morose, and en-

vious disposition. It was true, this protege of the Count de Bigot had offended him, by at length refusing to become a priest, and had been entirely cast off from his favour in consequence; but this made no change in the sentiments of the implacable Pierre toward his old master.

Pierre's son and daughter were now grown up. The son partook much of his father's disposition; his fierce and violent passions always contending for the mastery over him, and becoming the constant occasion of involving him in broils. His sister Charlotte was extremely handsome, both in face and person; but vanity was so strongly depicted on her countenance, that no sensible person could look on it without pity or disgust.—This contemptible passion had been fostered from her earliest childhood, by the folly of her father and brother, who were in the constant practice of telling her how pretty she was, and predicting that she would make her fortune by her beauty. This she most cordially believed, and, therefore, refused the offers of marriage made her by the young peasants in her neighbourhood, while nothing gave her greater pleasure than to gain their affections, and boast of it with the most insolent and unfeeling levity. This conduct rendered her, by the time she had gained her twentieth year, an object of detestation to her acquaintance of both sexes, and caused them to forsake her society. If this girl had in reality ever cared for any one but herself, it was for her cousin Jaques St. Croix, who had ever treated her with the affection of a relative, though he had severely piqued her pride, by appearing insensible to her beauty; and it is probable he owed the preference she felt for him to the pains it had cost her in her endeavour to ensnare him. But we must make our readers better acquainted with this young man, by detailing his history from the time he was sent to Paris by the Count.

In studying that religion of which he was intended to become a priest, Jaques, who was clever and discerning, acquired a distaste of the pursuit, which was observed by Henri Hebert, a distant relation of his, whom he was in the habit of going to see as often as his studies admitted of it.—This old man was a French Protestant, and a manufacturer of cutlery, who had saved a decent dowry for an old daughter. He was a pious man; and having always had a high opinion of Jaques's moral qualities, he questioned him on his apparent depression of spirits. Jaques, who was at first reserved, made his kinsman at length acquainted with all his scruples, and received from him much instruction and good advice. But it remained for the daughter of the old man, the gentle and unassuming Marianne, to complete the conversion which her father had begun. This girl's features were not beautiful, like Charlotte's, but there was a fascination belonged to them; for there was spread over them an expression of intelligence, and of benevolent good humour. Nor was her figure or her step so light and graceful, but there was an air of placid activity in her movements which announced self-possession, and a great degree of dexterity in her usual avocations. In short, Jaques renounced his intention of being a churchman, and, with the full consent of her father, became the husband of the good Marianne. This happened when the Parisians had been for some time talking loudly of tyranny, of equalization, and of liberty, and when every sensible and thinking person foresaw, from the fermentation in the public mind, that a civil war was likely to be the result. With this impression, Henri Hebert sold off his goods, and having purchased

some acres of fruit ground, which happened to be for sale, near the hamlet where Jaques's uncle lived, and to which his son-in-law was attached, from its being near the place of his birth, he removed with him and his daughter to this quiet spot, and bid farewell to the city and its turbulent inhabitants. Here they lived happy and industrious, setting an example of contentment to all around them, which it would have been well for Pierre Henriot and his family if they had followed. But the restless and evil disposition of this man and his son prompted them, instead of applying themselves diligently to their work in the olive grove, to go constantly from place to place, to learn or repeat the newest intelligence of all the acts of violence then committing at Paris. Of those acts they would fain have been participators, while they spared no pains to spread the evil contagion of their pernicious principles, by every art in their power, among the weak-minded of their neighbours. Nor was this by any means difficult, at a time when so universal a spirit of discontent prevailed; for, when a train of gunpowder is already laid, a single spark will cause it to explode. Thus the peasants in this retired spot, and for many miles round it, who had never before, during their lives, thought of any thing save alternate working and dancing, fancied they perceived that the time had arrived when it would be expedient for them to take the law into their own hands, that they might wreak their vengeance on the aristocrats, and possess themselves of their property. Several instances of such outrages had lately occurred in different provinces, when at length the Count de Bigot was denounced at Paris as an enemy to the people; and a band of ruffians, headed by a person who had risen into consequence from his adherence to the head of the reigning faction, arrived one evening at the hamlet, in order to stimulate the people to assist in taking the Count into custody, informing them at the same time, that, if he surrendered himself quietly, he meant to convey him to Paris, to stand his trial; but, in the event of resistance from himself and his attendants, he must reap the reward of his folly, by meeting his death on the spot. As it happened, this unfortunate nobleman, though not in the main a bad person, was repulsive and haughty in his manner, and had been in the habit of delegating too much of his authority to inferior agents, who had not always made a good use of it. He was, therefore, not a favourite with the surrounding peasantry, who had been but too often oppressed in his name. Jaques was present at the harangue delivered to the peasants, who assembled to the number of two hundred, from the adjoining country, and was shocked at the eager joy they manifested on the occasion, but at nothing so much as the expression of savage exultation and self-congratulation manifested on the countenance of his uncle Pierre; and when he looked at him, and remembered his long-cherished hatred of the Count, he felt assured that the unfortunate nobleman had small chance of leaving his chateau alive. He knew, also, that if he did reach Paris, it would be only to endure the cruel insults and sufferings inflicted on all who entered it under his circumstances, before he made his exit on the scaffold. Jaques felt assured of all this, and, remembering that though he had cast him off from his favour, he had been many years his benefactor, he determined to save him if he could. He therefore slipped unperceived away from the crowd, before they had done listening to the man who was addressing them, and ran as fast as he could through the shortest and most unfrequented paths

of the wood, to where the chateau lay embosomed, about a mile off. Jaques's long residence at this mansion had rendered all its modes of access, as well as its master's habits, familiar to him, and he made for a small court, from which a door opened at the foot of a back stair. Here he ascended, and having, without being perceived, reached the library, where he knew the Count would most probably be at that hour, he entered it, and, standing suddenly before the astonished nobleman, who appeared to experience some degree of alarm at his abrupt appearance, he said, "Fly, my lord, from this place instantly—you have been denounced as an enemy to the people, and the ruffians who are to convey you to Paris, or to sacrifice you here, are near at hand, followed by a multitude, all apparently thirsting for your blood." The Count looked at Jaques with an uncertain and jealous expression in his eye. "And on whose authority am I required to believe this?" said he. "On that of a heretic, who has requited all my benefits with ingratitude, and who may now, for aught I know, have forced himself into my presence with some evil intention?" "Not so, believe me," replied Jaques, while his open manly countenance, on which the utmost anxiety was expressed, gave the stamp of truth to his words—"but on the word of a grateful man, who feels so sensible of your past kindness, that he now puts his own life in hazard to save yours: quick, I beseech you—if you have money at hand, secure it, and let us be gone instantly." The Count was convinced. He rose, and, taking a considerable sum from a desk in the apartment where they were, he followed Jaques by the way he had entered, without meeting any one. Nor was it till they had dived some distance into the woods, that he ventured to interrogate his companion on what he had seen and heard relating to himself, or to ask his counsel as to what hiding-place he would advise him to seek, till he should learn the result of the night's proceedings. To these questions, Jaques answered by giving him a faithful account of all that had passed at the hamlet, and by assuring him that he felt persuaded he would be nowhere so safe as in his cottage, provided he could conduct him to it without observation. He then left the Count, and set off to reconnoitre the hamlet. There all was solemn stillness; for its inhabitants, man, woman, and child, except his father-in-law and his wife, had all followed the multitude to the chateau. This was exactly as he wished it; and, returning to the wood, he conducted the Count to Marianne, whom having charged with his safety, and pointed out a place of concealment not likely to be discovered in the event of a search, he retraced his steps with all possible speed to the scene of action, not only to gain all the information he could, but to prevent suspicion from lighting on himself, through his absence.

This suspicion he was fortunate enough to prevent, by returning in time to place himself among those who were trying to force the door of the principal entrance, having been retarded in this operation by the manner in which the affrighted servants had barricaded every avenue of access. The time lost by this delay enraged the mob so much that they began to vociferate deep and bloody threats against every inmate of the dwelling, when Jaques suggested that they should give a promise that none of the Count's attendants should be injured, provided the doors were immediately opened. This advice was adopted, and, after a short parley, in which the terrified domestics required the promise to be frequently reiterated

the doors were flung open, and the mob rushed in with shouts of triumph. They ran through the various apartments, breathing imprecations against the Count, and searching every nook and cranny for their victim. Nor is it easy to describe their rage and vexation, when at length they were convinced that he had escaped them, although they had taken the precaution of surrounding the house on their first approach. In short, his having eluded them was quite inexplicable, as the servants, when separately examined, all agreed in averring (what they believed) that he was in the chateau when the mob first made their appearance. The fury engendered by this disappointment showed itself in the most wanton acts of violence. The splendid furniture was soon broken in pieces, and the mansion pillaged of all the more portable things of value such as plate, jewels, and linen. During this scene of plunder, Pierre and his son were foremost in the work of destruction, and busily employed in securing such things as they particularly fancied; while Jaques, who knew where the Count's most valuable papers were deposited, busied himself in filling his pockets with those documents, and taking a few of the trinkets which he knew were most prized by their owner, in order to restore them to him. It was fortunate for the Count and Jaques that the revengeful spirit of Pierre never entertained a suspicion that his nephew could be in league with the man who had cast him off from his favour, and as he saw him constantly among the most inveterate of the rabble, he felt perfectly convinced that he was, like himself, acting from a spirit of retaliation. This exempted Jaques from suspicion, and his house from being searched; so that, in a day or two, the Count, disguised as a peasant, and having his valuables concealed about him, left the cottage of his deliverer with the liveliest feelings of gratitude, and more toleration than he had ever before felt for heretics. He made immediately for the nearest seaport, and having, under a feigned character, obtained a passport by means of a friend, he embarked for England.

The destruction of Count de Bigot's property did but lead the way to similar outrages in the province, at which Pierre and his son were sure to lend their aid, while Jaques, who could only lament that many well-meaning people suffered themselves to be led astray by the evil-minded and designing, continued his unwearied industry, and, in spite of the unsettled state of the country, found bread for his family, and contrived to live in peace. This peace was, however, broken in upon by an event which cost him much pain. The kind-hearted Marianne had done every thing in her power, from the time of her becoming his wife, to wean his cousin Charlotte from her light-headed silly ways, and to persuade her to become useful to herself and others. This Jaques began to hope she had in some measure achieved, when to his surprise and vexation, he was informed that the person who had headed the band from Paris in search of the Count had been seen in the neighbourhood of the hamlet the night before, and that Charlotte, to whom it appeared he had taken a fancy on his first visit, had gone off with him. Jaques would have immediately followed, but was prevented by her father and brother, who, furious at her betrayer, who they imagined it probable would soon abandon her to misery, expressed their determination of bringing her instantly back. This satisfied Jaques for the time, for he knew that the pride they took in her beauty had produced a love for her in their savage hearts not the less

strong that its motive was erroneous. When Pierre and his son reached Paris, and demanded admittance at the splendid mansion which had been the residence of one of the proscribed noblesse, and of which Charlotte's lover had become possessed during the unsettled state of property in the capital, they were immediately, on telling their names, conducted into the presence of its usurper. It was the policy of this bad man to be always obsequious to the common people; and he was now doubly so to those men whom he had observed narrowly on the night the chateau was pillaged, and thought he discerned in the savage joy with which they aided in the work of destruction, and the deep curses they lavished on the owner, and on aristocrats in general, that they were fitting tools for the times. He believed that he could employ them to advantage, whether a mob was to be inflamed, an enemy denounced, or a murder committed. They were, however, at that moment in no humour to be cajoled, and assailed him with a torrent of the vilest abuse, while they brandished long knives which they had hid under their garments, and threatened to dispatch him instantly if he did not immediately produce the girl of whom they had come in search. Thus confirmed in his opinion of their ruffianly qualifications, he condescended to soothe them by an assurance that they should immediately see Charlotte, and learn from her own lips whether she had any cause of complaint. He then led them through a sumptuous suit of apartments to one more gorgeous than the rest, where they found the unfortunate girl reclining on a couch, dressed in the most expensive and gaudy fashion of the day, and surrounded by the most luxurious appointments, many of which, though she admired them as pretty toys, she did not even comprehend the use of. But, to be brief; her father and brother were so much dazzled and gratified by seeing the apparent mistress of so much splendour, that they were easily persuaded to join the *good citizen* in deriding the old fashioned and slavish ceremony of marriage, though the father thought proper again to brandish his knife, and accompany the action with a threat in the event of her ever being cast off. But this was a supposition at which the weak-minded Charlotte smiled in scorn, as nothing less than high treason against that superlative bounty which had raised her to such a pitch of grandeur. Alas! where may we expect next to meet her?

But we must now return to Jaques and his family, who had heard nothing of Charlotte for several months, save that her father and brother had seen her, were content with the situation, and had themselves determined to remain in Paris. Unsatisfactory, and indeed grievous, as this account was of these kind-hearted people, they endeavoured in some measure to console themselves, by hoping that Charlotte might one day be convinced of her error, and return to them; and they resolved to receive her with open arms, as a stray sheep restored to the fold. What, then, was their horror, when they learned from a person who had just come from Paris, and who knew her, that the man with whom she lived had shared the fate of the head of the faction to which he had attached himself, and was guillotined; that no one knew what had become of Charlotte, but that her father and brother were both in the prison of the Conciergerie, charged with being emissaries of her late lover! For a day or two after these tidings reached him, Jaques appeared restless and miserable, but he was not long in determining what to do. He hoped, that if he could now find Charlotte, he would be able to extricate her from the maze of

vice and wretchedness in which she must, without his interference, be for ever involved. He thought of her as he had last seen her—weak, vain, and degraded, but still innocent of heinous crimes. He thought of her former preference for himself, and he felt that he owed it to that unrequited preference—to the memory of her mother, who was the unwearied friend of his childhood—and to humanity itself, to make every exertion to save her.

The disinterested and benevolent Marianne could not but approve of her husband's determination to seek his unfortunate cousin, though she shuddered while she embraced him at parting, at the dangers to which he would probably expose himself.

It was night when Jaques reached Paris, but there was none of that stillness there which is its natural concomitant. At that hour, all was hushed in the little hamlet he had left. In his own cottage, his aged father-in-law was enjoying, on his pillow, the rest and peace which is the reward of a well-spent life, and an approving conscience; his dear Marianne was sleeping the sleep of innocence, with her infant in her bosom. But here the contrast was most appalling—the drums beat—fire-arms were shot off—screams and oaths, and discordant laughter, met the ear—grey-haired old men were joining in the street brawls and drunken revels; and, in place of the care and tenderness of her decent matron, who soothes her child to its quiet slumber, mothers were seen hurrying to and fro with their infants, through the night air, apparently insensible to their wailing appeals. All was heart-sickening to the sober and reflecting Jaques, and he hastened in search of the unfortunate Charlotte: but all he could learn was, that upon the apprehension of the man she had lived with, she had fled to her father, but what had become of her when he was taken to prison, no one knew. There was nothing for it, then, but to endeavour to learn from her father and brother, by means of the jailor, where she was. This Jaques well knew, was a hazardous experiment, but if he did not attempt it immediately, dangerous as it was, it might be rendered vain, by their lives being cut short. He therefore turned his footsteps toward the Conciergerie. While he was yet some distance from the prison, his passage was impeded by a dense and unruly crowd, from whose vociferations he learnt that they were waiting for their nightly pastime of accompanying the condemned prisoners to the guillotine. Presently the renewed shouts and agitating motion of the crowd informed him that the victims had ascended the fatal cart, and, in a few minutes, he beheld it on its way, while he was compelled, by the pressure of the multitude, to accompany them to the place of execution, and hurried almost to the very foot of the scaffold. Jaques's first determination was to shut his eyes, that he might not look on the bloody scene: but an indefinable curiosity took possession of him, and he raised his eyes just as two men were placed upon the platform. His very eyeballs seemed searched when the light of a lamp gleamed full upon the deep furrows of his uncle's sullen and ferocious countenance, while he sent forth a scowl of defiance on his executioners, as they dragged him forward, and uttered a brutal jest on the meetness of the father's taking precedence of his son. That son had hardly time to look on the ghastly features of his father, as his head lay on the boards of the scaffold, till the stroke descended that laid his own beside it. Jaques, whose wan and quivering features showed the agony of his soul, was at

that moment prevented from uttering an ejaculation of horror, which might have proved fatal to himself, by the frantic screams of a woman who was not far from him, and whom the mob were contending about—some crying out that she belonged to the men who had just suffered, and others contradicting this, while they derided her as one whose cowardly spirit disgraced a Frenchwoman, who ought to be able to look with joy on the execution of the enemies of the people. Jaques heard all this, and rushed forward to the spot, where he beheld the wretched Charlotte thus subjecting herself to the danger of sharing the fate of her father and brother. This danger became still more imminent, when she was presently recognized by a person near her as the mistress of a man who had lately been executed: and the fearful cry of—"To the guillotine with her!—to the guillotine!" began to be raised. But just at that critical moment a fresh arrival of numerous victims attracted universal attention; and Jaques, seizing her firmly round the waist, dragged her through the crowd, while he endeavoured to soothe her by every means in his power; and, hurrying her through bye-lanes nearly emptied of their population, he at length succeeded in placing her in the house of a friend for the night. Jaques's first care in the morning was to procure a conveyance for himself and his wretched cousin, in which they that day reached his home. This was, however, rendered no light task to him, by the necessity it imposed of hearing her frantic ravings, in which she accused herself of the miserable end of her father and brother. When Jaques alighted at his own cottage, and Marianne flew to meet him, his pale countenance, his dark eyes sunk in their sockets, and the expression of melancholy portrayed in his whole frame told what he had suffered since she had parted from him—while the wretched Charlotte seemed to gaze with a vacant and idiot stare on all around, till roused, by some sudden recollection, into ravings of mad despair.

Poor Marianne looked upon her husband, and his unfortunate cousin, and her deep and silent tears flowed fast, as he related to her the dreadful story of his journey. This good young woman did all that was dictated by her sound sense and kindly feeling, to restore Charlotte to some degree of composure; but month followed month, and little change could be perceived, save that she did not express her remorse so violently in words. She, however, seldom tasted food, and seemed to loath the light of day; and grew pale, emaciated, and feeble; and that beauty which had been the primary cause of all her guilt and misfortunes, fled, and left behind it naught but a desolated ruin. It was in vain that she was visited by the Catholic priest of the district; the absolution he pronounced seemed to carry no comfort with it, and she soon sank into an early grave, the victim of cold-hearted vanity, and the other evil principles so early instilled into her by her wretched father. It was long before Jaques could conquer the melancholy left on his mind by the dreadful fate of his uncle and his family, and his heart sickened as he stood beside the premature grave of Charlotte; and, looking through time into eternity, meditated long on the fearful nature and prospects of vice; till the current of his thoughts gradually assuming a more placid and encouraging course, he thought of the blessings of virtue, and returned to his amiable wife, and his usual avocations, with recovered serenity. Nor was the quiet tenour of his life thereafter interrupted.

 SONG — AIR, ROY'S WIFE.

 BY MISS E. C. HURLEY, OF NEW YORK.

Oh ! 'tis sweet when dawn is breaking,
 When from sleep we are awaking ;
 Sweet to feel that ONE is near
 The insence of the heart to hear.
 'Tis sweet to feel a wish to pray,
 To utter thanks for mercies given,
 And sweet to know, that angels bear,
 Our aspirations up to Heaven.

Oh ! 'tis sweet, &c.

Yes 'tis sweet as day advancing,
 Rippling streams seem'd sportive dancing ;
 Sweet to hear while on the wing
 Each warbling bird its offering bring.
 'Tis sweet in broad meridian day
 To feel the grandeur and the power,
 Of Him who sheds celestial ray
 That earth from heaven effulgence borrowed.

Oh ! 'tis sweet, &c.

'Tis sweet to feel at day's declining,
 When darken'd shadows round us hover,
 An arm of mercy veils the light,
 An unseen eye, still watches over
 That unseen hand which guides our way,
 The still small voice our path directing,
 While angels from the courts on high
 Commission'd wait, our sleep protecting.

 DEDICATORY ADDRESS,

Before Maine Lodge, No. 1, I. O. O. F., July 24th, 1844.

 BY BRO. CHARLES HOLDEN.

RESPECTED BROTHERS :

To the humane and philanthropic, there has been scarcely an improvement made, in all the wonderful ones of the last fifty years, that more commends itself to those who reflect upon them, than that made in *practical diffusive* BENEVOLENCE.

It is true, that the last fifty years have been wonderful, astonishing, for

the improvements, in a great many respects, that have been witnessed during that period of time. How the mind of man admires, as it contemplates what has been done to elevate the condition of the world, in the last half century! The advances made in the use of steam—the perfecting of the art of labor-saving—the improvements in the modes of education—in enlightened views of human government, and of the nobility of man—the spread of the principles of human liberty, and the development and proof of the ability of man to govern himself. These, and many other achievements of the immortal part of man, characterise the last fifty years as one of the most important eras recorded on the page of history.

Time would not serve me, and it does not come within the design of this brief Dedicatory Address, to take even a bird's-eye review of the wonderful discoveries and improvements of the last half century. It is not with this design that I have alluded to them; but to bear my testimony to this truth—that in all the wonderful advances in knowledge and truth, made during that time by human means and suggested to man by the goodness of his Great Father, there has been no one more prominent, useful, or beneficent, than that which has enlarged the heart of the philanthropist, and swelled his ranks. There is no characteristic of this signal age more striking than this one: that man has ceased to regard himself solely, and begun to look at the human family as his brothers and his sisters—as his sons and his daughters. He has begun to inquire if there is not something else for him to do, in this world of suffering and sorrow, besides folding his arms in reference to philanthropy, with the selfish apostrophe of him of old—"soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease."

What has been the result of this new and blessed bias of the human mind? This looking away from self, for a little while, into the neighborhood, hamlet, village, or city, to seek out objects to whom to do good? to alleviate misery, to cheer the drooping spirits of the mourner—to change the scanty garment of poverty for one of warmth and comfort: in brief, by that universal *elixir of life*, SYMPATHY, to lift the clod from the soul—to restore the desponding to himself and the world, by cheerful words and solid acts of kindness? What has been the result? is it asked? Is it not all around us, obvious to the weakest sight? Do not its praises issue from every mouth—and above all, are they not felt where they should be, in the hearts of the wretched and down-trodden! in the hearts of the widow; the orphan; the father, who saw, in his despair, nought but clouds above and around him, as impervious as the bucklers of the stout warriors of olden times?

Every School District now, has its noble spirits, who have banded together to do their fellows good. And from these little sections it enlarges and spreads over the country—increases in design and vastness, until, what with individual benevolence, which "letteth not the left hand know what the right doeth"—and what with the numerous and various Associations, having for their object the good of their fellow-man—this may be denominated, with great propriety and truth, the *Age of Philanthropy*! An appellation more honorable and to be praised, than was ever won by all the achievements of all past ages, by those nations whose ruling motives have been only for national aggrandisement—the enlargement of their borders by means of war and all its devastating concomitants.

My Brothers—amid all this generous rivalry to do good—to help individuals and the world by acts of kindness,—there is no society, order, or association, I am happy to express my belief, that stands on higher ground than that noble band denominated **ODD-FELLOWS**. Of ancient origin—known among the earliest histories extant,—this benevolent age has revived and reinforced their ranks with great success. One may exclaim with reverence, in view of their great increase and the broad platform of benevolence on which they display their constitution—"of a truth God is with them."

Without advancing a step beyond the borders of our own city; let us ask, what is the history of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows here? One brief year ago, and its name was not attached to any society among us. About eleven months since, the Lodge which convenes here to-night for the purpose of dedicating this Lodge Room,—met in a room of medium size, in this building, for the purpose of installing officers, &c. It was quite large enough on that evening—but soon, so popular were its benevolent designs, so prepared was the age for them, and so attuned were the noble spirits who from week to week knocked at the door by their Conductor for admittance,—that the cry soon arose for more room. Their borders were too strait, when hemmed in by the first room this Brotherhood selected; and a large Hall about six months since, was provided: for a time the good work went nobly on; until, again the cry arose for more room—our borders, wherein to devise good things, are again constrained—our ranks increase so rapidly, that we are each in the others' way.—For the third time, within one year, we stand on new and enlarged ground. On this evening—eleven months from our organization, we occupy this large and chastely-fitted Hall! Of a truth, we may repeat, "the Lord is with us."

My brethren, we are here to-night, with the purpose of Dedicating this Hall to the high, the noble objects for which we have banded together. The imposing rite is about to be performed. This capacious room is soon to be Dedicated to the service of Odd-Fellowship. It is a season of gratulation. Permit me, from my heart to congratulate you on the unexampled success that has followed the assembling of the little band in August last. The heaven that then was hidden, how it has spread! From the efforts of that interesting and important occasion have sprung your own Lodge, numbering about four hundred Brethren;—the Ancient Brothers numbering about two hundred,—and the Ligonias, numbering one hundred and fifty. Pass out of this city, and you will find Lodges in nearly all the principal villages in the State:—and scarcely a week passes, that does not bring us the name of some new organization in some part of our State. The number of Lodges in America, as appears by the return to the Grand Lodge of the United States, of last year, was *three hundred and fifty-two*! This was an increase of *one hundred* in the previous year, and the number has been much swelled since. There was also, at that time, *thirty thousand members* in the country. The increase from 1842 to 1843, was *six thousand*! I have no doubt, the returns in September next to the Grand Lodge, will show the number this year to be, at least, *forty thousand*!

In view of this wonderful increase of members and facilities for usefulness, not only among ourselves, but over the whole country,—I cannot separate, in my mind, this occasion of Dedication from that of congratu-

lation! We are here to Dedicate an elegant and capacious Hall to noble purposes; and we are here, besides, as I think, to take each other by the hand in a spirit of gladness and gratitude, for our success. To congratulate each other that *Friendship, Love, and Truth*—those cardinal virtues—are so highly appreciated, that a fear has arisen that soon there will not be a Hall sufficiently large in the city of Portland, to contain those even in one Lodge, who have enlisted under their banner, and adopted them as watch-words!

When, in olden times, a philosopher was asked how he gauged a man—he replied, by the ability of his soul to estimate and use those graces from God himself—Love, (or charity,) and Truth. Whoever, said he, is truest to these virtues—into whosoever life they enter the most largely, and hold most exclusive sway, is the largest man, though his outward person exhibit but the puny stature of a dwarf.

What a sublime standard, by which to measure a man; and yet how just! True, it is, indeed, that

“ ’Tis the mind that makes the body rich ;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.”

But, while we have so much cause for congratulation, we should tread softly. The tongue of misrepresentation—worthy as are our purposes—is moved against us. Pure lives—an undeviating devotion to our three great principles of action—only, will in time restrain it. We must live it down. I have heard its notes of detraction turned to praise, by the Brethren of this Lodge simply doing their duty. It rests with them always, thus to stop its harsh notes. Let us ever strive to do it. It is only by the silent but potent exercise of that duty, that we can convert the venom of prejudice into the admiration of love: and it is by the silent, effectual doing of our duty, by night and day, that we are to satisfy our own consciences, and carry out, in all their beauty, the ennobling principles of our Order.

“ ’Tis but a little thing
To give a cup of water, yet its drought
Of cold refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame,
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned, ’twill fall
Like choicest music.”

It was but the other day, as I was thinking upon what an unlettered man, as I am, should say on a solemn and proud occasion as this is—for so it seems in truth to me—when the picture of two suffering men was exhibited to my mind’s eye. It is “an over-true tale;” and in my heart I said, and so will all—if it were but for this that ye band together, Heaven bless you! We cannot take care of the world—we cannot indiscriminately soothe and cherish every unfortunate—but we can and will desert him never, while life remain, that has joined hands with us, and received the signs of the Order.

The picture was this : There came to this city a worthy man, with an affectionate wife and darling child. He was in health,—and, as we all do, he flattered himself that for him long years of health and prosperity were in the vista. He appreciated the principles of Odd-Fellowship, and joined a Lodge. Soon, that treacherous ally, health,—on which none can rely—deserted him. Here he was, among strangers, an active man taken from active employment to a sick bed ! Day after day he pined away—night after night his life oozed out in the unnatural perspiration of the sick bed ! What would that poor fellow have done, had it not been for his Brethren of the Lodge to which he belonged ? He was comparatively a stranger ! The common sympathies of his neighborhood would, no doubt, have been drawn toward him—but they would soon have tired, for he was a stranger,—and the apostrophe, “let me die among my kindred,” has much reference to the solace of friends about the sick-bed. The sick man was lingering in the fearful embrace of consumption ! Ah, when we hear that word, what a fearful picture comes up to the mind ! One hour, the passive victim was buoyed up by hope—the next, crushed with fear : One day, the hue of health flitted, as it were, across his cheek—the next, the pallor of death was on his brow ! But what *was* our Brother's fortunes in this land of strangers ? From the night his Brethren heard of his prostration, to that of his death, he had them at his bed's head cheering his fainting soul—changing his position—holding to his parched lips the cooling draught—watching through the weary night his fevered sleep. O, let him who lightly esteems services like unto these, be laid low by disease—and if his heart be not of stone—if he be worthy a seat with Odd-Fellows—he will lift his feeble voice again and again, in thanksgiving that he has been vouchsafed such friends. It was but small assistance, comparatively, the Samaritan rendered the poor man that fell among thieves—but for eighteen hundred years the deed has been justly quoted and celebrated, as a most noble one !

When our associate died,—until his body was laid in the tomb, and all further attention rendered unnecessary,—every service was performed that can be done for the cold remains of a friend. Said the wife of the departed sufferer,—while tears of gratitude suffused her eyes—what we should have done, but for your kindness, none but our Heavenly Father knows : for we were almost strangers in the land. You lightened our hearts of many a ponderous load of care, and eased many a pain, by your untiring devotion and patience.

Let us look now, for a moment, at the other side of the picture. The merits of a Lodge were named to a young man, and it was suggested to him that it would be an advantage to him to join it. He, too, was in full health. Having heard his friend through, with a sneering lip he uttered only this word—*humbug* ! It has been said with truth, that in all the treacheries of human life, there is nothing so treacherous as life itself. So it is with health. The young man was in health then,—but he was not long so. A lingering disease prostrated him. He lay for months wrestling with it. No doubt the kindness of the world reached him—but, in his solitary hours, he felt the need of brothers and friends to cheer him up, and watch patiently by his bed-side. How would that prostrated wife have been relieved and cheered,—if, instead of the word *humbug* having been pronounced, the affectionate, benevolent thought had been breathed,

—I should rejoice to assist my friends when I am in health—if I am ill myself, how soothing will be their attentions. I, too, will be a member of this band of philanthropists. Such is the contrast in the picture. I would the world could see it as you do. It would become a Society of Brothers of Charity, sustaining each other by the way. How poverty and suffering would be alleviated and flee away before them!

It is a lovely feature in your catalogue of kindnesses—this attention to the sick. Do not let it subside. Preserve that beauty in all its prominence, as one worthy of ministering angels.

I have just alluded to the “good works” designed to be done by the Odd-Fellows. Shall we look at this point a moment or two longer? It is a lovely contemplation; and, after all, though I perceive that I am speaking of the benevolent features of the Order, more fully than I had thought to; yet it is a path that I am glad to find; the more it is explored, the more luxuriant appear its fruits and flowers.

I have stated the number of Brothers in the United States, at the time of the last returns—Sept. 1, 1843—to be, in round numbers, 30,000. How many of this large number, it is a most interesting question to have answered, were relieved during that year from the funds of their various Lodges? 4402! Nearly one-sixth of the whole number. Is not this something of which to be justly proud? And to what extent were they relieved? The large sum of \$48,537 was appropriated to them! And this was the smallest part of the beneficence, too. The patient care, the solace, the watching—the lifting the drooping spirits, and causing the warm blood to course cheerfully and healthfully through the system again;—all this is *not* estimated! It cannot be! It is priceless! It is the devotion of noble hearts at the shrine of diffusive benevolence, which outweighs the feathery lightness of Mammon and all his tribe!

Shall we advance one step further? Where are the widows of our deceased Brothers? Is there no relief for them? We still answer, Yes.—Four thousand dollars were put over for their succor, as appears from the returns of 1843.

But what should touch the heart, as with a “living coal from the altar,” is the amount paid for the education of the orphans! Is there a father here, who has not trembled when the thought has forced itself upon his mind, that his children *may* be left orphans, at an early age! Has not his heart yearned for them as he has thought (should he fall and fortune frown) of their danger from ignorance and vice? What have the Odd-Fellows of the United States done for the children of their deceased Brothers: those little, precious trusts, whose weal or wo, on this stage, hangs by so slight a thread? In the records stands this simple, unostentatious line:—“Amount paid for education of Orphans, *forty-three hundred dollars!*” It makes no show in the Book—but in my view it was radiant with true glory. It seemed thickly studded with the happy faces of those tender innocents, saved from ignorance and shame, and often-times squalid misery, by this thoughtful, heavenly beneficence!

And yet some will, with a prophetic look and wise nod of the head,—tell the world to beware of Odd-Fellowship! That it is a cloak for the intrigues of bad men! “How a plain tale will put down” such insidious inuendos. I would that such cloaks, covering \$4,000 education funds for Orphans—\$48,000 for feeble men, and \$4,000 for sorrowful widows,

—were so plentiful, that the prejudice of those who thus ignorantly condemn what they should approve, may not only be dissipated, but they led, by the light of *Truth*, to exclaim,

———“Its lustre is divine,
No ray of Heaven is clearer;
It is love's purest, brightest shrine,
And earth holds nothing dearer.”

But the question comes up here, with much propriety and force,—How is the *female portion* of the world particularly interested in this wonderful movement called Odd-Fellowship? Is it advantageous or disadvantageous? On this Evening, this Hall is made brilliant with the beauty and refinement of that portion of the human family, without which earth would be a wilderness indeed. I mean the Ladies!

It is right that this question should be asked—and it ought to be answered, too,—In what manner does Odd-Fellowship immediately affect our mothers, and wives; our sisters and daughters? They look upon Odd-Fellowship—some of them at least—as I have been told—and indeed I have heard so from some personally—as a kind of hydra-headed monster, whose every shape is hateful. Their laudable curiosity has been excited. They come up hither in part, to gratify it to-night. And what do their eyes behold? They see a splendidly but chastely fitted Hall—with rich hangings and carpets—curiously arranged tables—brilliant lamps—a suspicious loophole in the door,—from which all from without may be surveyed as they approach, and the warder be invisible. What does all this mean? they ask. Why incur this expense and trouble and loss of time? Why this appearance of suspicion? Is it not right we should know? Do you fear we would tell?

The answer is ready. The principles and objects of Odd-Fellowship are designed to, and do promote directly the happiness of the female portion of the community. It was for that end, it was encouraged to rise from its slumber!

Have not the Ladies any interest in the welfare of their husbands, or parents, or sons? It is libel to say of *any one*,—she has no care for the happiness of those so intimately connected with her. Do they not look upon a husband's, brother's, or son's happiness and good name as precious to them beyond price? Would they not look upon those as their fast and true friends, who had united, one object of which union was, that they might watch over each other to keep each the other in the right way? As friends, those who would use every effort to make the place of convening delightful to the eye, and otherwise comfortable and seducing—so that those dear ones might be drawn to the Lodge room,—where good principles are inculcated and generous sentiments and feelings excited and cherished? Certainly so. It would be derogatory to female good sense to say otherwise.

Will not, then, wives and mothers and sisters, look with a kindly eye, upon the interior of this Lodge Room, arrayed in all its richness, as none too rich and elegant for the cause for which it is fitted up? As a room where, from week to week the names of the unfortunate will be asked for,—and where having learned who they are, the whole Lodge, as one, will feel that a Brother is in distress and sympathise with him or them? Will

they not look with approving eye upon this Hall, where Friendship, Love, and Truth, are the basis of action, and are inculcated, in all their multifarious forms: where, in truth, meek-eyed Charity presides?

It is not *woman*,—however prejudiced she may once have been—if the feelings of her tender heart do not swell forth, as she candidly hears and sees the question discussed in this view, and its illustration. The Ladies not friendly to Odd-Fellowship! The idea is preposterous! It argues them much more deficient in good sense, than we are prepared to admit.

Who feels sooner, for the weight of sorrow—the load of grief, which weighs her down—who hangs over the sick bed of her husband? As I have said in another place—who steps in at this critical moment, and helps to sustain the invalid and relieve the wife? The Odd-Fellow!

Who takes the widow by the hand, when death has dissolved the dearest ties, and whispers resignation, consolation, protection? Who more faithfully than the Odd-Fellow?

And then, are not sisters and mothers and daughters made glad, again and again, by the blessings poured out upon the Orphan's head, as he is guided and guarded, by the same beneficent spirit?

It is to effect these objects—great, in the true sense, they may be called—and also others equally laudable,—and to preserve the dignity of the Order,—that this Hall is decorated and enriched. It is to maintain the Order pure, that none are admitted who cannot pass the ordeal of scrutiny as to character and other qualifications. Females should be the last to complain of scrupulousness in this respect. Purity and woman should be synonymous terms. Every day is dissipating from their minds the little remains of prejudice that linger there, and winning them over as fast friends to the noble cause. I see by the countenances of these present, much confidence, hope, faith,—but little doubt or fear. The Rubicon is passed, when woman approves and smiles. The time was when opposition strangely sprang up from this source. It is vanishing away, I hope, in all directions. It has no place, I think I may say, in the hearts of those *here now*.

We may well go on rejoicing and with great courage in any enterprise, when the female sex say, by their approbation—Amen. How confidently may we do so here, when the comfort and happiness of woman are so intimately blended, and enter so largely into our designs,—and when she hallows it by her presence and approbation!

My Brethren,—we are here, I repeat, to Dedicate this Hall to the noble purposes of Odd-Fellowship. How fitting an occasion to admonish each other, “to keep the faith in all its purity”—that has been handed down to us. We are a numerous Branch of the great Body of Odd-Fellows. We stand before a world, more ready in some particulars, to chronicle our errors than to treasure up our virtues. As we dedicate this Lodge Room, may we not with propriety re-dedicate ourselves to the noble work in which we are engaged. The declaration,—“I am an American citizen,”—so highly stands our country in the eyes of the world,—is sufficient to guarantee protection to the feeblest of our countrymen, in almost any part of the world. Brethren, let us so keep *our* principles bright and active,—running as they must so largely into a participation of the sufferings and calamities of the town or city where we may be, that it will be sufficient at any time, to ensure a fraternal grasp of the hand, a cordial reception at

any board or in any circle, to simply declare—"I AM AN ODD-FELLOW." Let us strive for this excellence, and we may be sure, if we live up to our faith, much time will not elapse, before we shall be appreciated, and hailed universally as benefactors.

Finally, we are in this Hall for the first time. It is now to be solemnly Dedicated. Let every one of us resolve, in the strength of our principles, that we never will cross the threshold of that door, with any but good and true purposes in our hearts: That sectarianism, or partyism, or prejudice of any kind shall have no place within our breast while here—however much it may hold sway elsewhere. Is a Brother named for office—let the only inquiry be,—Is he capable, is he worthy? Is a plan suggested whereby to benefit the world,—or to improve ourselves—let us ask only, will it best accomplish the object? With these high motives—this discarding every thing ignoble from our hearts—we shall not only be purified here, but we shall go into the world with higher principles of action. This Hall will never then be profaned with feelings and prejudices we shall be ashamed to avow. It will indeed be that seat of *Friendship, Love and Truth*, where our present four hundred Brethren—and hereafter many more—will desire to congregate;—where no jealousies or prejudices shall mar the beauty and happiness of the scene: where, we trust, we and they will resolve, (our Heavenly Father blessing us,)

"To live in *deeds*, not years—in *thoughts*, not breaths;
In *feelings*, not in figures on a dial:
That we will count time by heart-throbs—knowing he most lives
Who *thinks* the most—*feels* the noblest—*acts* the best."

The following Original Hymn, by Br. CHARLES P. ILSLEY, was then sung:

LINK'D in a cause most dear,
We have assembled here—

A BROTHERHOOD.
But late a feeble band—
Now with full ranks we stand,
Seeking with heart and hand
The greatest good!

Not for a fond display
Come we up here to-day—
An idle throng;
For no unmeaning rite—
No purpose vain and light,
Would we our powers unite
To swell the song.

A higher duty calls—
To consecrate these walls
We gather here;
To FRIENDSHIP—high and pure
To LOVE—that shall endure—
To TRUTH—forever sure—
This shrine we rear!

And may this sacred dome
 Truth, Love and Friendship's home
 Forever prove !
 Here may pure concord dwell—
 Here tones of kindness swell—
 Here generous strife impel
 To acts of love !

Thus in this noble strife,
 Throughout this mortal life,
 Each hour improve ;
 Then called to leave *this* shrine,
 With a sure PASS and SIGN,
 May every Brother join
 The Lodge above !

The following Ode, written by Bro. J. G. ADAMS, of Malden, was then sung by the Choir.

ODE.

We sing of Friendship's blessing,
 Life's gloomy way to cheer,
 And with it onward pressing,
 Life's trials will not fear ;—
 'Mid evil and temptation,
 Its word shall be our guide,
 While in its inspiration,
 Our trusting souls abide.

Of Love, most high and holy,
 Our joyous voices sing ;
 Although an offering lowly—
 Our fervent praise we bring ;
 All-conquering Love ! O, never
 Shall thy great conflict fail—
 On earth—in Heaven—forever—
 Thy mission shall prevail.

Of Truth, all pure and glorious,
 We sing with tuneful voice,
 And in its work victorious,
 Unitedly rejoice ;
 Truth, that deception spoileth—
 That darkness scatters wide—
 And as for right it toileth,
 Doth in God's strength abide.

Grant us, all-gracious Spirit,
 Thy counsel, now, to bless,
 And let our souls inherit
 Effective righteousness ;
 Such as forever moveth
 In vigorous age or youth,
 Where thine own eye approveth,
 In Friendship, Love and Truth,

HARRIET BRUCE.

"To be beloved is all I need,
And whom I love I love indeed—*Coleridge*.

My friend Harriet Bruce was a healthy, tall, bold looking girl; somewhat too large and vigorous for genuine beauty, yet gifted with a speaking expression, and a rich, perpetual colouring, that would have made any other face stylish and attractive. She was no favourite with the gentlemen; but there was an indescribable something about her appearance and manners which always compelled them to inquire who she was. No person ever talked with her without remembering what she said; and every one criticised what they could not forget. Yet it was not intellect that made her unpopular—had she chosen to affect reckless misanthropy, maudlin sensibility, or any other soppery whereby to distinguish herself, she would have found plenty of admirers and imitators; but, in her mind, genius was checked by manly philosophy; and she could ill conceal her contempt of those who knew talent only by its most common diseases. The consciousness of mental power, that lighted up her eye with such a burning spark of pride, and the expression of scorn for ever dancing on her lip corners, ready to embody itself in sarcasm, was unquestionably the true reason why this splendid creature became the Paria of the ball-room. She was a strange sort of *Die Vernon*—no, she was not a *Die Vernon* either—and as I now remember her, I cannot think of a single character, living or imaginary, whom she did resemble. She fascinated her enemies, but never pleased her friends. Power! power! and, above all, intellectual power! was the constant dream of her wild ambition. To have been sure of *Madame de Stael's* reputation, she would have renounced human sympathy, and lived unloving and unbeloved in this wide world of social happiness—there was such magnificence in the idea of sending one's genius abroad, like a spark of electricity, to be active and eternal—defying education in its form, duration, and power! Sometimes I talked of love, and reminded her how *Madame de Stael* herself had become its reluctant victim. On this subject she often philosophised, and always laughed.—“Who,” said she, scornfully, “who that has felt the gush and the thrill attendant upon fame, would be foolish enough to exchange dominion over many for the despotism of one?” Thus Harriet Bruce reasoned, and thus she actually thought; but I knew her better than she knew herself. Her affections were as rich and overflowing as her mental energies; and her craving for human sympathy was in direct proportion to that intense love of beauty, which, in her, amounted to an intellectual passion. That she would love exclusively and extravagantly, I had no doubt; and my penetration soon singled out an object. At a large party, I first saw her with *George Macdonough*, the son of a rich southerner, first in his class, and in the full flush of manly beauty. I knew by the carriage of his neck that he was a Virginian; and the hauteur with which he received adulation attracted my attention, as the pawing of a high-mettled horse would have done. His conversation with Harriet seemed at first to be of a sober and learned cast, but on her part it soon became petulant. Now and then I heard some remark which seemed to relate to a transmigration of souls, and a continual rise in intellectual existence. “Oh,” exclaimed Harriet,

"how that idea savours of New-England house-keeping!—how can a Virginian patronise a theory so economical?" At that moment, a very lovely girl entered the room; and the young man did not answer Miss Bruce's question. "Ah, there is the beautiful Baltimorean," said he, "she whom I told you reminded me of that fine engraving of yours, 'La belle Suisse.'" She is beautiful," said Harriet, with unaffected warmth. "Her full dark eyes are magnificent—what a pity it is they are not lighted from *within*; that expression alone is wanting to fill the measure of her glory!" The remark was made to an inattentive listener, for Macdonough's whole interest was absorbed by the new comer. A slight shade passed over Harriet's face—but it was too transient to define the emotion in which it originated; and she smiled, as she said, "You had best go and talk with your powerful beauty—the body should be where the spirit is." "That reproach is too severe," replied the Virginian. "I meant no reproach," she answered; "I have observed that beauty is your idol, and I wish you to worship it." "I did not think Miss Bruce had observed my character sufficiently to form any conclusion with regard to my taste." The pride of the proudest girl in Christendom was roused—and there was something indescribably provoking in her manner, as she answered, "I assure you I think you quite a specimen in your way. 'Society is such a bag of polished marbles,' that any thing odd is as valuable a study as the specimens of quartz Mr. Symmes may bring us. Your modesty has led you into a mistake; I have really taken the trouble to observe you." "Truly, Miss Bruce, you are the most singular girl I ever met," said the offended southerner; "you never did, said, nor thought any thing like another person."

"When a compliment is doubtful, Chesterfield says, one should always take it; therefore, I am obliged to you, Mr. Macdonough," replied Harriet. And so saying, she turned abruptly from him, and directed her attention to me.

During the remainder of the evening, I saw no indications of a reconciliation. Harriet danced but once—Macdonough and La belle Suisse were near her in the set; and they met frequently. The *extreme* nonchalance with which she now and then exchanged some casual remark, led me to suspect that he had obtained more power over her extraordinary mind than any other individual had ever possessed; but Harriet was no trifler, and I do not venture to prophesy.

Time passed on, and with it nearly passed the remembrance of this skirmish of words, and the thoughts thereby suggested. My unmanageable friend seldom alluded to the fascinating acquaintance she had formed; and when she did, it was done naturally and briefly. Soon after this, I was obliged to be absent for several months. I did not return until two days before commencement at college; and Harriet's first exclamation was, "You *must* go to Mr. Macdonough's room—he is to have the first part, and his friends expect every thing from him!" "But I thought you considered commencement days very stupid things," said I. "So I do; you know I always said life itself was a very stupid thing. There is no originality above ground: every thing that is true is dull, and every thing new is false and superficial. But there is no use in quarrelling with the world—it is a pretty good world, after all. You must go to hear Mr. Macdonough's opinion of it: I am sure he will express it eloquently." "Then you are on good terms *now*?" said I. She blushed painfully—excessive-

ly—but soon recovered self-command enough to reply, “I always thought highly of him.” I do not know whether my looks expressed the warning voice my heart was yearning to utter; but I am sure the tone of my assent was reluctant and melancholy.

George Macdonough appeared most brilliantly on that memorable day. Graceful and dignified, handsome and talented, he sent a thrill to all hearts alive to the grandeur of thought or the beauty of language. During this scene of triumph, I watched the countenance of Harriet Bruce with the keenest interest; and never before did I see a human face through which the soul beamed with such intensity. Genius, and pride, and joy, and love, were there! I then thought she was intellectually beautiful, beyond any thing I had ever seen. Poor Harriet! It was the brightest spot in her life, and I love to remember it.

Macdonough's room was crowded, and the compliments he received were intoxicating; but in the midst of it all, I imagined I could see the sparkle of his eyes melt into softness, when he met a glance from Harriet. Her looks betrayed nothing to my anxious observation; but once I took notice she called him “*George*,” and suddenly corrected herself with an air of extraordinary confusion. Had my friend indulged in habits of girlish trifling, I should no doubt have playfully alluded to this circumstance; but there was something in her character and manners which forbade such officiousness. I watched her with the anxiety of sincere friendship. I knew when she once selected an object of pursuit, her whole soul was concentrated; and I could not believe that the proud Virginian, with all his high hopes, and his love of dazzling beauty, would ever marry her. I knew he was a very constant visitor, and I frequently observed lights later than had been usual in Mr. Bruce's quiet habitation; and when he called to bid me farewell, a few weeks after commencement, the deep gloom on his countenance led me to think that the pride and apparent indifference of my intellectual friend might have surprised him into love.

Weeks and months passed on, and I seldom heard an allusion to the absent Macdonough. Harriet's character and manner seemed changing for the better. The perpetual effervescence of her spirit in some measure subsided, and the vagaries of her fancy became less various and startling; yet there was ever a chastened cheerfulness of manner, and an unflinching flow of thought. By degrees her seriousness deepened and at last she could not conceal from me that she was unhappy. I attributed it to the illness of her aged father, for Harriet was motherless, and she cherished her only parent with a double share of love. But when the old man was evidently recovering, and her melancholy still increased I knew there must be another, and a deeper cause. One day, as I stood by her, watching her progress in a crayon drawing, around which she had thrown much of her early spirit and freedom, I placed my hand affectionately on her shoulder, and, touching her forehead with my lips, said, “You have always told me your thoughts, Harriet—why not tell me what troubles you *now*?”—She continued her task with a quick and nervous movement, and I saw that her eyes were filling with tears. I gently whispered, “Is George Macdonough the cause?” She gave one shriek, which sounded as if it made a rent in her very soul, and then the torrent of her tears poured forth.

It was long before I ventured to say to her, “Then it is as I feared?—You do love George Macdonough?” She looked in my face with a strange

and fixed expression, as she replied, "I ought to love, and honour, and obey him; for he is my husband!" I started! "Your husband! how—when—where were you married?"

"At Providence. Do you remember when I asked you to go with me to Mr. Macdonough's room, and you said, 'So then you are on good terms now?'—I had been three weeks a wife!"

"And your father—does he know of it?"

"Certainly," she said; "you know I would not deceive *him*," "Then why was so much secrecy necessary?" "I now think it was not really necessary; at all events, that which needs to be concealed is wrong. But George's parents wished him to marry wealth, and he feared to displease them. He has a moderate fortune of his own, of which he will soon come in possession; when he told my father this circumstance, and that he feared he should be urged to marry against his inclination, my father, in the blindness of his dotage, consented to our immediate union." "Then why are you so unhappy?" I inquired; "you have no doubt that your husband will come and claim you?" "Oh, no! The certificate is in my father's hands; and if it were not, a sense of honour would lead him here. But, oh! to have him come coldly and reluctantly! my heart will break! my heart will break!" said she, pressing her hand hard against her forehead, and weeping bitterly. "How *could* I forget that they who listen to passion, rather than to reason, must always have a precarious influence on each other?" I tried to console her—she said nothing, but took a package of letters from her desk, and handed them to me. Their contents proved the mournful prediction of her fears too true. At first, George Macdonough wrote with impatient ardour; then his letters were filled with amusing accounts of the parties given to La belle Suisse, whose father had come to reside in their neighbourhood; then he filled his pages with excellent reasons for not visiting her as soon as he intended; and, finally, when Harriet bowed down her pride, and entreated him, if he valued her reputation to come soon, he sent a cold laconic answer, merely stating the time at which he might be expected. Poor Harriet! It was too evident she had thrown away all that made existence joyful. However, I tried to soothe her by the idea that gentleness, patience, and untiring love, might regain the affection on which her happiness *must* now depend. She loved to listen to such words—they were a balm to her heart.

Mr. Macdonough came at the time he had appointed, and publicly announced his marriage. I did not see their meeting; but during the few months he remained at her father's, I observed his manner was uniformly kind, though frequently absent and constrained. An infant daughter formed a new bond of union, and seemed to be the herald of happier days.—The young man watched over the little object with the most intense delight, and Harriet's half-subdued character seemed entirely softened, in the doating fondness of a mother, and the meek resignation of a wife, loved, "but not enough beloved;" none would have recognised the proud, ambitious, and sarcastic Harriet Bruce.

I must not dwell minutely on particulars, which I observed closely at the time, and which afterward sunk deeply into my memory. Young Macdonough departed once more to take possession of his estate, and prepare it for the reception of his wife and child. His farewell was affectionate, and his frequent letters seemed to restore my imprudent friend to

something of her former buoyancy of soul. The idea of separation from her father was now her principal source of unhappiness; but that trial was spared her; the imbecility of the affectionate old man daily increased, and, a few days before his daughter's departure, death relieved him from the expected loneliness.

The young husband came, as he had promised; but his manner was colder, and his looks more stern than formerly, though none could say he failed in the fulfilment of his duty. Harriet never spoke of any change; her manner toward him was obedient and affectionate, but never fond.—Her romantic visions of human perfection, her proud confidence in her own strength, were gone, and no doubt, she wept bitterly over their mutual rashness. Knowing, as she did, that she was a burthen, taken up merely from a sense of honour, it is not wonderful her very smile had a look of humility and resignation. Their regrets were, however, kept carefully concealed; whatever might have been their feelings, both seemed resolved on a system of silent endurance. There was something in this course a thousand times more affecting than the most pathetic complaints. I shall never forget the anguish I felt when I saw Harriet bid farewell to the home of her childhood—that home where she had ever been an idol and an oracle. The lingering preparation of departure—the heart-broken expression—the reluctant step—the drooping head—and the desperate resolution with which she at last seized the arm of a husband who loved her not, and who was about to convey her among strangers—they are all present to me now!

Harriet's letter soon spoke of declining health; and before three years had elapsed, she implored me to come to her, if I ever wished to look upon her again in this world of shadows.

I immediately obeyed the summons. Things were worse than I had expected. She was evidently very weak; and though she had every thing which wealth could supply, or politeness dictate, the balm of kindness never refreshed her weary and sinking spirit. Mr. Macdonough never spoke harshly—indeed he seldom spoke at all; but the attentions he paid were so obviously from a sense of duty, that they fell like icedrops on the heart of his suffering wife. I heard no reproaches on either side; but a day seldom passed without some occurrence more or less painful to my friend. Once, when little Louisa jumped into her father's arms, as he entered, and eagerly exclaimed, "Do you love me, papa?" he kissed her with much fondness, and replied, "Yes I do, my child." "And mamma too?" inquired the little creature, with a sort of half-entreating tone, so graceful in childhood; he put her away from him, answered coldly "Certainly, my daughter." I saw a slight convulsion in Harriet's face, and in the motion of her hands; but it soon passed. At another time, when we were searching in his private library for the latest number of the Edinburgh, we discovered on a small open desk the engraving of *La belle Suisse*, and near it a newspaper giving an account of the marriage of that young Baltimorean whom George had thought so strongly resembled the picture. The surprise was so sudden, that Harriet lost the balance of feelings she had hitherto so well preserved. She rushed out of the room—and it was several hours before I was admitted to her bedside.

Fortunately for my sensitive friend, this mental struggle was too fierce to be of long continuance. The closing scene of her life drew near; and to her it seemed welcome as sleep to the weary. Sometimes the move-

ments of reluctant nature were visible in the intense look of love she cast upon her child, and the convulsive energy with which she would clasp the little one to her bosom; but otherwise all was stillness and hope.

One day, when she had been unusually ill, and we all supposed she was about to die, she pressed my hand feebly, and whispered, "Will you ask George to see me once more?" I immediately repaired to the library, and told Mr. Macdonough the dying request of his wife. At first, he made a motion toward the door, then, suddenly checking himself, he said, in a determined tone, "I had better not. It will be painful to both. I will wait the event here." I returned to Harriet, but I had not courage to say her request was refused. She listened eagerly to every sound for a while; then looking in my face mournfully, she said, "He will not come!" My tears answered her. She looked upward for a moment, with an expression of extreme agony; but never spoke again.

A MEMORIAL.

THINE was the spirit of the dove. Thou hast
His heavenward pinion now—and cleaving far
The dark clouds which divide us, thou hast gone
Into thy native atmosphere of light,
Without one speck of earth upon thy wing.

As one who, from a dark and toilsome way
Emerges into light, and sees above
The bright, blue sky, and feels the generous air
Inviting and assuring,—so hast thou,
Fair spirit! passed the narrow ordeal through,—
Surmounted the sharp rocks, o'ercame the heights,
And, through the thorny thickets that kept back,
Hast gone in triumph with unloitering feet!

The sweet reward is thine! Thine eye beholds
The blessed path before thee. The blue sky
Drawn wide, like some rich curtain that conceals
A glorious presence, opens, and within
Joint heirs of grace, with thee, myriads of forms
All lustrous in their white, beckon thee on
To thy blest home and dear inheritance.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A Closing Word.—With this number the *Covenant and Official Magazine* under the proprietorship of the Grand Lodge of the United States terminates its being. We have no vain regrets to offer to its patrons upon the necessity which has produced this decree. It had our sanction, from a conviction that its continuance by its present publishers could not longer be justified under the circumstances in which it was placed. We leave its history to time, as a just arbiter. To that tribunal it must go, and by its judgment will its value to the brotherhood be determined. For the present, it is no less our duty than our pleasure to present to its early and past friends our sincere acknowledgment for their earnest patronage. In looking back upon its career, we have the satisfaction to find nothing in its pages, which could by possibility operate to the disadvantage of our beloved Order. It has been our studious aim to make it a vehicle of proper principles, and a practical exponent of the truths of Odd-Fellowship, and we feel assured that this effort in so far as our humble capacity could direct it, has not been unattended with good fruit. It is now to pass into different hands, and to be conducted under individual auspices. We feel that no commendation from us to its former friends can be necessary, and to its opponents no argument is needed, since the only alleged obstacle in the way of their hearty support and patronage has been removed. Its new publisher therefore has to regard himself alone as responsible for the success of the work hereafter. To him we commit the *Covenant*, with our best wishes that he may receive an abundant reward for the labour and risk which await him.

Having thus briefly adverted to our relations with the *Official Magazine*, we have a word in closing to offer to the distinguished members of the Grand Lodge of the United States and to our brethren at large. We regret that in this connexion we are obliged to speak of ourselves, because of the difficulty of so doing without vanity. To the Representatives of September session 1844 what shall we say? we can scarcely find language in which to express our acknowledgments for the undeserved honors, which that body as it were heaped upon us. The records of the Order, which are to endure from generation to generation and to be borne down the stream of time to our latest posterity, bear upon them in language no less grateful than beautiful the token of its approbation of our editorial career. It has been well said that next to an approving conscience,

the good will and esteem of our fellow-men is most to be desired. The application of this remark can only be appropriate, when the subject is deserving—merit may consist equally in meaning to do well, as in the doing well itself. With becoming diffidence we take to ourself the approbation expressed by our brethren in contemplation of well meant efforts to do our duty, and cherish the distinction as highly in this point of view as though we had a consciousness of having rendered service in our day and place. For the uniform kindness and fraternal courtesies ever extended to us by all with whom our official relations have subsisted, we beg to express a sincere reciprocity of feeling. It is difficult for an officer holding an important public trust, involving various and responsible duties with many and different points of a widely extended sphere of jurisdiction, to discharge his functions at all times gratefully to the feelings and wishes of all with whom he is called to act; all reflecting brethren well know this truth, and will accordingly appreciate our position, if at any time we should have given offence.

Invited unexpectedly, without any wish on the subject, and with no experience in the calling, to the editorial department of the Official Magazine we entered upon its duties with distrust in our capacity, but with energy and singleness of purpose—during three years, that energy has been unabating, and in these days, when the unmindfulness of mankind of the toil of their fellows for the common good in secular matters has become almost a proverb, it is a source of unalloyed pleasure to our humble selves to proclaim that no such reproach can with justice lie at the door of our beloved Order. To our brethren of the Independent Odd-Fellow with whom we have without profit to the Order we are sure, had some cross words, we extend the right hand of Fellowship, trusting that "*individual enterprise*" being now free and unrestrained, by the demise and burial of the great "Official," that nothing but harmony and brotherly love may prevail among all who acknowledge that *Golden Rule*, not less strikingly discerned in the *Symbol*, than exemplified in the life and mission of its great author. May the *Gavel* proclaim, and the *Ark* protect its excellence, to the end that its sacred teachings may ever influence us, as *Independent Odd-Fellows* in our career of life.

[We notice with much mortification the remarks of the D. D. G. Sire for Michigan in relation to those self-constituted itinerant degree masters, who assume to confer the past degrees. It is indeed remarkable that any P. G. should so far forget his duty and obligations to the Order as to exercise such a prerogative. These side degrees can only be conferred by the G. M. or some Grand Officer constitutionally authorised so to do, and can only be legitimately delivered to past officers, who have received a certificate from their respective Lodges, duly attested, setting forth the fact of their proper qualification. We trust the Grand Lodge of Michigan will when instituted enforce this ordinance of Odd-Fellowship.]

EDITOR.

Detroit, October 10, 1844.

JAMES L. RIDGELY, ESQ., G. C. S.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—Herewith I send the official reports of the quarter ending September, 1844, from the following Lodges, viz:—Michigan No. 1, Wayne No. 2, Pontiac No. 3, Jackson No. 4, and Peninsula No. 5, with the 10 per cent. due to the G. L. U. S., amounting in all to the sum of eighty-one dollars and one cent.

I returned on the 7th inst. from the circuit of my jurisdiction, 270 miles in extent.

I found the Lodges in a very healthy condition; every one, with the exception of Jackson Lodge showing an addition of excellent members. The Lodge just designated, owing to the absence of its presiding officers, had done nothing, but adjourned from night to night, throughout the quarter. On the night of Installation however, I had the pleasure of witnessing the initiation of two estimable citizens of Jackson into the fraternity. I regret very much that the Jackson Lodge has progressed no faster, for work was not suspended on account of the want of material. The causes which have retarded their operations will, perhaps, continue until December, when affairs must begin to flourish.

I have no censure to alledge against any of the Lodges, as to neglect of their duty in furnishing me their Quarterly Reports. All, with the exception of Jackson Lodge, promptly placed in my hands on the night of Installation, their official Reports and Grand Lodge revenue. The delinquency of the Lodge mentioned, was owing entirely to their want of the proper form. So soon as that had been furnished, their Report was transmitted without delay. But for this, however, I should have forwarded my General Report two days ago.

I suppose that this is my last official Report in regard to the Subordinate Lodges within the jurisdiction of Michigan, as a State Grand Lodge will in a few days be instituted. I shall transfer my authority to the Grand Master with feelings of mingled satisfaction and regret. The responsibilities of my office have rendered my administration no sinecure, and events must necessarily occur to demonstrate the impossibility of pleasing all.—Although I cannot claim exemption from such inevitable concomitants of office, I can recall no instance where vindictiveness was engendered, nor where fraternal relations were permanently or seriously interrupted. The Lodges have scrupulously adhered to the rules and regulations of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the U. S., and, on all occasions, have displayed the most cheerful alacrity in rendering the honors due to my official station. The whole number of contributing members of the Order in Michigan, at the close of the past quarter, was 181; of whom 84 are of the scarlet degree. Michigan Encampment has also upwards of 50 R. P. D. Patriarchs. Such a state of things certainly manifests a most laudable enterprize and commendable spirit.

I cannot conclude this letter however without alluding to a subject which has caused me much annoyance. Brethren, representing themselves as Past Grands, have occasionally visited us; and have heedlessly recommended alterations in the work of the Order. Had their suggestions been privately made to me, I should have been grateful, but, in some instances, I have been compelled to restore to the original form some parts of the work which had been changed to suit the views of some critic or reformer.

During the last week I was informed, on the best authority, that some Past Grand had assumed and exercised the right of conferring the official Grand L. degrees on one of the Past Noble Grands of a Lodge in this jurisdiction. This seems to me to be altogether unwarrantable, and is a gross contempt of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the U. S. Can any of the degrees of the Order be conferred without a dispensation from that august body? I have always thought not. If such a course, however, be legitimate, I cannot comprehend the propriety of it. If allowed to continue, there must in my opinion be an end of all subordination. I hope you will notice this matter in the Covenant as soon as you conveniently can, for we are anxious to know whether every Past Grand possesses such prerogatives.

Yours in F. L. and T.,

SAMUEL YORKE ATLEE,
D. D. G. Sire of Michigan.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

UPON perusing the Proceedings of the July Communication of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, and discovering that not one of the distant Lodges subordinate to that body, were represented, it lead me to reflect upon the cause, and if a remedy could not be offered for so great an evil. For methinks nothing is more calculated to make the subordinates flag in the good cause than a deprivation of their voices in the council, that all are equally interested. Which is and always will be the case so long as the legislation had by that body some time since, which deprived Subordinate Lodges from sending any brethren as representatives but P. Grands.— They say in extenuation of their act that it was necessary in consequence of legislation had by the Grand Lodge of the United States at their last session in reference to the matter, or else be viewed as acting in opposition to their mandates which would have resulted in no less a penalty on their part than the revoking of their charter consequent upon expulsion as a body from the brotherhood of Odd-Fellowship. With due deference to the opinion of those composing the Grand Lodge of the United States who rendered it necessary for the Grand Lodge of Maryland thus acting, and to those composing the latter body who consummated the act, I beg leave to enter protest, from the fact that it was not policy to pass an act which compelled one body to enact another, abridging the right of a third, much less justice and charity, which we as Odd-Fellows wish to be understood as practising to its utmost extent. But it is now done and I suppose must be borne in good grace by those interested, from the fact that the body from whom redress could be had is the aggressor, then we will leave this part of the subject and pass on to the consideration of a remedy. For I do think it is of the utmost importance that all Subordinate Lodges should be represented at the sessions of the Grand Lodge, in order that all may take part in the deliberations of that body, and as a necessary consequence all will be satisfied from the fact that all had a share in the transactions of the body in question. I would suggest the following for the consideration of those composing the Grand Lodge of Maryland at its session in January

next, which I think would amply meet all the objections now urged against the Grand Lodge of Maryland at the present time, in reference to her legislation relative to excluding all as representatives to her body but P. Grands, viz:—That the sessions of the Grand Lodge be made semi-annual, to meet in January and July, the former to be the annual communication. That the representatives of each Subordinate be two instead of three as is now the case. And that the expense of one representative from each Lodge be borne by the Grand Lodge and the other by the Lodge sending the representatives. Leaving it optional for subordinates to send two but compulsory as respects one when expenses are paid by the Grand Lodge. As to the rights of the balance of the P. Grands in the body, let them remain as they are. If the suggestions as made, does not increase Odd-Fellowship in Maryland, I should be very much mistaken. Some objection might be raised to the suggestion, inasmuch as they being part of the Grand Lodge would be compelled to bear part of the expenses thus incurred by the Grand Lodge; true, not directly from the Lodges but indirectly. But this objection could be met, by the advantages they possess over the country Lodges through their numerous P. G's by being at the seat of Government of Odd-Fellowship in the State.

I will now treat on another subject, (in order to make the caption of this article appropriate) which in my estimate, is of equal importance to Subordinate Lodges as the one already treated upon. It is the By-Law or resolution of the Grand Lodge of the United States which requires the Subordinate Lodge, who, wishing to appeal from the decision of the Grand Lodge to which it may be subordinate, must have the assent of the Grand Lodge appealed from, before they can appeal to a higher tribunal. I have no doubt, but the resolution or By-Law was passed in order to keep every trivial case, that a Subordinate Lodge might consider herself aggrieved in, from the decision of the Grand Lodge, from being brought before them, to take up time which could be more profitably spent. Now so far as that consideration is concerned, the law is admirably suited, to all interested for Subordinate Lodges to the Grand Lodge of the United States. But I think it gives too much absolute power to the State Grand Lodges. I think the cases should be defined by the Grand Lodge of the United States, which should be brought before them and which should not. It would have a tendency to make the relative situation of the Subordinate and G. Lodge more mutual. As it now stands one is autocrat and the other serf, which relation in society is as baneful to the oppressed, as in nations, and should be as much deprecated by those concerned. The illusion relative to this By-Law or resolution of the Grand Lodge of the United States, was brought about, from an ocular demonstration of its effects. A Subordinate Lodge of this State, applied for permission to appeal to the Grand Lodge of the United States, from a decision made by the Grand Lodge in reference to an appeal had by a brother, because the Lodge would not grant him a card, he not having complied with the Law in such cases provided. But the Grand Lodge sustained his appeal and the Lodge was compelled to give his card or forfeit her charter for contempt of Grand Lodge by not acquiescing in her decision. And on such case was the Lodge refused the right of appealing to the Grand Lodge of the United States. Believing too at the same time that if that august body had have heard all the circumstan-

ces in the case *she* and not the Grand Lodge of the State, would have been sustained in *her* decision. Does not such a case call for reformation loudly and withal rightly?

Clearspring, Md., September 23d, 1844.

AN ODD-FELLOW.

ODD-FELLOWS' SCHOOLS.

JAMES L. RIDGELY, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—Having received a number of letters from various parts of the United States asking information in relation to our School Establishment, you would oblige me by publishing in the Covenant the accompanying extracts from our regulations, from which it will be seen that we here enjoy one of the greatest blessings ever devised by man, I mean cheap instruction by means of Public Schools—mark, not Free Schools—not Poor Schools—but Public Schools, supported by a tax levied like all other taxes on property, save only the small part paid by each scholar, designed to remove the idea of a free or poor School. In these Schools all classes meet upon an equality, which we hold to be the best, if not the only security that we can have for the permanency of our Republican form of Government. We therefore esteem it to be our duty as men, as citizens, and as Odd-Fellows, to support them, and it will be seen by our regulations that we do so. I would here remark, that as admittance to our High School (ranking second to none in the State) can be had only by a passage through the primary Schools, these are always full. Where there are no Public Schools each of the following plans would seem worthy of consideration: first, the Lodge engaging a teacher at a fixed salary and conducting the School by a Committee who shall also have special charge of the orphans. This School ought to find ample patronage from the children of Odd-Fellows and their friends. Or another plan may be adopted, by allowing some competent teacher upon his own responsibility to open a School giving him in consideration of teaching the orphan children of deceased Odd-Fellows at a nominal price, the privilege of using the name of the Order by designating his academy as “the Odd-Fellows’ School.” The right of supervision, so far as the interest of the orphans are concerned, to be reserved to the Lodge, through a Committee.

Baltimore, Md., 1844.

Your Obedient Servant,

S. CHILD.

Extracts from the Rules and Regulations of the Joint Standing Committee on Education.

The Committee consist of three Delegates from the Grand Lodge, and three from each subordinate Lodge in the City of Baltimore, who must present a certificate of their Election, signed by the Officers and sealed with the seal of their respective Lodges.

On their first meeting, (viz: the 3d Saturday in January and July,) they shall elect a Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer. The Chairman shall, immediately after the Election, place the children by Families, in charge of particular Brethren; regard being had to their respective places of abode. (Hence the absolute necessity of a full attendance on those Evenings, that all may receive a portion of the work, and none an over-proportion.)

The regular meetings are on the first and third Saturday in each month, at 7 o'clock, from the 1st of October to the 1st of April; and at 8 o'clock from the 1st of April to the 1st of October. (A regular attendance is required, as it is through the members that the Committee communicate with any and all the Lodges when necessary.)

On the death of a Brother, the Lodge to which he belonged, is required to furnish a list of his Children, with their names, age and residence, certifying that he was a Benefit-Member at the time of his death, signed by the Officers and sealed with the seal of the Lodge.

These Guardians are required to enter the Children as they arrive at a proper age, in the Public School, nearest its residence,—unless they prefer a Private School, in which case they make their own selection. All entrances, payments and receipts to be made and taken in the name of the I. O. O. F.

They are required to visit the Children at the School, (so as to ascertain the regularity of their attendance, the progress which they make, their general appearance and behaviour; a threat from the Teacher that they would inform this Guardian, being frequently sufficient to prevent any thing improper.)

They are required to visit the Children at their homes (if they have neglected School—the cause is ascertained—if it be from a want of necessities the same is reported to the Committee, and from them to the Lodges, when the same has always been supplied. If from carelessness on the part of the Parent or disinclination on the part of the Child, they are required to use their utmost exertion to remedy the evil, by pointing out the great advantage of Education, &c., to which end they may require the assistance of any of the Committee.)

They are required to report every removal of the Family, every exchange of School, with all other matters worthy attention, (which are regularly entered on the books.)

They are required to report when places are wanted for Children, (when the same is communicated to the Lodges, and good situations readily obtained.)

They are required to use all proper influence to procure the Children's attendance on Sabbath Schools, (as the most effectual way of acquiring a knowledge of Sacred History, of keeping them out of bad company, of creating a fondness for the Church, and a laudable pride in their appearance,)—in a word:

They are required to do by them as they would that their own Children should under similar circumstances be done by.

FRIENDSHIP—Is something more than a name. It is a living principle, cherished by man and animals to a great degree. If we look on the world with a discerning eye, we shall find that in the whole order of beings, from the seraph that adores and burns, down to the most inconsiderable insect,—all, according to their proportion in the scale of existence, have, more or less, implanted in them by wise nature, the principle of uniting with others of the same species with themselves. We discover even some of the most inconsiderate animals formed into different ranks and societies, for the benefit and protection of each other. We need not name the careful ant, or the busy bee—insects which the wisest of men have recommended, and which our own lectures point out as a pattern of untiring industry and prudent foresight. If we raise our ideas higher, we shall find that this innate principle of friendship arises in proportion as the objects seem to advance nearer to the degree of rational. There can be no better way of judging of the superiority of one part of the animal creation above the other, than by observing what degrees of kindness and seeming good-nature they enjoy.

But to confine ourselves to the rational species, let us think and meditate upon those benevolent dispositions and good-temper of soul, which indulgent nature has so kindly bestowed upon us, and then shall we discover the advantages of association—then see and feel the blessing of friendship.

As human nature rises in the scale of things, so do the social affections

rise. We feel in our breasts a strong propensity to friendship! We enjoy a pleasure when it is firmly cemented; and we feel a pain when it deadens or declines. What sweetens life, but friendship? What relieves care, but friendship?—what alleviates pain, or makes sorrow smile, but friendship?—sacred, holy friendship! The progress of this principle is not confined to the narrow circle of private connections, or particular associations. True, its influence is greater here; but the principle is universal, it extends to every branch of the human race, to all of the wide spread humanity. Though its influence is unbounded, yet it exerts itself more or less vehemently as the objects it favors are nearer or more remote. Hence springs true patriotism, which fires the soul with a generous flame, creates the best and most disinterested virtue, and inspires that public spirit and heroic ardor, which enables us to support a good cause, and if need be, risk our lives in its defence. This commendable virtue crowns the lover of his country with unfading laurels, gives a lustre to all his actions, and consecrates his name to latest ages. The warrior's glory may consist in murder, and the rude ravage of the desolating sword; but the blood of thousands will not stain the hands of his country's friend.

His virtues are open, and of a noble kind. Conscious integrity supports him against the arm of power; and should he bleed by a tyrant's hands, he gloriously dies a martyr in the cause of liberty, and leaves to posterity an everlasting monument of the greatness of his soul. Friendship not only appears divine when employed in preserving the liberties of our country, but shines with equal splendor in the more tranquil hours of life. Before it rises into the noble flame of patriotism, aiming destruction at the heads of tyrants, thundering for liberty, and courting dangers in a good cause, we shall see it calm and moderate, burning with an even glow, improving the soft hours of peace, and heightening the relish for virtue. Hence it is, that contracts are formed, societies instituted, and the vacant hours of life are cheerfully employed in agreeable company and social conversation. It is thus we may trace from reason and the nature of things, the wise ends and designs of the Institution of Odd-Fellowship; which not only cultivates and improves a real and undisguised friendship among men, but teaches them the more important duties of society. Vain, then, is each idle surmise against the institution, which our enemies may either meanly cherish in their own bosoms, or fool-like wickedly and ignorantly promulgate to the uninstructed world. By decrying Odd-Fellowship they derogate from human nature itself, and from that good order and wise constitution of things, which the wise author of the world has framed for the government of mankind, and has established as the basis of the moral system, which, by a secret, but attractive force, disposes the human heart to every social virtue. Can friendship or social delights be the object of reproach? Can that wisdom which hoary Time, has sanctified be the object of ridicule? How mean, how contemptible must those men appear, who vainly pretend to censure or condemn what they dare not investigate, and cannot comprehend! The generous heart will pity ignorance so aspiring and insolent, and it will yet cling to the principle of friendship, and cherish it as that which never "lulls to sleep" the finer and better feelings of humanity, but encourages their growth, and strengthens their strength.

c.

WATCHFULNESS.

WE are not now about to exhort the brotherhood to keep a more diligent watch over each other, for that duty is strictly enjoined so often in the Lodge, that it would not seem necessary that they be publicly reminded of it, and it is believed that the injunction is in many instances obeyed, although perhaps, the watch is kept, more to discover the evil, than to see and encourage the good in the brother. But we would speak of that watchfulness which we should preserve over our ourselves. Without watchfulness the integrity of the heart is in danger of being violated. All its passions although in themselves innocent, and positively useful when confined to their appropriate objects, under the restraints of reason and religion, may, by excessive indulgence become so many sources of wretchedness to all associated with us. It is often the case, that the worst enemies we have are those which are lurking about our own hearts. We should therefore endeavor to acquire a competent degree of self-knowledge. We should study ourselves so as to know our own weakness, and the assailable points in our moral citadel, that we can successfully guard them against the intrusion of vicious principles. As we profess a friendship and love for our brethren, we should watch over ourselves, and not allow the passion of anger to reign within us. Man is a frightful spectacle when transported with this passion. The storm which rages in his bosom is manifested in the infuriated eye, the distorted countenance, and in such excessive acts of violence, as usually describe the worst case of insanity. In fact a man while under the dominion of this destructive passion exhibits the characteristics of the most unfortunate maniacs; the government of reason is overthrown—the harmony of his mind is destroyed, and anarchy and confusion reign within his soul.

It is necessary therefore that man should keep a rigid watchfulness over himself, and his various affections, lest he indulge this destructive and corrupting passion. It is particularly needful that he should do so, who has inherited an ardent irritable temperament, because the provocations of life are of so frequent occurrence, arising from conflicting interests and pursuits that unless he is particularly watchful of himself, he will assuredly fall a prey to this enemy of his peace. How much real injury is done among brethren by the indulgence of this passion? How much misery has it occasioned, and how many scalding tears of penitence has it caused to flow? It has rendered *him* who indulges it, wretched—it has aroused the same spirit in some others, while more have been filled with grief, that *he* should give loose reign to the hurtful passion. As we would live in the enjoyment of friends and friendship;—as we would be respected by our brethren, respect ourselves and be virtuous and happy, let us institute a rigid watchfulness over our ourselves, that we may successfully resist the uprising of anger.

c.

TRUE AND FAITHFUL.

WE admire the benevolence of those who laid the foundation, and reared the temple of Odd-Fellowship in our own country. We glory in their

perseverance, in their indomitable zeal, and fortitude, which cowered not when obstacles arose, and enemies multiplied. They were few, yet we venerate their names,—we glory in their principles. Their virtues, like the great lights in the constellation above, continue to glow in the breast of every true Odd-Fellow. If we would be true to the principles, and faithful in our duty to the Order, we must not merely declare ourselves Odd-Fellows, and think we have nothing more to do, because so much has been done by the venerable founders of our Order.

In order to be true and faithful we must carry forward the work they so wisely marked out for the accomplishment of the Institution. We have a great work to perform. The salutary principles which they embodied into a system, we are to cultivate and extend;—to clear away the rubbish;—preserve the valuable, the good, the true, and transmit it unsullied, to the hosts, that after us, shall meet in our Lodges. To be 'true and faithful' we must be influenced by the great principles of our Order—Friendship, Love and Truth. We cannot fail so long as we are moved by these. Let them be imbedded in the deep recesses of our hearts, and their fruits shall be such as shall glorify God, and moralize and bless humanity. The charity or benevolence which we are required to exercise, consists not alone in paying 'benefits.' No, it has a power to improve the moral, as well as to support the animal nature. It involves the doing all we can for our brothers and fellows. Under its influence we shall endeavor to protect the good name of our fellow-man, to bear with his failings, and cover his faults, rather than bring before the gaze of a greedy world—to win him from the error of his way, and rejoice with him when he comes up from the murky pit of iniquity, and puts on the spotless robe of virtue. Warning and encouragement may be the means of reclaiming many who have erred, and as we desire the greatest good of the greatest number, let us be true and faithful.

c.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

Kentucky—Extract of a Letter from Bro. R. W. Glass, dated Shelbyville, 16th October, 1844.

Presuming that you are never averse to hearing of the prosperity of our beloved Order, abroad, as well as at home, I deem it not amiss to add a word by way of telling what we are doing, in this part of the "dark and bloody ground" towards disseminating the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth. I have but recently had my name enrolled among the members of the brotherhood, and hence know less of its principles, objects and present condition than many with whom I associate. But enough I know to satisfy myself that the Order, as it exists in our village, and other parts of Kentucky, to which my knowledge has extended, is most beautifully adapted to the accomplishment of the great ends for which it was instituted, viz:—the promotion of the temporal happiness of the race of man.—With us Odd-Fellowship is rapidly approaching that position in the esteem and confidence of all good and honest men which her principles demand, and to which she is bound ere long to arrive. We have erected our standard in the midst of one of the most enlightened, benevolent, and social

communities of which old Kentucky can boast; and such being the case you cannot be surprised to hear of our rapid and healthy growth. But a few years since the term "Odd-Fellow" was scarcely known in our village, and many of our most efficient citizens were ready to stigmatize the lonely two who love the initials of I. O. O. F. with all the odium which malice could invent, or envy cherish. But, lo! what a change in public feeling! Our Order is fast securing the confidence and esteem of all good and intelligent men. We are indeed on rising ground. Howard Lodge No. 15, now numbers 30 true and good members—five of whom have passed the chair. We have been very careful to keep our Lodge clear of disreputable members, and by so doing have given to it a name and character which no opposition can sully. We have just commenced our course of winter Lectures; the first of which was delivered by Bro. P. G. Bull, in the hearing of a large number of our citizens. This Lecture was characteristic of a good Odd-Fellow; and I think has added much to the credit of the institution. Would it not be an improvement in our Order for every Lodge to require its members, during the winter, to deliver monthly Lectures upon the history, objects and principles of our society; or, any subject connected with science?

Ohio—Extract of a letter from Cor. Sec. Albert G. Day, dated Cincinnati, November 20th, 1844.

The Order in this State is rapidly increasing both in numbers and popularity. Two new Lodges have been instituted since your late session, one in Springfield, Clark Co. under the name of *Springfield Lodge No. 33*, instituted October 24th, 1844, the other in Newark, Licking Co. under the name of *Olive Branch Lodge No. 34*, instituted October 25th, 1844. The above Lodges are started under favorable auspices, they being located in flourishing places, and the brothers to whom the charters were granted possess a character that warrants us to expect much from them.

The G. L. of the U. S. has done the State of Ohio lasting honor in the selection of G. Sire, and we bear witness that the mantle could not have fallen on a more worthy and deserving brother—one whose abilities are fully adequate to the duties of that distinguished station.

Mississippi—Extract of a letter from John B. Dicks, Grand Secretary, dated Natchez, October 9th, 1844.

The Order is steadily on the increase in this State, and I can testify that our Lodges are all in a better condition in every respect than heretofore, and are well provided in a pecuniary point of view to extend a helping hand to the needy and distressed. The Orphan Fund created by regular contributions from the Lodges in this city, though as yet small in amount, has been ample to discharge all the demands for the education of destitute Orphans. The Lodges have now some three or four Orphans placed at suitable schools, and the fund is still increasing in amount.

During the past summer, which by the bye has been one of the warmest experienced here for many years, our fair city has continued healthy, there has been but two funerals for the burial of members of the Order

since last March, one in the city and one in the country. I am sorry to say that our sister village, Woodville—the location of Wilkinson Lodge No. 10, some forty miles south-east of this place, has been awfully visited by an epidemic during the months of August and September; a large portion of the citizens that remained in the place died, among them some of the most useful and efficient members of our Order. The place is now in a measure healthy.

Alabama—Extract of a letter from D. D. G. Sire E. Salomon, dated Marion, October 5th, 1844.

I am on a visit to this place, having come up more for the purpose of instructing the Brethren of the new Lodge than any thing else. I can assure you it is gratifying to witness the zeal manifested by the members. The Lodge has been in existence only one month, and they already number twenty members with several propositions on the table. Two Gentlemen of the Methodist Church, the Rev. J. P. Perham, of Marion, and the Rev. R. G. Hamill, of Eutaw, have been initiated and received the scarlet degree. And I feel satisfied the Brethren here will outnumber the whole four Lodges in the city of Mobile before six months shall have elapsed. As I intimated to you a short time ago, you will find that Odd-Fellowship will not extend through the State of Alabama as it has through the interior of Georgia, South Carolina and other Southern and Western States. I anticipate the pleasure shortly of opening Lodges in Greensboro, Eutaw, Cahawba, Montgomery and Tuscaloosa. Another favorable incident in the formation of Marion Lodge No. 5, is that the Brethren of the Masonic Lodge have furnished more than two-thirds of the members, and all appear satisfied that Odd-Fellowship is a valuable kindred institution.

Extract of a letter from Rev. Bro. I. D. Williamson, dated Mobile, November 1st, 1844.

I am happy to say that there is a fair prospect of the extension of our Order in this State. Some four or five Lodges are in contemplation in the interior, and will in all probability be opened during the coming winter. Still, we have much to do to give the Order that character and standing to which it is entitled. Some years of misrule and confusion are not remedied in a moment, and we have much the same battle to fight, that you had in your State some years since. Need I say, how much I desire that you should give earnest attention to the Work, and have it done up right. No step taken for years, can compare in importance with this.

Michigan—Extract of a letter from P. G. M. Albert Case, dated Detroit, November 5th, 1844.

I arrived in this city early last evening, and was received with a hearty welcome by the Past Grands of the different Lodges and many excellent brethren. Soon after, I accompanied the Past Grands to Odd-Fellow's Hall, received their credentials and found them in all respects well and

truly qualified. They then elected their officers, and assisted by our worthy and faithful Br. Samuel Yorke AtLee, Dist. Dept. Grand Sire, I organized the Grand Lodge of Michigan, under the charter granted at the late session of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

There were five Lodges in existence in this State, and a petition for No. 6, came before the Grand Lodge immediately after it was opened for business.

To D. D. G. Sire Samuel Yorke AtLee and Br. W. Duane Wilson, the Order is much indebted for their successful labors in its behalf here. It has attained a high rank in this beautiful city, and the character and zeal of the officers and members, is sufficient to guarantee its future prosperity and usefulness.

I am fully satisfied that no exertions will be wanting on the part of this intelligent Grand Lodge to maintain the purity of the Order and gain for it general respect. There will doubtless be four or five more Lodges chartered in a few months. Already, gentlemen of distinction from the interior of the State are gaining access to our altar, and as they return to their homes they will testify to the utility of our Institution, and the altars will rise up in all sections of this fair and fertile land.

You may look for two Representatives in the Grand Lodge of the United States next September, from the Grand Lodge of Michigan.

The following gentlemen compose the officers for the present year.

WILLIAM DUANE WILSON, of Detroit, M. W. G. Master.

WILLIAM N. CHOATE, of Jackson, R. W. D. G. Master.

BENJAMIN F. HALL, of Detroit, R. W. G. Warden.

ADRIAN R. TERRY, M. D. of Detroit, R. W. G. Secretary.

JOHN ROBINSON, JR., of Detroit, R. W. G. Treasurer.

JOSHUA R. SMITH, of Detroit, R. W. G. Chaplain.

EX. GOV. J. WRIGHT GORDON, of Marshall, R. W. G. Marshall.

JOHN BACON, of Pontiac, R. W. G. Guardian.

HARTFORD JOY, of Detroit, R. W. G. Conductor.

I was detained a few days at Buffalo, by a snow storm—shall remain here and address the brethren and citizens on the subject of Odd-Fellowship on Thursday evening next, and leave for Montreal on Friday.

From the same, dated Steamer Lexington, November 9th, 1844.

I left Detroit on the 7th for Marshall, distant 110 miles by Rail Road. Our indefatigable Brother Samuel Yorke AtLee, Esq. Dist. Dept. Grand Sire, accompanied me, for the purpose of organizing an Encampment in that thriving village. We arrived at 3 o'clock, and were received by the Brothers of Peninsula Lodge No. 5, in the true spirit of Odd-Fellowship. At evening we met the applicants for an Encampment and conferred the several degrees upon such as had not previously received them. I then received their proper application, and assisted by D. D. Grand Sire AtLee, proceeded to organize the Encampment under the dispensation granted by the M. W. Grand Sire. The officers were elected and installed—the charter and other requisites delivered, and the Camp was proclaimed by Dist. Dept. AtLee, duly formed—it is known by the name of MARSHALL ENCAMPMENT No. 2, Michigan. The Lodge at Marshall is composed of

just such gentlemen as *we* would select for the *best Lodge*. They have a convenient Hall, and are doing remarkably well.

The Camp will succeed admirably, and from its altar, the light of *Patriarchal* instruction will extend far to the West, causing men and brethren to observe the *Golden Rule*, and become as *Royal* members of society as ever wore the *Purple* and the gold. I do much approve of the Institution of Marshall Camp; and I assure you that the two now formed in Michigan will maintain the dignities of this branch of the Order. The officers for the present term are as follows—viz:

EX. GOV. J. WRIGHT GORDON,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	C. P.
BENJAMIN VERNOR,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	H. P.
ABRAM G. BURTON,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	S. W.
AUGUSTUS O. HYDE,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	J. W.
SYDNEY S. ALLCOTT,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Scribe.
PETER D. HUDSON,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Treas.
GEORGE COGSWELL,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Sentinel.

The fee for the charter I received, and will transmit it to your office on my return from my northern tour. During my stay in Detroit, I received the most kind attentions of the brethren generally.—On Wednesday evening a mass meeting of the fraternity was announced, and I addressed them for an hour or more, on *the Order*,—its moral and beneficial influences—its regulations, standing, requirements, &c. &c. There is not an exceptionable man in the Lodges in Michigan. The members are gentlemen of worth and respectability. They are desirous of doing just right, and will set an example that even old Odd-Fellows will do well to follow. I think we may have the privilege of welcoming two Representatives from that Grand Lodge, at the Gen. Grand Lodge next September. My home in Detroit, was at the *National Hotel*, kept by Br. Edward Lyon, a gentleman who understands his business, and does it to the satisfaction of all who call on him. He is justly *charged* with keeping the best Hotel in that city, and I have not found another as good, in all the West. I cheerfully recommend it to a *hearty* travelling public. His carriages convey passengers to and from the Steam Boats and Cars—free of charge, and those who call on him will find an excellent host.

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